

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXVII. — MAY, 1891. — No. CCCCIII.

THE BRAZEN ANDROID.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE figure on the threshold was the Paduan. A vague dread rising to a terror, inspired by his peculiar appearance, succeeded the moment's affright which his unannounced entrance gave the two friars. He was a man whose age it would have been impossible to determine, so strange a mixture of haughty youth and gray maturity was there in his general presence. In person he was tall and shapely, with so much majesty of port that even the majestic Bacon looked inferior in contrast; and yet, mysteriously confused with his august demeanor was a certain flickering air as of ghastly decrepitude, which made the whole seem incongruous and appalling. All that inspires homage even unto worship was in his bearing, but in it was also an indefinable element which would startle and repel homage in the very act of prostration. He wore a long robe of black silk edged with sable, and drooping in ample folds below the knee; and what was noticeable, while his legs, closely sheathed in high travel-worn boots of brown Cordovan, were strong and beautifully formed, they terminated in feet graceful, indeed, in their narrow length and suppleness, but so strangely lean, and their bones and cordy tendons so apparent through the thin leather coverings, that, what with this and with the down-curving pointed toes of the boots themselves, they suggested a morbid fancy of an ill-concealed hybrid of foot

and claw. In his hand he held a black traveling-cap of a curious pattern, from which depended a trailing sable plume fastened by a single lurid jewel, a fire-opal, evidently of great purity and value. The whole character of his countenance was that of a mournful and supramortal but evil beauty. His forehead, surmounted by a splendid chevelure of curling coal-black hair which fell to his shoulders, was not only large, — it was enormous. Strangely, even fearfully developed in the region of ideality, — so much so that the protuberances of the marble temples seemed swelling into horns, while the whole front of the brow was only less powerfully prominent, — it gave an expression of overpowering intellectuality to the face itself which was terrible and painful to behold. A secret and supreme despair rested upon the colorless face like a shadow. A still, sluggish light flamed in the large dark mesmeric eyes, overarched by their black brows. The nose was aquiline, beautiful and haughty. The lips were wreathed with a superb and desolating scorn. The face was beardless, and the bold outline of the chin was the expression of an inexorable will. The whole presence of the man filled the mind with that sensation felt only after the passage of some unearthly dream. Such was the profound and learned Doctor Malatesti.

Bacon was the first to recover his composure.

"Welcome, my illustrious Doctor Malatesti," said he, — "welcome once more to England."

"Great thanks for your courtesy, my marvelous doctor," replied the Paduan, bowing so low that his obeisance savored of grave mockery. "Great thanks to ye both, my learned frères. I accost ye both, good celibates."

He strode forward two steps from the threshold into the gloomy light of the room, as he ceased speaking, and the door closed with a fierce crash behind him. The friars stood startled and terrified. Bacon himself, with his disposition to refer occurrences to natural causes, could not but feel the nervous perturbation which will possess the coolest mind when such occurrences assume the aspect of the supernatural. The supposition, however, that the Paduan had deftly shut the door with his foot, upon entering, instantly succeeded the fantastic impression that it had been closed by its own agency; though this in turn was dissipated in a vague sense of dread as, following his thought, his eye rested upon the taloned feet of Malatesti, and received the morbid suggestion their strange shape conveyed. At the same moment, a long moan of wind sounded eerily through the grisly gloom, followed by a sullen roll of thunder dying away in sluggish reverberations, and the rushing of rain. The friar looked up with a beating heart, conscious only for an instant of the dark majesty of the motionless figure before him; conscious the next instant that his eyes, burning with a still, naphthaline flame, were fixed upon Bungy, whose face was yellow with dismay. At once Bacon, with a mingled feeling of shame that he had suffered himself to be thus affected and a secret anger at the Paduan's behavior, controlled himself into calm.

"Good Doctor Malatesti," he said, with an assumption of phlegm, "this is my co-laborer, Thomas Bungy."

"I know him well," was the shrill reply. "He is as big as a cask."

The visitor's face was void of all expression as he made this strange remark; but whether in the remark itself, or in the tone in which it was offered, there was involved a contempt so tremendous that it wrought revulsion in the sturdy breast of Bungy, so that his dismay was suddenly overflowed with hearty rage. Nevertheless, he held himself in check, and with an air of indifference lounged down upon the settle.

"It is the effect of study," he said complacently, lazily eying the Paduan, while he nonchalantly played with his rosary. "Study bloats a man hugely. At least it maketh me big, while it causeth Frère Roger to wax meagre" —

"You came upon us without warning, Doctor Malatesti," said Bacon, interrupting the burly friar in the exposure he was making of himself. "How happened it that you gained admittance? — for I heard not your challenge at the portal."

"Truly," replied the Paduan, "I was spared the pains of knocking by your shapely servitor, who opened the door as I set foot upon the steps, and ran away on beholding me."

"Ah, the brute!" broke in Friar Bungy, his suppressed rage at the Paduan readily transferred into open manifestations against Cuthbert; "the misshapen varlet! Thus, Roger, doth he maltreat our visitors. By Mary, but I will clapperclaw him!"

"Tush, tush!" said Bacon impatiently. "Cuthbert is commonly faithful and decorous, and needs patience and kind treatment in his oddities rather than the discipline of your rude fist. Good Doctor Malatesti, I pray you be seated. Are you newly from Italy?"

The Paduan, with the mien of some dark emperor, seated himself in Bacon's chair, and, drawing his long rapier from its sheath under his robe, laid it, as if for convenience, on the oaken table.

"I am but just landed at St. Bontolph's wharf," he said, "and am newly from Italy."

"Where lodge you during your sojourn with us?" asked Bacon.

"In the air," was the strange answer.

A feeling that the Paduan was indeed mad flitted through the mind of the friar; but, controlling his uneasiness, he affected to perceive nothing singular in his reply.

"You will be pleased to know, good frères," continued the Italian,—"you who are so given to dabbling in public matters,—that your antichrist, my beloved Pope Innocent, lies at the point of death. You start! Nay, even popes must die,—though fortunately the apostolic succession is secure. Fortunately, I say, for, whatever you may think, such pontiffs are necessary as blocks to the fast and far-going wheels of your De Montforts and Grostetes, who would fain roll the world on a track which would ill suit my political philosophy."

"Nay, good doctor," said Bacon, hastily interposing to prevent the explosion of English wrath which suddenly fermented in the sturdy heart of Bungy and flushed his large face, at the taunting speech of the visitor, "let us not bandy politics. Let us rather hold discourse on matters of science, in which you are a rare adept."

"My good Frère Bungy is, after the manner of the thirteenth century, a patriot," pursued the Paduan, with a strange laugh, evidently paying no attention to Bacon. "Ay, but 't is my doctrine that churchmen should not meddle in matters of state. There must be neither religion nor morals in politics."

"Then were politics irreligious and immoral," said Bacon.

"'T is a doctrine worthy of the archfiend!" roared Bungy.

"Then 't is a worthy doctrine," replied the Paduan, with a placid gravity

of face strangely at variance with the devilish sneer of his voice.

Bacon warned Bungy with a look to remain silent. There was an uneasy dread in his heart at the aspect and manner of the Doctor Malatesti, which was heightened by the wild quality of his voice. The tones were grave, yet intensely shrill. Their shrillness was in itself startling and unearthly, and bore, moreover, a fearful incongruity with the still, mesmeric light of his eyes, the calmness of his enormous brow, the solemn, scornful power and mournful beauty of his whole countenance. The laugh, too, with which he had commenced a former remark was singularly unhuman. While it resembled in sound a piercing peal of mirth, there was yet no accompanying movement of the muscles of his face to denote any degree of humor. The voice alone had laughed; the face was cold and immobile as marble.

"To think," resumed the Italian,—"to think of such a fat frockling as you, Bungy, reforming what you call the abuses of the realm! 'T is marvelous. Reform! Can you reform yourself? Remake, if you can, what sire and mother and the life of man made you. Go to, go to! I bid you despair. Preach roses and live nightshade. 'T is the fashion and the fate of man."

"I know not what preaching roses and living nightshade may be," said Bungy angrily, "but I do know"—

"Preach against gluttony and winebibbing, and practice both continually," interrupted the Paduan.

"By my dame," retorted the fat friar, "but this passes! Thou saucy doctor, know this,—that happy is that friar who can get a taste at odd seasons of stockfish and ale! Meantime, bread of the coarsest and water of the well are the Franciscan's food and drink. Mine is scanty enow, by St. Swithin!"

"Oh, oh!" said the Paduan. "Hear him swear, and by that pig of a Saxon

saint! Resolve me this, frockling, — what did you dine on to-day?"

"A wooden table!" shouted the friar.

"Ay, truly, frockling; and what was on the table?" demanded the other.

"Barley crusts and pure water," answered Bungy stoutly, yet with a shade of meekness in his tone.

"Ay, truly," sneered Malatesti. "Your cousin the vintner hath a fashion of garnishing his board with barley crusts and water. Yet own the dinner you made off the better part of a calvered salmon, the pullet sauced with butter and barberries, the forcemeat balls, and the marrow pudding. Rare eating, Frère Bungy."

Bungy's face resumed its former yellow tinge of dismay. His fellow-friar, with a single glance at him, saw that the Paduan's account of the repast was the true one; and at this proof of what might be termed in our age clairvoyant power, and which was another evidence of those strange sorts of knowledge he had ascribed to Malatesti, a cold fear crept through Bacon's soul that the latter might, by the same mysterious faculty, divine the secret of the android. Or was the Paduan no more than some mad charlatan, aiming to confound them with knowledge he might possibly have gathered at the vintner's door or window?

"Rare eating, Frère Bungy," Malatesti continued. "And what of the drinking? What of the nine-hooped pot of mead you guzzled, and the spiced wine? Oh, see now!" and with one circular motion of his arm the rapier swept up in his grasp from the table, and down upon the huge breast of the corpulent frère. The flask was pierced, and Bungy's frock suddenly showed a widening moisture.

"It is my blood!" he roared, starting to his feet. Singularly enough, his first thought, no less than the alarmed Bacon's, was that he had received a wound.

"Yes," said the Paduan, whose rapier had already returned to the table,

"your blood! See it! Smell it!" In fact, the wine at that moment was splashing on the floor, and its spicy fumes were diffused upon the air of the chamber. "I am he that degrades," said Malatesti in his awful voice, with his still eyes fixed upon the pallid visage of Bacon.

Bungy, shuddering through all his bulk, his healthy face grown flabby and livid, and his lips white in his gray beard, tremblingly drew the flask from his bosom, and, turning it so that the wine ceased to flow from the puncture, helplessly sat down, gazing at it, with a hoarse groan.

"It is wine I got for a poor widow," he snuffled presently, with a forlorn effort to maintain his self-respect.

"Hear him lie," said the Paduan, with an intonation of withering scorn.

Bacon remained silent.

"I am the apostle of despair," pursued Malatesti, his eyes still fixed upon Bacon's countenance. "I strip away the mask and show the man. Labor, labor to build the perfect realm; but the realm is made of men, and men are unchangeably bestial at the core. Wolf and snake, hog and harpy, are inextricably mixed in man, and virtue is nothing but a covering lie, itself the foulest vice of all. Despair, I say, despair! In this stripped friar behold the type of your De Montforts, your Grostetes, your saints and patriots, as they are within. Look to their secret hearts, their hidden lives: there hides the brute half of the centaur, man. Fair and white is the skin, but under the breastbone the hellpool rages. Oh, may it rage forever! Cheer, Bungy, cheer! The rest are like you."

"Doctor Malatesti" — said Bacon.

"Hear me," interrupted the Paduan.

"Men are a base mixture, for flesh and soul agree not. But wise and great is the soul. Provide, then, to build the perfect realm by peopling the earth with souls. For what saith the schoolman? 'The soul is not man,' he saith: 'would it be man if joined to a body of brass?'

No, 't would be then the pure soul. Ay, and then 't would tell you how souls may people earth without these ruining bodies of flesh. It cannot tell you till it be shrined in some form which will permit it voice. It cannot tell you in the evil form of flesh, whose quality and motions suspend its spiritual knowledge. But in a form of brass it can tell you. Ay, you, a man, instructed by a soul shrined in an android, can then accomplish the conditions which will render it possible for souls to descend to earth and achieve all things, undarkened in their knowledge by this form of clay. Never from man can you thus be instructed. The soul is metamorphosed in man. Soul and the elements of flesh conjoined make man, the base, the vile, the brutal, the foolish and unchangeable reprobate."

"Doctor Malatesti," said Bacon sternly, "be done with this, I pray you. For these wild and bitter thoughts I care not, but your conduct" —

A crash of thunder broke his speech, and in the momentary confusion of his vision the imperial figure of the Paduan seemed to loom up darkly before him in the sheeting flame which lit the room as from a gulf below. The next instant, amidst the receding reverberations and the rushing of the rain, he saw that the man had risen to his feet, and was standing motionless in the gloom, the naphthaline light motionless in his eyes, his mournful features passionless and cold in the shadow which rested upon them, and the impression of ghastly decrepitude in his presence seeming stronger now than before, though, as before, un-referable to any trait of his form. The brave-hearted friar, though conscious that he was wrought upon by the weird illusions of the moment, felt their fullest power, and his soul quailed. Bungy, for his part, sat stupidly staring, utterly bewildered by what had passed.

"I am growing old," said the Paduan, in slow, wailing tones. "Long has

been my term of haughty youth, — long, long, oh, long, — and men have been as I have wished them to be. Arts, laws, thoughts, religions, all I have withstood, nor have they shaken my empire. But the new spirit that rejects the dreams of the mind, and tracks effects to their causes in nature, and will make its highest ideals effects by its knowledge of causes, — it is born, it is born, and I am growing old!"

At these strange words Bacon shuddered vaguely, and a dark, mysterious, confused impression glimmered within him, as if not the Paduan, but another, had spoken. An utter suspension of all sound save that of the storm succeeded.

"It is well," said Malatesti, startling the silence with his piercing voice, and reviving the impression in Bacon's mind that the former speech had been uttered by another. "You would say, Frère Bacon, that I have dealt unmanfully. Be it granted; as ye are both Christian men, good frères, forgive me under the supreme law of charity. Say no more. How fares the android? See, I have taken such interest in your work that I have myself fashioned you the tongue."

Bacon recoiled aghast as the Paduan held toward him a model in gold of the human tongue, which he had taken from under his robe.

"The anatomy of this is perfect," pursued the unmoved Malatesti, "but it must be filled with a molten composition of mercury, brass dust, and sulphur, the proportions of which I will show you. It will then be ready for fusion with the head. Come, let us visit your laboratory."

Bungy started up abjectly at this imperative invitation, and moved to the door with the Paduan. Unable to interpose, unable even to think, Bacon followed, with his brain in a whirl. Through a door on the opposite side of the passageway the trio entered the sleeping-room of the friars, an apartment similar in all respects to that they

had left, save that its only furniture was a couple of chairs and two pallets spread upon the floor. A small iron effigy of St. Francis stood in a niche in the wall. Grasping this figure with both hands, Bungy drew it toward him. As if by magic, a portion of the oaken wainscot suddenly receded inward, revealing a dark vault, from which floated a strong aromatic perfume. A moment, and Bungy had lighted a torch within. Then, descending three stone steps, the others stood in the laboratory, and the gigantic friar, seizing an effigy similar to the other on the hither side of the wall, drew it toward him, and the wainscot closed behind them.

The flaring torch, projecting from a socket in the wall, dimly lit up the cavernous gloom of the vault, and threw a ruddy, glimmering light on its grotesque mechanical and chemical furniture. Huddled and distorted black shadows, like a herd of monstrous phantoms, continually moved and flickered on the floor and walls, with the flapping and wavering of the flambeau. At one side of the apartment was the forge, a raised reredos, having somewhat the shape of an altar, on which smoldered a dull fire of coals; and near it stood an anvil, with hammers, smelting-pots, crucibles, and other implements of the foundry strewn about. In the remoter part of the large space were rough tables covered with jars and flasks of stone and metal, glass retorts and alembics, in which trembled divers-colored liquids, and the various utensils of chemistry, together with a multitude of objects too numerous for a brief inventory. Around rose the rough walls, built of blocks of stone, and begrimed with the smoke of all the fires that had burned on the reredos for perhaps a century. The form of the vault was an oblong square. Its windows were closely shuttered, and the high, raftered ceiling, shrouded thick with shadow, would have been altogether undiscernible save for

a small circular opening in a corner of the roof, called in the language of the time a louver, which served as an outlet for the smoke, as also for ventilation, though it hardly admitted a ray from the clouded sky beyond.

Presently a stranger object than any lent the place a new interest. Pushed forward by Bungy from a shadowed recess into the centre of the vault, and apparently rolling upon hidden casters, emerged a large square black pedestal, on which stood a shrouded form. In a moment Bungy had removed the covering and disclosed a large bust of brass, truncated above the elbows. The friar lit two cuneiform candles of yellow wax, which he placed upon the front corners of the pedestal, on either side of the image. Their quiet radiance rested strangely on the burnished android, whose metal features seemed to survey the group with a steadfast and awful stare. In remembrance of Malatesti, who had first suggested its formation, Bacon had moulded the face into a counterpart of the Italian's terrible and demoniac beauty, and the flowing locks of metal, which covered the head and fell to the shoulders, were no less an imitation of the curling coal-black tresses of Malatesti. But, though undesigned, there was in the expression of the android a still more startling resemblance; for the lips had been made partly open, and this, added to the stare of the blind, balless, awful eyes under the enormous brow, gave to the bright and terrible features an expression of living and terrific despair. It was a fearful intensification of the look which was secret and shadowed in the mournful face of the Paduan, but it was like a revelation of the true expression of his soul.

He had seated himself at ease in an oaken chair before the image, and his eyes were fixed upon it. No sound murmured upon the sombre silence of the vault, save the aerial and distant rushing of the river or rain. The quiet

light of the tapers shed a weird radiance upon his vast and melancholy brow, and served to deepen his expression of solemn and mournful scorn. Silently watching him, at some distance apart, stood the two friars; but the flaring torch, flashing and falling on their shadowy features, threw no ray of its struggling light upon him. He seemed to sit alone, enveloped in a supernatural, still splendor, rich and dim, stately and strange, from demon brow to taloned foot, in that great orb of wizard bloom; the android, a form of solid brightness, like an enchanted head of brassy flame, before him, and all endowed with the surrounding blackness. Only once, when a hissing jet spired from the resinous substance of the flambeau, and penetrated the magic sphere of light in which he sat, Bacon saw a shadow-play pass over his marble features, appearing to wreath them into a dark and evil smile, and at the same moment that smile appeared to be mimicked by the image. An instant after, and his features, like those of the brazen bust, wore their usual immobility; but it was hard for the pallid friar to withstand the distempered fancy that a demoniac signal had passed between the twain. A vague sense of horror and alarm rose struggling for a moment in his soul, then sank down and was lost in spiritual gloom.

The silence of the vault was at last broken by the shrill laugh of the Paduan; and as he rose to his feet the flames of the torch and tapers licked downward, and the huddled lights and shadows of the place swayed and reeled in phantasmal commotion. Bacon glanced hurriedly at the louver, with a thought of the entering gust, and as his eyes rested again upon Malatesti the lights and shadows were still.

"Ye have wrought well, my masters!" cried the Italian. "Ye have wrought skillfully and well. Now hark to my directions, for, disobeyed, the spirit will not enter."

"The spirit, sweet Paduan?" faltered Bungy, visibly quailing.

"Spoke I not plainly?" said Malatesti, with withering hauteur. "Hear me. Within three days from the completion of your work the spirit will enter, and the android will speak. I shall be here, and in my presence you shall own, Frère Bacon, as I told you a year ago, that this work is not a delusion, but subject to the proof of experiment, which you so insist upon. But mark, great frères: ye must not sleep, but sit and listen till ye hear its first command, which must be at once obeyed. Failing of this, the spirit will rend the metal and flee from it forever. Long and sore will be your vigil, but great its reward. Now hearken to the nature of the composition ye must add to the android. But first take the image asunder, and let me view the interior."

Bungy shuddered, but, like one subdued to the will of the Paduan, made a step forward to obey, when Bacon stopped him by laying his hand on his arm.

"Abide here," he said, with solemn compassion, "and pray, Frère Thomas, pray fervently for this disordered soul."

Bungy stared wildly at him, but Bacon, without pausing, advanced, pale and calm, with slow and steady steps, till he stood in front of the Paduan.

"Doctor Malatesti" — said he, with sad solemnity.

"Enough!" interrupted the Paduan, his features cold and passionless, but his voice a furious shriek that froze the friar's veins, — "enough, I say! The android is without an organism. I knew it from the first. You have disobeyed me."

He strode away with haughty majesty toward the concealed entrance, and Bungy hurried obsequiously to the iron effigy. As the wall yawned asunder, the Paduan turned and bowed low, with his extravagant and almost mocking courtesy.

"Pray the black paternoster," said he. "I go."

"Farewell," said Bacon sadly.

"Farewell, sweet Paduan," added Bungy timorously, though in a stentorian voice. "May St. Francis the blessed attend you!"

"St. Satan attend ye both," replied the Italian, with another low obeisance.

"Blaspheme not, Doctor Malatesti!" cried Bacon sternly.

Malatesti made no answer, but, turning toward the entrance, waved his arms. A distant cry was heard, and in a moment Cuthbert was seen darting through the gray gloom of the outer chamber, shivering and gibbering, with the plumed cap and rapier in his hand. Malatesti advanced upon him as he came forward, and the idiot at once receded. Bacon, following, saw him move along the corridor in front of the Italian, till the portal was gained and opened, when the latter snatched his cap and sword and vanished into the storm, and Cuthbert, closing and bolting the door, stood still, with his back against it.

Bacon shuddered, but a great load seemed to lift from his spirit, and a blissful sense of relief succeeded.

"Cuthbert," said he, after a pause, "come here."

The idiot came at once, with his darting, zigzag motion, and his face wore its usual stolid and sodden expression.

"Cuthbert," said the friar, "stay in the sleeping-room, and open that portal to no one. Dost understand?"

"Haw," answered the idiot, in his weak, dissonant voice, "I understand. Shall Cuthbert unbar to Zerneck?"

Bacon understood at once that by the name of the Saxon fiend the idiot meant to designate the Paduan.

"Unbar to no one," he said, gently but sternly.

He entered the chamber of audience, and, taking from the cupboard a large drinking-horn, poured into it the remaining contents of the punctured flask,

which Bungy had left upon the settle, and returned to the laboratory. The burly friar was standing in the flare of the flambeau, with his massive features pallid and bathed in a cold sweat.

"Frère Thomas," said Bacon kindly, "I judge not men by their infirmities. Drink this; it will do you good."

Bungy, much agitated, took the wine, but, without drinking, gazed fixedly at Bacon.

"Roger," said he tremulously, "I mis-doubt me that this Paduan be other than he seems. How knew he of my cousin the vintner, and of my dinner, and of the flask under my frock, and he but newly landed at St. Botolph's wharf?"

"Tush!" cried Bacon. "Vex not your mind with idle fancies. How know you that he spake truly when he said he was but newly landed? How know you that he pieced not together his knowledge by seeing you at dinner through the vintner's window, and noting, as a conjurer of quick sight may, what was on the table, and further by inquiry as to the vintner's relation to you?"

"That is true, by Dubrie!" said Bungy, with an air of great wonder, showing immediate tokens of recovery from his affrighted condition. "It is also true that, the day being warm, the window was open, and my cousin's dinner was laid in the room on the ground floor. Moreover, the vintner rose once from table, misdoubting that some one was spying us from one side of the window, though he found no one there."

"Truly the Paduan might have been there, and withdrawn at the vintner's coming," Bacon went on, half believing that this was the solution of the mystery. "Then, too, he might have noted the shape of the flask through your frock, as he sat before you. For the rest, his sorcerer's face and aspect, his wild voice and evil talk, and the gloom of the day oppressed our spirits, and compelled them, as it were, to superstitious fancies. I trust he will visit us no more. Much

learning, I fear, hath made him mad, and perchance he hath a madman's cunning. Let him pass. I mourn for him. Drink, Thomas, drink. The wine will comfort you."

The color had already returned to Bungy's face, and without more ado he tossed off the liquor, and with a sigh of satisfaction smacked his lips.

"It is well spoken, Roger," he said sturdily. "By my dame, I have been fooled rarely by this Paduan, and if he comes hither again I will take the hot tongs of St. Dunstan to him! Certes, he is a godless one, and speaks more like a follower of Mahound than a Christian. I have oft heard of the impious and unbelieving disposition of these Italian doctors of science, and he is one of them."

A flash of lightning suddenly lit the sky beyond the louver, followed by a hoarse roar of thunder. The friars stood mute, with their faces turned toward the android, which, with its rigid lips apart and its staring eyes set upon vacaney, seemed to listen to the long reverberations.

"T is a fearful day," Bungy muttered, as the silence again descended, broken only by the noise of the rain.

"Ay," responded Bacon, starting from his attentive attitude. "Thomas, I am sorry the Paduan saw the android. It should not have been. But at that moment I could not interpose, and — no matter; it is beyond help now. Come, let me show you the passage whereof I spoke."

Going to the opposite wall, he raised a step-ladder against it, while Bungy, having closed the entrance, on the other side, took the torch from its socket and followed him.

"Come up the ladder," said Bacon, who was already within two steps of the top.

The ladder was very broad, and Bungy, ascending as he was bidden, stood by the other friar's side.

"See you anything unusual in the wall to your right?" asked Bacon.

Bungy moved the flambeau over the surface of the rough, smoke-begrimed stones, irregular in form, but, save that the mortar had fallen out from the narrow and jagged interstices where the blocks joined, as is common in old walls, he saw nothing remarkable, and said so.

"But note this," said Bacon, directing his attention to a small rough block directly in front of him.

"Well," replied Bungy after a long pause, "I note a stone. What of it?"

Bacon rapped it with his knuckles. To Bungy's great amazement, the stone gave back the sound of wood. He rapped the block next to it, but that was really a stone, and so were the others immediately around it.

"Now mark," said Bacon.

He pressed with both hands and with considerable force on the block. It sank inward about four inches.

"Swithin! but that is curious," said Bungy, staring at the little cavity thus formed.

"Ay, but look to your right," said Bacon.

Bungy looked, and nearly fell off the ladder with the start he gave upon seeing that a heavy door, with irregularly serrated edges, cut so as to resemble, when shut, the jagged joining of the stones, had opened outward on his right from the wall. Staring into the considerable cavity it had disclosed, he noticed, by the light of the torch, an upright iron rod fixed at a short distance from the side wall on the extreme right, and supporting in sockets three staples at regular intervals, which were attached to the door, and served it as hinges. The door had but partially unclosed, and Bungy, putting out his hand, shut it to again. At once the sunken block by which it had been opened resumed its former position, and the wall its usual appearance. Full of wonder, the burly friar felt the door with his hand. It

was made of oak, its surface tooled into semblance of the ashlar-work around it, the imitation further heightened by paint, and increased by the stain and smoke of time. Bungy looked at it speechlessly, and while he looked Bacon pressed the block, and it noiselessly unclosed again.

"Now get inside," whispered Bacon; "but speak not, or Master Trenchard may hear you."

Bungy pushed back the door, and stepped into the opening, followed by the other. The secret of the block was then apparent. In a hollow on the left a thick crescent of wrought iron was fixed horizontally on a pivot, with the cusps outward. One cusp was attached to the block, which, when pressed inward, pushed out the other cusp against the door, and thus forced it to open. Closing the door, it pushed back the cusp, and restored the block to its former position. The wall itself was about three feet in thickness, and the space about four feet in width by six in height. The floor, though rough and serrated on its outer edges next the vault, was smooth with a layer of plaster for the rest of the distance up to the oaken wall of Master Trenchard's apartment.

Laying his finger upon his lip as a sign to Bungy to remain quiet, the friar stepped forward to the panel and listened. There was no sound within. Suddenly he remembered that the old silk merchant had told him that morning that he was to spend the day at a relative's, and thought he might venture to unclothe the panel. Moving it very cautiously in its grooves till he had obtained a slight crevice, he peered in, and then listened again. There was evidently no one within, and at once he boldly slid back the panel, which moved noiselessly in the grooves he had previously oiled, and left in the wainscot a space of about four feet square. There was no one in the room, and the friars quietly stepped in through the opening,

directly opposite to which was the bed, with its overhanging tester, where the king would lie.

They approached it, and, gazing for a moment at the open square in the carven frame of the wainscot, looked at each other with exulting faces. A common thought was in their minds,—a vision of that dead silence of the night when the king, starting up in the bed behind them, should see before him the brazen android of his dream, bright-shining, mystic, terrible, and hear from its awful lips the counsel that should grave itself upon his memory, and shape his life to its latest day. Then let the curtaining darkness fall, the pallid king swoon back upon his pillow, the hearts that beat for England beat on with fuller pulses behind yon oaken shell; for the best voice of the suffering land has spoken, the soul of the tyrant is shaken to its centre, and the era of a new triumph bursts like sunrise upon the realm!

Hark to the howling of the storm. Sullenly burns the flambeau in this grisly gloom, where the light comes brown and dim through panes of horn, and the furniture takes uncouth shapes that seem to watch, and shadows lurk in a silence that is too still, and yon square cave of blackness unnaturally yawns. Away, away! Softly over the floor strewn with rushes, which strangely rustle beneath the tread; softly and by stealth in at the panel, with chills and creepings of the blood; a moment behind it, with a dread sense of the still chamber it shuts from view; and out from the wall two pale-faced, gray-robed forms, flickered over with shadows from a tempestuous torch which flares redly on the grotesque gulf below. So down the ladder from the closed cavity, and into the vault again, where the yellow wedges of wax burn with a quiet sense of nightmare; and the awful android, staring between them with ballless eyes and rigid lips apart, seems listening, in the hush of the black gloom,—listening, listening for something to come.

Hush, indeed ! So deep a silence had fallen upon the place that it was as if sound other than the remote and muffled noises of the storm might never be heard again, — a silence by whose compelling charm the ghostly twain must mutely stand and listen, while the spectral herd of shadows quietly flit and flicker around them in the red tossing flame and smoke of the flambeau, and nothing else moves but the colored reflections of liquids in retorts and limbees, dimly trembling in the murk beyond ; till at last the spell yields, and the voice of the burly friar whispers upon the silence.

"A fear came over me, Roger, as I stood in that chamber."

Bacon looked at him for a moment without answering.

"I felt it, too," he said abruptly, in low tones. "But a day like this breeds fear."

"Ay, truly," responded Bungy. "'Tis a gruesome day. Ha ! Hear it !"

Through the louver the lightning shook bright and long, and the thunder broke like an ocean overhead.

"Come," said Bacon, as the reverberations died away, "let us to work, and make an end."

Hastily divesting himself of his gray frock, Bungy raked up the cinders of the forge and fanned them into a red glow, while Bacon, setting one of the wax tapers on a table which he had brought forward, placed next upon it a complex apparatus which he had taken from a closet near by. It was the articulating machinery of the android, and hitherto he had wrought upon it in the adjoining chamber, that he might be undisturbed in the severe thought necessary to its construction ; while Bungy, with his genius for brazieri, toiled at the casting of the shell, the moulds for which, however, the other friar had fashioned. In this age, when the experiments of Kempelen, Willis, and others have shown in detail the contrivances by which articulate sounds may be arti-

ficially produced, and when the exhibition of an android capable of uttering several sentences has completed the demonstration, it would be unnecessary and tiresome to describe the machine through whose agency Bacon aimed to subdue to England's welfare the will of the mean and froward king. It is sufficient to say that to the eye it presented the appearance of a complication of variously formed tubes of reed and metal, wheels, bellows, weights and pulleys, leathern bladders, hammers, plates of brass, and, in the centre of all, a toothed cylinder, on which the speech of the android was scored. It was all but completed, needing only the modification of a single tube ; and on this the friar, seated near the table, busied himself, unmoved by the increasing fury of the storm. Bungy, meanwhile, having taken the android from its pedestal and laid it on a cushion on the floor, was constantly moving between it and the forge with little crucibles of molten metal or red-hot tools, engaged in soldering a piece into its back.

The unearthly had become more than ever the soul of the scene. Bacon, sitting apart in his gray habit, with the mechanism before him, the quiet light of the taper on his pale brow and slender features, appeared like some sad-faced wizard ; while the lubber friar, in his close-fitting undergarments of white cloth, seemed some strange, unwieldy demon toiling at his behest, in the dusky glow which radiated from the forge like a red and misty dome imbedded in surrounding gloom. The dark recesses of the vault, the uncouth furniture glimmering unsteadily, the distorted shadows reeling and wavering to and fro, the sombre lights of torch and forge upflashing and sinking on the shaggy blackness of the walls, the seething of metal, the sighs and hisses of the foundry fire, the rushing and bellowing of the tempest without, — all lent the scene a wild and fearful interest. Never yet was plot for a na-

tion's welfare conducted under more forbidding auspices, nor attended with darker omens. Bungy, indeed, thought little now of what had passed, but in the soul of his fellow-friar the strange visit of Malatesti had left a sense of evil augury. The day had suddenly become like night to him, and into that night had slid a brief but ominous dream; and as one waking from a dream, with the night around him, longs for the coming of the day, so, and with such an oppression on his heart, longed he for the morrow. But the morrow was still far away, and the hours dragged slowly by, with ever-rising wind and raging storm.

Steadily, meanwhile, and in silence proceeded the friars' labors. The time wore toward evening, and Bacon had finished his part, and was absorbed in gloomy reverie, when his fellow-worker stood before him, with his large face flushed and his frock on.

"I am done, Roger," he said, drawing a long breath.

"And I," answered Bacon, his features lighting. "Now for the experiment."

He rose quickly from his seat, and, going to a distant corner of the vault, returned presently with a large sack of varnished silk, distended to its fullest capacity, with a heavy weight attached to one end of it, and a flexible tube of metal to the other.

"Ha!" said Bungy, jovially patting it, "here is our skin of inflammable air. Fire was his father and coal was his dame."

Modern nomenclature would designate the contents of the sack as carbureted hydrogen, or coal gas. Bungy had seen his scientific brother make it that morning. Without replying, Bacon opened the back of the pedestal and deposited the sack in the interior. The end of the metal tube attached to the sack was passed up through an orifice in the top of the pedestal, at its rear, and secured. The stopple was then taken from the

tube, and over it was fitted another in the form of a curved rod, with a key at its lower extremity to regulate the passage of the gas, and at its upper a half circle of metal pierced for jets, and supported horizontally on its centre.

Presently the articulating machinery was fixed upon the pedestal, and the android was lifted from the floor and placed over it. A half hour was occupied in its proper adjustment, at the expiration of which all was ready. Bacon wound up the machinery by means of a key in the back of the image, turned on the gas a little way, and passed a taper over the half circle of metal which projected above the head. The lights were then removed, and in the dimness the awful front of the android was seen surmounted by a dotted arc of blue flame.

"We have it now," said Bacon, "as it will appear when erected behind the panel, just before unclosing. I will couch behind the pedestal to set all in motion. Do you stand by the panel, and when you hear a brazen sound you shall uncloset."

He moved the spring in the back of the image which set the machine in operation, and then stooped from view behind the pedestal. A few seconds of breathless silence succeeded, in which Bungy, standing at some distance in front of the work, stared at it with his heart wildly throbbing. Suddenly a loud and hollow clang, like the sound of a blow on a brass timbrel, blared from the android.

"The panel uncloses," said Bacon in a sombre voice from behind the pedestal. "If the king wakes, he sees in the darkness a dim form under an arc of fire-dots. If he wakes not, he will soon."

There was a pause, and again the clang blared from the bosom of the android. Then arose a strain of solemn music, duple and wild and sad, the fire-dots slowly spired into dazzling jets of yellow flame, and the android stood out, awful-fronted, under that mystic coronal.

Bacon appeared, pale as a spirit, from behind it, and came to Bungy's side.

"The king sees and hears it now," he whispered.

Bungy did not answer. His whole soul was absorbed in that vision of an enchanted head on its black pedestal, from whence the wild and solemn music was proceeding. The melody, winding on in mournful mazes, ravishing in sweetness, gradually swelled into a long æolian wail, sad as the night wind wandering through the gulfs of air, funereal as the midnight voices of the pines; and, drooping from that sustained swell into a sweet and dying cadence, it merged with a heavy-sounding monotone, from which, attuned by that undercurrent of low, mysterious music into a strange harmony, a measured voice arose, hollow, distinct, and shrill.

"King of England, hear me."

The words, slowly chanted with a monotonous metallic resonance of tone, failed from the low murmur of music which still sounded on, and the petrification of living despair on the features of the resplendent android seemed to have changed to a look of austere and startled anger. A chill of dreadful pleasure curdled the friars' blood. The effect of the strange voice added to the magical presence of the image, in the gloom of the vault, was indescribably weird, and it was almost as if a supernatural intelligence had entered into the creature of their hands. Again the music swelled into a prolonged wail, and, sinking into a low dirge, again the voice spoke.

"I mourn for England. Hear me."

The dirge deepened, and, shuddering downward, ended in a sounding knell, and a sweet and solemn carol succeeded. Gradually diminishing in volume, it continued in a silver thread of melody, and again the voice.

"I counsel well. Hear me."

The continuing thread of melody rose to its full volume in the music of the

carol, gradually melted into a golden and jubilant strain, and shook out proudly in notes of triumph. Increasing in movement, it changed to a stately dance, haughty, delirious, rejoicing, and lessening in tone till it became like the far-off sound of the dancers' feet dancing in joyous measure, when once more the voice was heard.

"Follow Sir Simon's leading! Obey me. Follow Sir Simon's leading! Obey me."

A sepulchral blare of brazen sound boomed hollowly at the conclusion of each sentence, and the music died. Bacon sprang to the key of the gas-tube; the coronal of flame went out, and the android stood obscurely shining from the dusky gloom.

"It ends here!" cried the friar, returning to his comrade with a step of victory, his usually colorless, calm face convulsed and crimson with excitement. "As the last clang sounds, the lights go out, the panel closes in darkness, and the king has seen his vision!"

"Ay!" roared Bungy, flinging his arms around the speaker with furious joy, and bursting away to bestow a similar hug upon the android. "Oh, brave andrew! Oh, brave Roger! Oh, day of grace! And thou, Harry of Winchester, — for I do *thou* thee, and *thee-thou* thee, thou varlet king! — thou shalt see thy andrew, thou spendthrift, and mark it well, thou thief; ay, and hear its counsel, thou bloodsucker, and abide by it, thou Jew! By St. Thomas à Becket, I do hope it may leave gray locks on thy pate, thou charter-breaking, coffer-draining Lombardy robber! 'Follow Sir Simon. Follow Sir Simon.' Well said, my brave singing andrew! Oh, rejoice, Sir Simon, rejoice, protector of Englishmen, — rejoice, rejoice, for, by Dunstan, you are good as king from this hour!"

And Bungy, ceasing from the mad gesticulations with which he had accomplished this triumphant ebullition, only delayed to whip up his frock and fall

a-prancing like a joyful hippopotamus. Up and down, to and fro, unheeding the raging war of lightning and thunder, wind and rain, which swept and belowered around the dwelling, the paunchy friar went capering bulkily, his big legs swinging, and his big feet flapping here and there and everywhere, in the exulting fury of his ponderous evolutions, till, stopping as he did in a minute or so, he threw back his head, and, walking hither and thither with tremendous strides, proceeded to roar forth in a stentorian voice a Latin psalm.

Bacon, meanwhile, resuming his usual composure, though he carried a victorious heart at the success of the trial, busied himself in removing the remains of the sack of gas from the pedestal, and taking off the illuminating crescent. He finished in a few minutes, and approached the uproarious friar.

"Thomas," said he.

Bungy stopped singing, and, advancing, laid his huge hands on Bacon's shoulders, and showed all his teeth in a jovial peal of laughter.

"You are merry, Thomas," said Bacon, with his austere and gentle smile.

"Merry?" shouted Bungy. "By Swithin, I am merry as a lark! Merry as a man should be who has helped save England!"

"And I," said Bacon, — "I feel a strange joy of spirit. All has gone well thus far. But hearken. We have now three days before us. The first thing to-morrow, we must make contrivance so that the panel can never be opened again after we have done with it."

"Well bethought," returned Bungy; "for the king might send his carpenters to see if there be a passage there."

"He might," said Bacon, "though I have small fear of his doubting the supernature of the android. He is much given to superstition, and his strange dream will confirm that bent of mind. Still, let us omit nothing for safety. We must make ready to close

the panel, and also build up the cavity. The stones for that purpose are those I have provided in yonder corner."

"You think of everything, Roger," said Bungy, with an admiring sigh.

"Then," pursued Bacon, "immediately after the king has seen it, the android must be removed, and buried in the pit we have dug under the floor. And so our task will end."

"And I shall go chuckle to see Sir Simon schooling the king," snuffled Bungy, shaking like a jelly with suppressed mirth. "Sooth, but I ought to be made a bishop for this."

Bacon smiled, and, going to the wall near the forge, took the flambeau from its socket, and returned.

"Lord! 't is fearsome foul weather," muttered Bungy. "Hark to that."

A tremendous explosion of thunder was sounding overhead, and as it echoed away there was flash upon flash of lightning, with the cataract pouring of rain and howling of wind.

"How the andrew seems to hearken!" continued Bungy, staring at the image, which now appeared in the red light of the flambeau, with its whole mute front as if intent on listening. "I have noted several times this day that hearkening look on its brass visage, which is too much like that Paduan's to be lovely. Sooth, too, I bethink me now that its voice is like his, also, were he to speak with accompaniment of music. That is curious, by Francis! And how it hearkens! As if" —

"Come," said Bacon, "cover the android, and wheel it back into the recess."

Bungy was about to obey, when a sharp cry from Cuthbert was heard in the outer chamber. Both friars started, and Bacon nearly dropped the torch. The next instant the wainscot yawned open, and the idiot sprang in. He was in the very ecstasy of terror, his sodden face writhing, and great tears starting from his wild bloodshot eyes; and as he danced about, in his close-fitting garb of

red, mopping and mowing in the light of the flambeau, with his thin misshapen limbs jerking like those of a puppet, and his shock of yellow hair tossing from the huge head set low between his hunched shoulders, he looked like one of those Libyan anthropophagi described so vividly by Herodotus. But his anguish had nothing of the monster; it was painfully human.

"Cuthbert, Cuthbert!" cried Bacon, starting forward with the torch, while Bungy stared, open-mouthed. "Peace, boy, peace! What is it?"

"Oh, my lord," shrieked Cuthbert, "time is, time was, time is passed, and he comes, — haw, haw! — and he comes, and I feel him, and he comes" —

"What ails thee, thou reprobate?" shouted Bungy. "Hath the fiend possession of thee?"

"Ay, the fiend, — ay, the fiend!" screamed the idiot; "and he comes, the Brass-Man, Zerneck, the Brass-Man, Zerneck, — he comes, and I feel him, in my head, in my breast, in my skinny right wing — coming, coming, coming, coming!"

And suddenly, with his yellow hair swirling from his head like a garment, he spun with great velocity on one foot, and springing, with the impetus of his rapid whirl, through the open wall, vanished.

Both friars stood like statues of horror. At that moment the tempest again broke in heavy rebounding roars, and amidst the howling and rushing of wind and rain they heard the unbarring of the portal and the keen cry of Cuthbert. Bacon was like one smitten with palsy, but an icy chill passed through his frame as he heard that cry.

"It is the Paduan!" he gasped. "Quick — away with the android — arrest him — he must not enter here!"

"I will strangle him!" roared Bungy, purpling with rage, as he rushed to the entrance.

At the top of the three stone steps

appeared the dark figure of Malatesti, and Bungy, plunging against him, reeled back tottering into the vault, as though he had hurled himself against an iron statue; while the Paduan, without a pause, like one who had not felt the shock of the friar's onset, made but one step of the stairs, and coming with straight, swift strides, planting his taloned feet noiselessly but firmly, directly toward Bacon, paused at a short distance in front of him. His movement, though swift, had a certain measured and majestic cadence, and his features were locked in their usual cold, impassive, marble scorn. The black robe drooped with heavy patrician grace around him; the strange black cap was on his head; the sable plume trailed across his mournful brow; the red jewel which held it burned still in the torch-light like an evil eye. But not on plume or garment, nor on his ebon mane of falling hair, nor anywhere about him from head to sole, was there one trace of rain; not one sign of the wind that was roaring like a whirlpool in its tempestuous sweep around the dwelling; not one token of the flood that was deluging the streets of London amidst bolted thunder and sheeting fire! Nothing in his presence, at such a time as this, could have been so awful.

As he stood before Bacon, dark and grand, regarding him with still eyes, the pallid friar let the flambeau droop slowly in his nerveless hand, and in that lurid ray upstreaming as from the pit, and upcasting black shades where the lights were before, all things became hideous and unnatural. The friars were as gray ghouls topped with demonic skulls of white and ebony; the phantom majesty of Malatesti wore a black-dappled livid mask of Death; the android was a brazen demon, cavernous-eyed, bizarre with shadows, and with a look of horror and hellish joy commingled on its glaring features; and all around black mongrel shapes of shade sloped up the floor, or

loomed monstrosly on the shaggy gloom of the walls. While heaven and earth seemed reeling from their centres in the tornado madness of the storm, the vault was a core of silence.

A moment, and the silence was broken by the Paduan.

"You have dared to disobey me!" he said, his voice piercing that face of marble. "Behold!"

He stretched out his hand toward Bacon, and in the open palm lay the tongue of gold. A cold disgust mingled with the affright of the friar, as he gazed upon it. Suddenly the Italian dashed the tongue to the floor, and it blew to atoms. Bacon recoiled at the explosion, and Bungy dropped on his knees, frantic with fear, and began to gibber his prayers.

"I am the lord of disaster," shrieked the Paduan. "Thus shall it be with you and android. I bade you fashion it in the interior likeness of the body, that Simara, the wise daemon, might dwell in it. You have disobeyed me. Simara shall rend it."

"Vile charlatan!" shrieked Bacon, starting forward, and menacing Malatesti with the flambeau. "Hence, or I dash this torch into your face! Think you to cow me with your jugglery? Am I to be deluded by your fool's talk of daemons and brass anatomy? Hence, madman or knave, or both, — hence, I say! Up, Bungy, up, and cast me this wretch from the door!"

Bacon did not seem to hear, but in a lunacy of terror continued to gibber his prayers. The Paduan laughed. For a moment Bacon stood irresolute, choking with exasperation; then, rushing past Malatesti to the entrance, he thrust the flambeau into a socket there, and returned.

"You have terrified my poor co-laborer from his manhood, but you terrify not me," he said fiercely. "Now go from hence, or I set upon you."

"Know you Master Trenchard?"

asked the Paduan, with a cold and quiet countenance.

Bacon fell away a pace, and gazed at him. Thought and passion in an instant gave place in his mind to a whirling vacancy.

"The king is to lodge with him," the Paduan continued.

A terrible agitation flowed in upon the mind of the friar, but he controlled himself to appear calm. His first thought was that Malatesti had divined the plot. Then came a doubt, born of the habit of a scientific intellect, instinctively skeptical and averse to rash conclusions. He might only have uttered, madman fashion, at random what some one in the neighborhood had told him, and it was not a necessary inference from his speech that he knew more. Yet this theory of it was half shattered in the mind of Bacon as the Paduan again laughed.

"I go," he said, stepping back a pace, his form in shadow, and darkly defined against the light of the torch behind him. "Yet ere I go, listen. You disobeyed me because you doubted the truth I know for truth. Resolve me now the mystery of birth. Why forms and lives the infant in its mother's womb? It is because the soul has entered there. Why enter thus for birth the myriad generations of souls? Know you not the hunger of souls to be born? Know you not what well-attested histories and living men's experience affirm, — that in this hunger of souls for birth they will even possess the bodies of men wherein souls are already shrined, making them mad with the discord between the two; nay, more, that they will even enter chairs and tables, giving them motion and intelligence? And whence come these souls thus madly hungering to be shrined in earthly forms? Behold, the vasty deep of space is full of them. They float, they wait continually, — they wait for the conditions that will make their mortal

birth possible; they dart to their opportunities for mortal being. Well said the divine Plato that the air is full of men. Ay, full of men hungering to be born."

He stepped back another pace, and while a heavy peal of thunder resounded overhead, and the lightning flashed fiercely beyond the louver, he mystically waved his hands.

"Pray the black paternoster. I go!" he said in his shrillest tones. "Yet hear me. The souls that enter bodies suffer thereby suspension of their spiritual knowledges and powers, which are mighty. The quality and motion of the fleshly form thus affect them, though the human shape hinders them not. Here, then, as I have said, is the virtue of brass androids. Their shape, external and internal, being human, attracts souls to enter them; and these being neither flesh nor motion, the mighty spiritual knowledges and powers of the souls suffer no diminution. Lo! the mighty and wise demon Simara, obedient to me, would have entered yon android, and made you all-strong and all-wise with his power and wisdom. But you have disobeyed me. Ay, and you believe not in Simara. But you shall believe, and tremble."

Slowly raising his hand, he laid his forefinger on the opal in his cap.

"Aloft there, Simara!" he cried. "By the strong gem, answer me!"

There was an interval of breathless silence, and then from the darkness of the roof a thin, silvery voice sounded.

"I am here."

The effect was terrible. Bungy started from his knees with a hoarse yell, and staggering to the entrance fell down on the steps, where he remained, shuddering and gasping, with his ghastly face turned toward the ceiling. Bacon stood like one petrified, ice in his veins, fire in his brain.

"Descend, Simara!" cried the Paduan. "By the strong gem, obey me!"

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A roar of thunder volleyed above the dwelling, and echoed away into rain-rushing silence.

"I am here," said the quiet silver voice, speaking from beside the android.

Bungy uttered a hoarse groan, but over the visage of his fellow-friar a flush crept slowly. The Paduan seemed to notice it, and his face grew dark, as if with passion, and his imperial form dilated to its fullest majesty.

"Enter the android, Simara!" he screamed, with appalling shrillness, stamping his foot, and waving his arm with the gesture of a king.

"I have obeyed you," said the voice, after a pause, speaking fiercely from within the android, as if in anger and agony. "But it pains me, and I cannot abide."

"Rend it, Simara!" shrieked Malatesti, with a furious and commanding gesture, swiftly receding, as he spoke, to the entrance of the chamber.

Bungy scrambled up as the Italian drew nigh him, and was crouching down against the opposite wall of the sleeping-room before the latter had set foot upon the steps.

"Hold, Malatesti!" shouted Bacon, dashing forward on the track of the flying Paduan. "Dost think me deluded by thy damned ventriloquy? Hold, I say!"

He caught up an implement of the forge which was lying near the steps, and bounded after the Italian, who had already gained the corridor. Reaching it himself, he saw him spring with an airward leap from the open portal, and vanish; and, aided by the sudden expansion of the black robe in the wind as he sprang, the horrid fancy flashed across Bacon's mind that he had changed into some black-winged monstrous thing and melted into the air. Passionately hating himself that such a fancy had entered his brain, even for a second, Bacon, without pausing, rushed after him. The rain was pouring in torrents through the

Gray twilight, as he leaped forth into the street. But at the first glance he saw that the street was empty. Malatesti had disappeared.

Entering the house again, and barring the door behind him, he returned swiftly to the sleeping-room, with the rain upon his face and garments. Bungy was still crouching against the wall, in the dim light from the reflection of the flambeau in the vault, and feebly turned toward him, as he came in, a face flabby and livid, whose eyes, orbbed with terror, showed their pupils in white circles. Too agitated for the moment to heed him, Bacon stood silently, with his nostrils quivering in the pallid rigor of his countenance. Gradually his anger settled into composure; wiping the moisture from his face and head with his sleeve, he approached the entrance, and, casting in upon the floor the forge implement, was just turning back again into the room, when there was a stunning crash, the vault filled with fire, and the building rocked to its foundations. Bacon staggered back, lost his balance and fell, reeled up again to his feet, all in an instant, and stood rigid, with a face of death, his brain tottering, and a dreadful feeling within him as though his very soul were rent asunder, and were rushing from his frame. An utter silence had succeeded that vast crash, through which was heard the pouring of the rain. The vibrating air was filled with a heavy sulphurous odor. Within the vault the flambeau was still burning, and the shadows were sullenly flickering in the ghostly gloom. Suddenly the friar sprang to the entrance, and gazed. One instant he gazed, and a horrible cry, like the shriek of a damned soul, pealed from his lips, and shivered away into the tingling silence. There lay the android, shattered to fragments, on the floor!

He stood motionless. But with that cry the weight of agony lifted from his mind, and left it utterly dark and va-

cant. He saw nothing, he heard nothing; he had neither sensation nor consciousness. Complete annihilation had become his portion. Gradually a dim, remote sense that slow ages had passed, and that another was slowly passing, a vague, uncertain impression that he had died long, long ago, and had become something inessential, floated, a mere filmy spectre of mentality, through the gray void of his brain. Then succeeded a dim apprehension that something had crept stealthily to his side, and paused there, and he heard a hoarsely whispering voice speaking near him, yet seeming to come from an immeasurable distance.

"The fiend Simara hath rent it!"

He heard the words without receiving their sense, but, slowly turning his head, he became aware that he stood in the dark room, on the threshold of the lighted vault, and, looking down, saw Bungy resting on his hands and knees beside him, like some huge, gorbelled brute in the likeness of a man, glaring up into his face with a distorted flabby visage, a brow wrinkled beneath its tonsural band of hair, and an ugly disk of shaven crown. A frigid thrill stole through his frame. With a touch like that of ice on air, his chill hand rested on his giddy brow, and he tried to remember what had befallen. Consciousness uncongealed, slowly, slowly, and trickling in like an ice-brook, welled up cold, still, and clear within his mind. He remembered everything. Glacial, torpid, mournful, the mental images arose in a trance of despair. It was all over. The long, patient, fervid labors of a year; the thought, the hope, the dream, the patriot's zeal whose soul was woven into the work like solemn music; the victorious result already on the operant verge of victory; the whole superb conspiracy for justice rising robed and crowned, and reaching out its hands in blessing on the nation,—it had all become involved in the wild *bizarrerie* of tempest

and gloom and omen, the shocks, the perturbations, the accursed apparitions, the fierce, unnatural concentrated life of the last few hours, and in one crash of flame it had shivered to nothingness. Rage on, king, whose sceptre is a wand of bane to England, thy lawless power unchecked, thy evil resolution unsubdued! Toil on, De Montfort, and vainly toil to blight and bar the ills that creep like grass and wind like water everywhere! Bleed, bleeding people, and rave and madden under ever-piling accumulations of suffering, till ye rise and rive with the red blast of battle, and the realm topples from its basis, and cold tranquillity sinks down on ruin and the ghosts of things that were! For it is all over. The power that would have essayed to roll back fate is a power no longer. All is ended and done.

He turned, icy cold and trembling, and, with a dull lethargic ache in his spirit, feebly wandered into the room. Bungy had crept back to his former place, and was crouching down against the wall, looking at him.

"The fiend Simara hath rent it, I say!" he repeated.

Bacon saw him dimly with misty eyes, and, striving to understand what he said, his mind received only an inapposite sense that not more than a minute had elapsed since the catastrophe took place in the vault. He covered his eyes with his hand, and endeavored to collect himself.

"I say the fiend Simara hath rent it!" gasped Bungy, hoarsely as before, but in a voice which had risen from the whisper to a low muffled bass.

"Yes, yes, I understand," faltered Bacon, with the most confused apprehension of what the other was saying; "the lightning smote in at the louver, and" —

A sound of gnashing teeth made him pause and drop his hand from his eyes. With a vague tremor he saw that Bungy had risen to his feet, and was huddled

against the wall, grinding his jaws, and glaring at him from the dimness with a look of sullen and truculent rage on his livid visage.

This he saw, but in his bewilderment knew not what it meant, and stood helplessly gazing at the friar.

"Thou abominable sorcerer!" suddenly howled Bungy, plunging forward and clutching him by the throat. The shock of that assault brought Bacon to his senses, and, with an instantaneous revulsion of strength, he seized Bungy's wrists, wrenched away his hold, and flung him back to the wall.

"What means this?" he demanded in a low, intense voice, with his eyes burning and fixed upon the friar. Bungy did not answer, but stood drawing his breath hard through his set teeth. For a moment Bacon gazed at him; then, going into the vault, he returned with the torch, fixed it in a socket in the wall, and again confronted him.

"I had not looked for this from you, Thomas," he said sadly. "Why have you laid violent hands upon me?"

"Ach! Thomas! Thomas me no Thomases!" gnashed Bungy, frantically shaking his fists at him. "Thou vile sorcerer! Thou hast had commerce with the fiend! I know thee. I have smelt thee out."

"I commerce with the fiend? I, Thomas?"

"Ay, thou! Didst thou not tell me that he taught thee how to make the andrew? Didst thou not? Deny it if thou canst!"

"Frère Thomas, this is moon-madness. I pray you be a man, and hear reason. I never told you that a fiend taught me how to make the android."

"Thou didst! I say thou didst, and thou didst! In Italy thou didst learn it of him."

"In Italy? What! *He* the fiend? That mad scholar, sunken into the depths of knavery and insanity, that charlatan, that cheat, that" —

"Ay, brave it out! But well I know where all thy knowledges come from, — thy mathematics, thy burning-glasses, thy exploding powders, thy inflammable air, all thy devil's arts which thou didst persuade me were of nature, to the peril of my soul's salvation, and which thou didst learn of the fiend who walks the earth in the guise of a Paduan! Ay, and he taught thee to make the andrew, which may the blessed saints assail me for having helped thee in, — St. Francis, St. Becket, St. Dunstan, St. Wittikind, St. Dubric, St. Thomas à Kent."

"Peace, Thomas, peace! You rave, you scatter foam on your beard. Peace, I say! What madness is this? Did I not upbraid this mad Paduan to his face? Did I not refuse to do his bidding? Did I not speed after him with the iron in my hand, to make him return and unmask his wretched cheater? Did I not?"

"Did I not, did I not, did I not! Thou vile sorcerer, cease thy gibble-gabble! Ay, didst thou, and it was in thy pride thou didst refuse him, and flout him, and chase him; for thou hadst learned all his secrets, and wouldst set up to be the match of the fiend himself! Tell me he was not the fiend! Harken to the tempest. And doth he not always come in tempest? Well I knew the fiend was abroad in the air this day, — ay, in the air, where he told thee he lodged; and thou saidst nothing, hoping it would escape my notice! Thou wretch! To deal thus with the soul of a Christian man, and a frèrè of the Lord's flock to boot! Ay, and did not the very room darken when he came in, and the door shut of itself, and the storm rage with thunder and lightning, and Cuthbert, with no more wit than a dog in him, know of his coming every time? Ay, and 't is well known that dogs know when the fiend is nigh, and tell it by their howlings."

Bungy gasped, overcome with the fury of his utterance, and Bacon felt an ap-

palling sense of the difficulty of reasoning down this mass of evidence in the mind of the ignorant and obstinate being before him, whose whole superstitious nature had been roused into its fullest activity by the succession of weird coincidences, and by the aspect and actions of the Paduan. In that brief pause he called into review all that had been said and done for the last few hours, and saw that everything told against him. Yet he resolved to contend with everything.

"Hearken now to me, Thomas," he said solemnly, "for what I say to you is the truth, and I swear it by this cross."

He put his hand to his girdle to uplift the cross which hung at the end of his rosary. The rosary was not there.

"Ach!" yelled Bungy. "Thou hast made a compact with the fiend, and he will not let thee wear the blessed cross, thou sorcerer! Ach, ach! fie upon thee, thou foul wretch!"

"'T is false!" cried Bacon in a pealing voice, recovering from the stunning blow dealt his cause by the absence of the rosary. "Forbear your craven epithets, — thrice craven when thus bestowed upon me in my hour of utter misery, when ruin has fallen upon the work I wrought for England! I swear by the blessed Saviour, whose name no sorcerer, if such there were, could take upon his lips, that what I say to you is true!"

Bungy was silent, for the indignant solemnity of this utterance touched him even then.

"Hear me now," sternly continued Bacon, following up his advantage. "I have never dealt with any fiend, nor is that evil Paduan a fiend, and this I swear by my soul's assurance of salvation."

A rattling bolt of thunder split the air as he spoke the last words, and Bungy started furiously.

"Ach, ach!" he yelled, shaking his fists, "a sorcerer's oath, — a sorcerer's

oath! Thou swearest by thy soul's damnation, and truly it is assured, — truly it is!"

"I said 'salvation'!" cried Bacon.

"Thou liest! Thou saidst 'damnation,' and I heard thee plainly. Thou meantest to say the other, but the fiend would not let thee. Ay, and 't was his thunder attested thy perjury then" —

"Hear me, hear me, hear me! I said it not. I said" —

"Thou didst! Thou" —

"I did not!"

"Thou liest! Thou didst! And thou art in pact with the fiend!"

"Oh, hear me, hear me! He is not the fiend" —

"I say he is, and I do know it! Did I not see him no more than wave his arms, and Cuthbert came running with his cap and sword? Did I not" —

"And what of that? It was a marvel, but it has its cause in nature. Is it incredible that a man should have by nature the power to draw another man to him, when an ore of iron, as you know, has by nature the power to draw to it other iron? Hear me explain" —

"Explain! Thou ready-witted wretch! No, I will not hear thee. Thou wilt explain, too, that the fiend Simara rent not the andrew!"

It all rushed into Bacon's mind in an instant: the mandate of the Paduan to Simara; the almost immediate shivering of the brittle alloy of the image, as if in obedience to that mandate; and, beating down the half-risen superstition that a spirit had indeed wrought the ruin, the conviction that Malatesti had had prevision of the approaching catastrophe, and had turned it to his purposes. In an instant all this came upon him, and the next he firmly answered: —

"Simara did not rend the android. It was the lightning. There was no Simara."

"Oh, thou liar! Did I not hear his voice?"

"No. 'T was the Paduan's voice. It was a trick, — a cunning ventriloquy."

"Ach, thou sorcerer liar, — thou Simon Magus! And the gold tongue which burst fire and vanished, — thou wilt say that was ventrilly, or some such word of Mahound, wilt thou not?"

"I tell you it was nothing but a tongue of metal, which he had filled with a detonating powder."

"Powder, powder! Prate not to me of powders. They are all of the fiend, like thy nitre and coal powder. Face me out that he was not the fiend, and he coming in from the rain as dry as a basket!"

"He had been under shelter. He had been standing under the covered portal, beyond a doubt. He had" —

"He had, he had, he had! Cease thy damned gibble-gabble, thou ready-witted varlet!"

"Enough," said Bacon, with despairing sadness. "Say no more. I forgive you. All evil happenings are as nothing to this; even the ruin of the android is as nothing. Well may I mourn the hour when the Paduan came here, since his coming has wrenched from me you, whom I loved not for any parts or learning, but for the good heart, faithful and true to me through many, many years, nor ever joining till now in the reproaches and revilings others, greater than you, have cast upon me. But I blame you not, and I forgive you. I forgive, too, him who has thus wrought upon you. May" —

"My good heart!" roared Bungy, interrupting. "My good soul, I say! Think of that! My good soul's salvation imperiled by its beguilement into thy devil's trap of sorcery! Dost think I will stay loyal to thee when I am likely to be packed into hell for it? By Swithin, but I will not, then! Dost think" —

"Nay, Thomas, speak not now in your anger. Wait till the morning, when you can think more calmly of this."

"Wait till the morning! By all the saints, but I will not wait at all! I will at once go hence, for it perils my soul to abide even to upbraid thee!" and Bungy immediately tucked his skirts under his arms as preparation for instant departure.

"Hold, hold!" cried Bacon, clasping his hands in entreaty. "Go not now. The storm is terrible. Wait till it lulls; then go in peace. See, I will leave you alone. I will retire to another chamber."

"I will not abide another moment under the roof with thee!" furiously bellowed the friar. "I will go hence, and I will proclaim thee everywhere as a sorcerer who sought to lure me to my soul's ruin!"

"Hear me!" entreated Bacon. "You have sworn on the cross not to betray aught of this ruined enterprise."

"Ay, and I will keep my Christian oath for the love of England, whose weal has been brought to wrack by thee!" cried Bungy. "But I will go hence, and proclaim thee as one who has had commerce with the fiend in the guise of a Paduan. And I will" —

"Hear me, I beseech you, hear me! Good frère, good Thomas, I pray you by the remembrance of all our years of peace, for De Montfort's sake, for England's sake, for the sake of" —

"Ach, thou viper, thou wretch, thou sorcerer, thou devil's commercer, thou abhorred, abominable, impious, unclean thing! Ach, fie upon thee, fie upon thee! and aroint thee, aroint thee! I renounce thee forever!"

He rushed from the room gnashing his teeth, with a visage like that of a lubber fiend in his rage, and in a moment the outer door slammed heavily behind him. He was gone.

For an instant Bacon stood motionless; then all gave way, — the chamber whirled around him, he tottered backward, a mighty darkness reeled down upon him like an avalanche, and he fell on his pallet in a dead swoon.

Life reawakened dreaming in the long ago. There was a sense that sleep had been deep and restful; an incorporeal lightness; a trance of coolness and quiet; fresh, still glimmerings; the world silently returning, peaceful and sweet and strange; the old heavenly innocence of childhood; the dewy early years at Ilchester; the tranquil, dark summer dawn. Bacon was lying in his bed, dimly awake, half conscious, as he lay with closed eyes, that his mother was bending over him, tender of the slumbers of her boy. A vague remembrance that he had dreamed she was long dead, mingling with the dim deliciousness of his love for her, melted into his luxury of repose, and, with a flitting sense of trouble, he sighed. His eyes were open, and his mind had gathered vacancy.

"Dost revive, Roger?"

It was broad day, and the morning sunlight lay aslant in the room. The words lingered, distinct and alien, in his tranced memory. Then he knew that he was lying on the pallet, and that a hooded friar was bending over him.

"Adam?"

"It is I," answered De Marisco, his voice sounding grave and kind from beneath his cowl.

As in a dream, Bacon felt himself raised to a half-recumbent position, with his head resting upon the friar's breast. A strong spicy cordial was held to his lips, and, drinking, he was revived. A few minutes passed in silence, and, lying with closed eyes, the memory of his waking vision faded, leaving him with the sad and world-worn heart of manhood, and the mournful remembrance of the dark events of yesterday in his clouded soul.

"Art better now, Roger?"

"I am better," he answered feebly.

How dim, remote, confused, was his sense of everything around him! It seemed as if he were tended by some kind phantom, whose voice and touch were the only things that linked it in

identity with his friend. He hardly knew how, but he was sensible that time had passed, and that he had drank again, and was sitting in a chair, with a sort of weak strength and the feeling of distance and dimness in his mind. The phantom was sitting near him, and he felt a strong, kind hand clasping his own with friendly distinctness. Then the grave voice sounded clearly.

"What hath happened, Roger? The miscarriage of the work I know, for as I came hither I met Frère Bungy, who told me a graceless tale. I bade him go seal his fool's lips, or look to it. Tell me what hath befallen, brother."

That which had befallen rested separate and definite in Bacon's memory, and, with an utter introversion of his faculties, he mechanically related all. Ceasing, he had a strange, dazed consciousness that he had been speaking, and that the form near him had listened silently.

"We have failed, Roger," he heard him say. "I grieve that you have thus suffered. But the wild night is now passed, and to-day is new and fair. Be comforted, brother. Time repairs all ill happenings."

There was a brief interval of silence.

"For the present," resumed De Marisco, "all is done. I will aim to silence this Bungy. Yet, should he talk, inquiry and trouble may follow. You must stay only for food, and then at once away to Paris. Here is a gift of money Robert Grostete bade me deliver to you for the work. That is ended. Use the coin, then, for your departure. I will take charge of the house, and acquaint the bishop of what hath passed. He will make good your absence."

Bacon mechanically received the small leathern bag the other placed in his hand, and as he did so a keen, forlorn sense of sorrow welled up within him.

"Alas, alas," he said bitterly, "is this the end? To think that we have failed, and failed from such a circumstance! Had not the Paduan entered

then, the work would have been shrouded and removed to the recess, where the lightning would not have rived it. Thus ever comes disaster. This dark fool, this charlatan, this mad ape of hell, he comes, he arrests our purposes for a few moments, and all is ruined. Oh that the weightiest enterprises should be always subject to slight occasions! But it is ever so. Thus ever dies the good cause."

"Brother, the good cause never dies," said the grave voice.

"You are right," faltered Bacon, after a short interval. "I meant defeated."

"Brother, the good cause never is defeated."

Bacon bowed his head in silence. A thrill of strong comfort stole through the torpor of his veins; a trembling peace melted across his desolation as the dawn melts across a winter moor. Silently he clasped the hand in his, and the minutes mutely wore away.

"It is well," he said tremulously. "I will depart. Let me only gather up my few manuscripts, summon poor Cuthbert, and go. Poor Cuthbert, indeed! He was much terrified last eve, and needed comforting. How looked he, Adam, when he unbarred to you?"

He received no answer, but he felt the kind hand close with a tenderer pressure, and, looking up, he saw that the cowed head was bent low.

"Adam, what is it? Is not Cuthbert well?"

There was a solemn pause.

"Brother," said the grave voice gently, "he is well."

Bacon gazed at him for a moment; then his head drooped slowly, and he wept. A poor, uncomely, dog-witted thing, weakest of the weak, lowest of the low, but something that had loved him, something that was faithful to him, and with a dog's faithfulness and love.

"Is it thus with you, my poor servitor?" he sorrowfully murmured. "Rest, rest. 'Tis better so. Ill can never come

nigh you any more, nor fear strike away the life that was so harmless here. Adam, I pray you see that he has decent burial. He loved and served me better, for all his darkened wit, than men the world calls his betters. He had been my brother's thrall, but I took the collar from his neck, for I like not that any man, however weak of mind, should wear the collar of a slave. So give him a freeman's sepulture, the money for which I will leave with you."

"It shall be done," said De Marisco.

They rose. A little while Bacon stood, sadly musing, and a light of peace dawned upon his wasted features.

"It comes to me now," he said humbly and dreamfully. "I have sinned, and it is well the android lies shattered. To make a king believe in supernature were also to spread his belief throughout the realm, and not even to save the land from tyranny were it well to confirm it in superstition. That were to relieve it from a great evil to curse it with a greater. Better fail of good by truth than win it by falsehood."

"It may be so," returned De Marisco thoughtfully.

"It is so," said Bacon firmly. "Welcome all suffering, all loss, all disaster, for through them has my erring soul been schooled, and I have learned the lesson that will never leave me. Yes, it is so. Through Truth alone we truly conquer. Only Truth's victories are true."

A few hours later, and the great friar had left St. Botolph's wharf in a ship for Paris, where he wrote the *Opus Majus*, his undying claim to the gratitude of man. A few years later, and Simon De Montfort had drawn the unwilling king into an alliance by which a reluctant royal sanction was obtained for the measures which broadened justice and freedom throughout the land. Not such an alliance as the brazen android would have achieved, — immediate, desired by the monarch, and potential with his active will, — but one in which he was passive and frigid, and one obtained only after long delay, when the hostile faction, under Prince Edward's leading, had grown to a power that plunged the land in civil war, and sent the great earl's soul to God from the dark slaughter of Evesham. But De Montfort's death sealed the strife for the charter. In the mind of the people he stood crowned with the sainted hero's glorie, an image of fiery inspiration for the principles he lived and died for, mightier thus in his death than in his life; and from that hour the liberties of England were secured. For the good cause never dies, and it is never defeated. Its defeats are but the recoils of the battering-ram from the wall that is fated to crash in; its deaths are like those of Italian story, where each man cloven in twain by the sword of the slayer springs up two men, mailed and armed to slay.

William Douglas O'Connor.

A VOYAGE ON THE GRAND CANAL OF CHINA.

LEAVES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.

IN the spring of 1860, being at Shanghai, in the course of a voyage round the world, I was invited to join some friends in a boat expedition up the

Grand Canal to the famous city of Su-Chau. This city had a great reputation for beauty and interest (being called "the Paris of China"), attributable, I

am inclined to think, in some degree to the fact that it had very rarely been seen by a foreigner. Lord Macartney passed through it on his embassy to Peking, in 1792, by special permission, but no other foreigner is supposed to have seen it until 1857, when a few permissions were given, but soon recalled. My energetic friends were determined to make the attempt. True, there was a state of war with Great Britain and France, but the interior of China knew little of that, and we should carry the American flag, which the officials would know to be neutral.

Our party consisted of Mr. Walsh, of the American house of Russell & Company, who planned the expedition; Rev. Mr. Syle, of the American Church Mission; another missionary, Mr. Smith; De Lindau, a German *savant*; and myself. We had three boats,—one for the kitchen and the dining-room, and two for the passengers. Each boat had six oarsmen and large sails, which we used when there was wind enough and it was not ahead; for the Grand Canal is very wide, and its commerce floats upon it as on a large river. Our passenger boats were handsomely fitted up with sleeping-rooms and parlors, containing a small piano and bookcases with a plentiful supply for reading, to say nothing of backgammon boards, dominoes, and other lighter resources. Beside the oarsmen, cooks, etc., we had a superb Chinese butler, with long nails and slippers, and a private servant for each of us. Mr. Syle had been fourteen years in China, knew the colloquial language well, and, what is more, understood the people, and had a good deal of that address and diplomatic skill which tell more than anything else upon the Chinese.

We had a beautiful start-off in the evening, with a full moon, fair tide, clear sky, and exquisite weather. The river (the Yang-Tse-Kiang), the high-arched bridges, the crowds of gliding boats, making scarce a sound, gave the whole a

fairylke air. At the first large bridge is a gate, which was closed, and here was a chance for the exhibition of Chinese officialism,—prolonged diplomacy ending in money and open gates. We sat upon the deck of our boat till midnight, captivated with the scene. If any one has not traveled in well-appointed canal boats, there is an experience of voyaging, with a charm of its own, with which he is yet to become acquainted. Your conveniences at hand and in a small compass, the perfect stillness of the gliding boat, the passage through towns and cultivated fields, with all forms of industry in sight, the absence of risk, the opportunity of stepping ashore for walking and little expeditions to places of interest or pleasure, and the leisurely habits into which you so easily fall combine to give this mode of travel an attractiveness of its own; the more agreeable from its contrast with the dust and noise of a highway, and the all but universal din, smoke, jar, and fury of steam by land or sea.

May 7. At the caucus of the five passengers this morning we settled our routine. We are to be called early, take a cup of tea and toast in our several rooms, religious service by the clergy, a walk of an hour or so on the shore, and breakfast at nine. Midday being hot, we keep under cover until four, when we have dinner. Walks again along the banks until the evening. Our first morning walk was very interesting, there being frequent villages close upon the canal, occasional temples and pagodas, and now and then a Buddhist monastery, many groves of trees, and the continuous fields of wheat, rice, and vegetables which mark the endless, untiring industry of this people. Verily, their industry is without pause or stint! Every square foot is under cultivation, and laborers are everywhere. How the manuring of the soil is attended to! They dig up the sediment from the rivers and canals, place it in pits, add to it all they can

get to make a compost, and spread it over their lands, which by this means give two crops a year, one of wheat and one of rice. They have floating mud machines, which dredge the sediment somewhat like our own excavators; but they doubtless had them centuries before Columbus sailed westward,—probably, as Horace Smith says, before antiquity began. At almost every house people are weaving cotton cloth by handlooms, and sometimes in the open air, with warps thirty or forty yards long. There are numerous little pits in which they make indigo.

The frequent tributaries to the Grand Canal compel us, in our walks, to turn off into the country to find bridges; but we always find them, and not far off, and they are always of stone, high-arched, always neat, and often ornamented. These little deviations, carrying us into villages where we are objects of great curiosity, are very interesting and instructive. There are pagodas in sight, and groups of small stone gates and arches erected to the honor of persons who have been noted for learning or virtue, and especially to young widows who have refused remarriage. A bridge we passed to-day is called the "Bridge of the Literary Star," for the Chinese are grandiloquent. There are no windmills in China, so far as I have seen or can learn.

This easy traveling, going on day and night, brought us at last to the borders of Su-Chau. For several hours we floated through the suburbs, and at last halted at the great gate, made our boats fast, and held a conference as to how we should begin our assault upon the city. One plan was to take sedan-chairs, close them up, and try to go through the gate unseen. Another proposal was to keep within the cabins, and let our Chinamen try to take the boats through the water gate. But we came to the conclusion to try the open course of presenting ourselves at the great gate, and modestly suing

for admission. Under the lead of Mr. Syle, with grave faces and an air of placid assurance, which he says is necessary with the Chinese, we approached the gate Yi-Mung. Two or three mandarins came out, we were stopped, and a crowd soon gathered. Mr. Syle was imperturbable and pertinacious, and exquisitely polite up to the highest Chinese standard, and got into a conference with the chief official, which resulted in our being invited into the rooms of the governor of the gate, which were built over it. The governor received us with great ceremony, tea was served, and a general conversation began, with Mr. Syle as interpreter. He soon discovered that the governor had been Tu-Tai of Shanghai during some troublous times, and had done good service to the foreign residents. First Mr. Syle skillfully informed us of the fact, and then asked us if we were not greatly pleased to pay our respects to so illustrious a man who had rendered such services to our countrymen. To this we assented, and Mr. Syle, with all the Chinese expletives, laid this tribute at his Excellency's feet. This was a master stroke; he was flattered and softened. To our first request for admission he had replied, with the extravagant politeness of his people, that it was impossible; the law was fixed and rigid. He wrung his hands,—it almost wrung his heart,—he all but wept, to think that he must refuse such eminent personages as we clearly were, who had traveled so far, I from the antipodes, expressly to see the world-renowned city of Su-Chau. This had no effect whatever upon the diplomatic Mr. Syle. He planted himself, evidently for a prolonged interview, and seated us all accordingly. Etiquette would not permit his Excellency to rise or otherwise break up the interview, and in this assembly there was no way of putting the previous question, so it seemed to have no natural termination. His Excellency, with bows and

smiles, inquired the ages, names, and occupations of each of us in turn, which Mr. Syle gave him, without diminution, I suspect, as to our dignities at home. With all the ceremony and etiquette of Chinese officials, it was singular that some part of the crowd was let into the room, and even offered opinions on the pending question; and we had warm friends among them. Mr. Syle reported progress from time to time, and said there were signs of relenting. How thoroughly Chinese was the result! His Excellency said that although it was true, as a rule, that no foreigner could be admitted, yet there was an exception which allowed the governor a discretion where foreigners, not more than five in number (which was just our number), applied before nine o'clock in the morning (which was just our situation), and would take a guard or escort with them (without which we certainly should not have attempted to show ourselves in a city of two millions of people), and he would exercise his discretion in our favor. We thanked him profusely, and offered to pay for the escort. Oh, no! Two soldiers and a guide were enough, and his dignity would not permit us to pay. An intelligent guide appeared, who was duly instructed to show the chief places to these illustrious foreigners; and two *braves*, with big paper breastplates covered with heroic mottoes from the classics, and holding long spears, which they were continually twirling round their fingers, went, one before and one behind us. And, with mutual expressions of the best will and the highest hopes, we parted with the governor, who descended to the lowest step of the gate, and whose countenance was intended to express alternately, in equal proportions, delight at pleasing us and dejection at parting from us.

We were early, and the narrow streets, seldom more than six or eight feet wide, were not as thronged as I had usually seen them in Chinese cities. Our first

visit was to an old, dim, smoky, pagoda-built temple dedicated to San-Tsing (the Three Pure Ones). It is four or five stories in height, each with its idols, shrines, and tapers. One great idol has the name of Shang-Ti, which, Mr. Syle tells me, the first Protestant translators of the Scriptures unfortunately adopted for the Deity, with somewhat the same effect as if the Evangelists had adopted Zeus from the Greeks. Our next visit was to the famous nine-storied pagoda. As we made our way the crowd increased, and as far as we could see along the narrow streets was a dense mass of skull-caps with silk buttons and long cues; and the people flocked to their windows and doors as we passed by. Probably none of them had seen a foreigner before that day. The pagoda stands in an open square, and before we got to its base the entire square was full, I may say packed with people. Our two braves had a good deal of difficulty in keeping off the crowd, though the crowd had no ill intentions. We were safe enough within the pagoda, for we paid two dollars for admission, and did not care to invite the bystanders. But from the temple there could be no exclusion, and the crowd pressed upon our heels even to the feet of the idols. Though some of our party tapped the idols familiarly with their canes, the crowd made no objection, and, though intensely curious, was well deported. The only danger was from the pressure from behind, which those in front might not be able to resist.

The pagoda is in good repair. Each story has its outside gallery, and there are inside stairs from story to story. The upper story gives a view of the great city and its suburbs. The suburbs are very large, and the walls on one side inclose extensive unoccupied lands, — some used for cultivation, none laid out for pleasure grounds, — mere wastes. On the city walls, which are high, in good repair, and moated, and

in some places ivy-grown, numerous banners are hung out and a few soldiers are stationed. The Chinese are not free from the vanity of writing names in public places, and the stories of the pagoda are scribbled over with names and sentiments.

We next visited the institution for the poor. It is not a house, but a district of small houses inclosed within a wall, and all under one rule. There are about a thousand paupers here, from eight to ten living in each house. The institution is a public charity, but I regret to report no drainage, bad smells, and very little care. The paupers seemed to take charge of their own houses. The prevailing diseases obvious to sight were ophthalmia and elephantiasis.

We returned to our boats for a late breakfast, thoroughly hungry and a little tired. We paid our guide and braves a reasonable sum: but soon down hurried an officer from the governor of the gate, scuffling along in his slippers, with his silk robes flying, shaking his head and wringing his hands in distress that we should have offered money. I had been so impressed with the diplomacy of the Chinese that I thought all this only meant that *he* had n't got anything. But no, it was in good faith, and we were obliged to apologize, and there was more bowing and smiling, and protestations of joy and distress.

After breakfast we went off again with our guide and braves through the northern suburb, which is built on both sides of the Grand Canal of China. This is beautiful, and goes far to justify the foreign notions of Su-Chau. The canal is wide, lined with trees, good houses, and pretty shops of every variety, with here and there grounds walled in, indicating the residences of the wealthy. The bridges are stately, always of stone, with arches high, mostly more than half circles, and canals cross the main canal, making a Chinese Venice of the city. A crowd pressed upon us all the while

as we walked among the shops, but was almost always civil. There were a few cases of insulting words, but when Mr. Syle turned and rebuked them gently the crowd took his part. The most attractive shops are the flower shops, which are filled with dwarfed trees, shrubs, and flowers in pots. In most cases we were invited to the gardens in the rear, where the plants are growing. We bought some pots of flowers, absurdly cheap, to ornament our boat. The great number of these flower shops indicates the good and gentle taste of the people.

Lastly we visited the celebrated pagoda of Hu-Chan-Tah, — the pagoda of the Tiger District. The pagoda is on a hill, and the grounds are made up of artificial piles of rock grown over with plants, groves of trees, avenues of trees, plateaus of smooth rocks, stairs in rocks, rest-houses with wide roofs for shade, plats ornamented with flowers, and frequent houses for refreshment. At one of these last, which commands a view over the whole city of Su-Chau and the country for miles about it, we took tea, cakes, and confectionery, the simple and harmless refreshments of nearly all China, and ended with buying out a confectioner's entire tray for seventy-five cents, and distributing its contents among the nearest boys. The grounds of this pagoda are the favorite resort, by daylight and by lantern-light, of the people of leisure in this city, and Su-Chau is said to have more people of leisure than any other city of China. In the pagoda, in a dim, remote room, among grim idols, was a school of thirty or forty boys, all studying aloud different things at the top of their voices, under the usual half-starved, dejected-looking teacher of the lower schools, — the *désappointé*, no doubt, of a dozen examinations for higher degrees.

After a day of great interest and pleasure we returned to our boats, the triumph of having seen Su-Chau greatly augmented by the fact that it was a

pleasure of which we had very much the monopoly. After dinner, as we moved along the great canal, we sat out on the deck in chairs, smoking, talking, and looking at the never-ending varieties of boats, bridges, wonderstruck, gazing people, evening lanterns, lighted houses, and tapers burning in the niches for ancestral worship.

At about nine o'clock we reached a great gate which shuts across the canal, and through which there is no passage after dark. The universal rule along the canal seemed to be that in the great cities there should be water gates at each end and no night travel. But these obstructions were to Mr. Syle only new incentives for diplomacy. He took me ashore with him to find the custom house, which always stands near the gate. The amazement of these quiet Chinamen, sitting at their doors and counters, at the spectacle of two strange men, in such strange costume, with light complexions and hair and no skullcaps or cues, was too much for them, and they poured out and pressed upon us, until we were glad to find ourselves within the custom house. Here we found a high official, whose exact rank we did not know, but who appeared to have full powers. There was something extremely interesting and impressive in the aspect of this gentleman; for gentleman he was, if ever I saw one. He was young, say twenty-five or thirty, with a countenance of great intelligence, frankness, and gentleness, with every appearance of integrity, and a charm of manner which would have carried off the prize for politeness in any competitive examination, however cosmopolitan it might be, as we all said at last, after an evening spent with him.

He assured us that no boats not official could pass after the gate was once closed. The refusal seemed all the more decisive from its extreme politeness. But the countenance of Mr. Syle exhibited no discomfiture. Instead of moving off,

he sat down quietly, awaiting a change of policy, and engaged the officer in conversation upon general topics of interest. The gentleman, whose name was U-u, inquired about Dr. Hobson's work on anatomy, which had been lately translated into Chinese, and of English works on history and geography, the names of which he knew, and some of which he had obtained at great expense and trouble at this inland city. Mr. Syle took his address and a memorandum of the books which he named, and promised to send them to him from Shanghai. Mr. Syle thought he had now advanced his earthworks far enough for an assault; and telling him of our distinguished party of learned men, magistrates and scholars, suggested the great honor he might do us and the great pleasure he would confer if he would pay us a visit on board our boat. He accepted the invitation with as much eagerness as etiquette and dignity would permit; and, bringing a small force of servants to carry lanterns and keep off the crowd, he was soon seated in the cabin of our boat. Cigars and wine were offered him. He took one or two puffs at the cigar and one sip of the wine, and when he was pressed, instead of saying that they were too strong for him, said he feared he was not strong enough for them. The conversation became very interesting. He was a scholar, a student of Kong-Futz and Mentz; had received high degrees, as the costly gem on his cap indicated, and was inclined to philosophic speculations; had read many English works translated into Chinese, and was eager for more. He confessed, or rather asserted, the superiority of Western science, and looked forward to its spread in China. He was dressed in the most costly silks, tastefully cut and arranged, and of colors so exquisite that we could hardly keep our eyes off them. We certainly could not keep our eyes off him. The effect he produced can be expressed by no other word than *charm*. He did

not overdo manner, as many Chinese do, and there was an appearance of more sincerity in his kindness and attentions than we usually give his race credit for. He scarcely moved in his seat. There was nothing approaching a hasty gesture or action, only an exquisite repose, yet his voice and face were alive with interest. He summoned one of his servants, excused himself for writing something on a paper, dismissed the servant, and resumed the conversation. Soon Mr. Syle, looking out of the window, told us that the boat was moving, but that we must not notice it. The spell of our visitor's politeness was upon us all. What was to become of our friend? The boat still moved on, but there was no interruption to the conversation. At last a servant appeared, made a bow to our visitor, and retired. He then rose, and said that this happiness must come to an end; that time had passed faster than he thought in such instructive and agreeable conversation. He took down the name and address of each of us, and hoped that something would give him the pleasure of seeing us again, though he could not suppose that we should think it worth while to revisit Su-Chau. It was clearly his purpose to leave the boat and get beyond the reach of our thanks before we should discover that the gates had been opened, our three boats taken through, and that we were nearly at the end of the suburb, with a free course down the canal.

We held a short consultation about money. We had been told that every official in China, whatever his rank or dignity, would take money, if not bribes. We had not found it so thus far, and to offer money to such a being as this, to do him that wrong, a being so majestic! We agreed that Mr. Syle should make him a speech, telling him that we were aware that some poor men at the gates must have been put to labor beyond their hours; that we could not think of leaving without making them

compensation; that we could not find them, or know how to distribute it properly; and would he, might we presume to ask him to take charge of a small purse, and let some one distribute it in our name? But no; he detected the slightest scent of money, and the manner in which he waved away Mr. Syle and the whole subject was incomparable, I may say indescribable. He did not utter a word; but a look of distress, — I cannot say of even the slightest reproach, — a wave of the hand, a bow, and the immediate resuming of the conversation where it had stopped combined in the decisive result of humbled acquiescence on our part. We selected a few books from our shelves, Chinese translations, some of them, of the Gospels, which he consented to receive as a memorial of us and our visit, on the assurance that we could easily supply their places in Shanghai. It was raining and dark, and we were at a considerable distance from his apartments. His servants were on the bank with a covered chair and lanterns, and this delightful vision vanished from our sight. By his kindness we had saved twenty-four hours; for by traveling all night we reached the next large city in the morning, and prevented two nights of delay.

I have no time to carry you through the rest of our delightful journey with much detail. We visited many large cities, of from 50,000 to 200,000 or 300,000 inhabitants each, mostly walled, and many villages, temples, pagodas, and monasteries. After breakfast, the next morning, we stopped at a village, Wei-San-Tsung, at the foot of the famous range of hills, the Wei-San. It is a beautiful village, built upon an artificial basin covered with lotus leaves, lined with trees, and into it pours a stream of pure water from a stone aqueduct. From the village we ascended the series of hills, each having its temple. At the highest we stopped, and spent an hour or two in delighted viewing of the broad land-

scape. The cities of the great plain lay beneath us. A boundless plain it is, appearing to us, at this height, perfectly level, and green with fields of wheat and rice, and everywhere cultivated. No fences, no roads, no feeding cattle; but rivers, canals, bridges, and endless, endless fields of grain, mites of men at work, mites of boats floating up and down, and the whole studded with hamlets of three and four or twenty and thirty houses each, standing under groups of trees, and looking like islands upon a green sea. The industry, the populousness, of China have not been overrated. Large cities of 20,000, 50,000, and 100,000 inhabitants occur at frequent intervals, and villages like ant-hills, while the country is alive with laborers, tracking the boats, dredging for the muck-heaps, fishing, planting, transplanting, spinning and weaving in the open air.

The Grand Canal, in a long silver thread, runs through the plain to the northward; and there, just seen on the horizon, is the broader sheet of the great river Yang-Tse-Kiang; and out of sight, but not far off, lies the former capital of China, the southern capital, Nan-King, now in possession of the rebels, the long-haired men. That collection of white tents at the foot of our range of hills is the imperialist camp, the outermost toward the rebel lines. Bounding the whole western horizon, filling up a quarter of the circle, is the great lake Ta-Hu, its shores looking like the seacoast, with no land visible across its waters. The air is so pure, the day so bright, the view so limitless, that we can hardly leave it in time for our descent.

A large part of the village had started with us, dropping off gradually as we ascended, and now rejoined us, and we trooped through the village and the temple and to the walls of the tea garden, where the crowd seemed willing to leave us. The tea garden had the usual artificial rockery grown over with creeping plants, artificial sheets of water covered

with lotus leaves and deep shaded by trees, rows of flower-pots on low brick walls, climbing roses, ivy-grown walls, grottoes, and little roofed polygons, in which were polished tables and solemn Chinese with pipes and teacups. On the whole, this village of Wei-San-Tsung is a choice place,—a place of retreat for people in good circumstances, and adorned and kept in order accordingly.

After dinner we drop down to visit the camp. At a handsome polygonal building with pagoda roof our boat is stopped, and our boatmen report, "No can," and there is a prodigious hubbub of voices on the bank, and a military mandarin, with pale-yellow button and peacock's tail, hurries down to ask how we can possibly think of entering the camp! Mr. Syle comes into requisition again, and succeeds in persuading the official that it is eminently proper that we should pay our respects to the chief in the big house. So we are conducted there, and the chief receives us most generously, begs us to be seated, while tea and pipes are brought, and Mr. Syle draws him into a long conversation. Here again is this singular aspect of Chinese life. Awful as is the great mandarin, the common crowd come into the room, filling up all but a little space about the chairs, listening to everything, and signifying their interest or approval by low sounds and unmistakable grimaces. Mr. Syle says that the officers like in this way to magnify themselves before the common people, and in this instance make the most of the condescension of admitting great personages to the camp, which of course this officer eventually did; for he was fated when Mr. Syle fastened him in conversation.

The camp was a scene of wretchedness, with no drainage or other contrivances for health or decency; it had no cannon or muskets, but the weapons of seven centuries ago, and little discipline or order, the troops being a kind of

militia, with no Tartars (the real soldiers of China) among them; but in contrast with all this were the neat white tents, on each of which was stamped the imprint "Amoskeag N. H."

In the dusk of the evening, on a Chinese boat that we pass in the canal, a woman on the roof is uttering strange piteous cries at the top of her voice, stretching forth her hands toward the sky. She is calling back the spirit of her child, lying unconscious below. The spirit of the child has wandered off, and the mother is calling it home. Soon an attendant comes up, tells her the child is itself again, the spirit has found its way back, and the mother is quieted and consoled. In another boat, bearing a coffin, is a constant wail for the dead.

Our next visit was to the beautiful hill Sing-Nga-San, over the "Bridge of the Winds;" and at the temple on its summit, the Tsung-Pau (Fasting Monastery), we had the most exquisite view any of us had seen in China, exceeding the Wei-San in variety and striking points. The great city of Su-Chau, with its tall pagoda, is seen in the distance, while the near view gives a grove of evergreens; ivy-grown walls; a half-ruined seven-storied pagoda, full of courts and cloisters, — once an imperial residence, now all but entirely deserted; terraces with walls of brick and stone, grown over with creepers, overlooking precipices at the foot of which lie the immense plains, teeming with people, boats, and hamlets, and covered with the verdure of the increasing cultivation of twenty or thirty centuries. This is the seamark of our utmost sail, and we are satisfied.

As we went slowly down the hill, we saw a wall and two men upon it beckoning to us, and pointing to a ladder they had placed against it. Behind the wall were roofs of buildings, nestling in a most romantic spot. Mr. Smith and I were alone, the rest of our party having gone round the hill. I was for following the signal. Mr. Smith agreed to it, and

we went up the ladder. The two Chinamen helped us down on the other side, and we found ourselves amid grottoes, deep shades, terraces, opening vistas, and a group of handsome buildings in the best repair; and, as we followed our guides, we came to a court roofed over, open at the sides, where at little tables well-dressed Chinese of the upper class were taking tea, pipes, and sweetmeats. They rose, and, with the traditional urbanity of ninety generations, requested us by signs to join them, and tea, pipes, and sweetmeats were brought to us; but not a word could be said on either side. In a few minutes a man came in, and made us understand by signs that there were three men on a path below who seemed to belong to our party, and wished to know if we wanted them brought up. They were sent for, and soon Mr. Syle, Mr. Walsh, and Herr Lindau were standing in the midst, astonished at the discovery of this enchanted scene: Arabian Nights, Aladdin's Lamp, Open Sesame, and what not! Mr. Syle fell into conversation with the elder and apparently chief man of the party, whose long silk robe of beautiful purple hue and rich lining, hanging in graceful folds, fascinated our eye, and learned that this place was the ancestral hall (hall for ancestral worship) of the Tsiang family, who allow it to be used as a summer resort for people of the town below, and an old dependent of the family makes a living by supplying tea and sweetmeats. An hour more must be spent in rambling about this delightful spot, where Chinese taste had fallen in with, and not interfered with, the natural beauties of the scene.

I have not mentioned the silence of a Chinese city. As we float under the walls of cities, just after nightfall, they are as silent as cities of the dead, affecting one with awe and mystery; and within a city at high noon, no wheels, no shod hoofs, no steam, no sounds louder than the human voice and footfalls,

or the hand-machines of simple mechanic trades.

We returned to Shanghai without accident, and with none but the most delightful memories. But after my return to America these memories were shrouded by a gloom of sadness, — nay, of

horror. The rebels, the men of long hair, laid siege to Su-Chau, reduced it by famine, at last took it by assault, and gave it over to rapine, fire, and blood. I have been told that there has been no horror like it since the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.¹

Richard Henry Dana.

A NATIVE OF WINBY.

I.

ON the teacher's desk, in the little roadside school-house, there was a bunch of Mayflowers, beside a dented and bent brass bell, a small Webster's Dictionary without any cover, and a worn morocco-covered Bible. These were ranged in an orderly row, and behind them was a small wooden box which held some broken pieces of blackboard crayon. The teacher, whom no timid new scholar could look at boldly, wore her accustomed air of authority and importance. She might have been nineteen years old, — not more, — but for the time being she scorned the frivolities of youth.

The hot May sun was shining in at the smoky small-paned windows; sometimes an outside shutter swung to with a creak, and eclipsed the glare. The narrow door, to the left as you faced the desk, stood wide open, and an old spotted dog lay asleep on the step, and looked wise and old enough to have gone to school with several generations of children. It was half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and the primer class, settled into the apathy of after-recess fatigue, presented a straggling front, as they stood listlessly on the floor. As for the big boys and girls, they also were longing to be at liberty; but the pretty teacher, Miss Marilla Hender,

seemed quite as energetic as when school was opened in the morning.

The spring breeze blew in at the open door, and even fluttered the primer leaves, but the back of the room felt hot and close, as if it were midsummer. The children in the class read their lessons in high-keyed, droning voices, which older teachers learn to associate with faint powers of perception. Only one or two of them had an awakened human look in their eyes, such as Matthew Arnold delighted himself in finding so often in the school-children of France. Most of these poor little students were as inadequate, at that weary moment, to the pursuit of letters as if they had been woolly spring lambs on a sunny hillside. The teacher corrected and admonished with great patience, glancing now and then toward points of danger and insurrection, whence came a suspicious buzz of whispering from behind a desk-lid or a pair of widespread large geographies. Now and then a toiling child would rise and come down the aisle, with his forefinger firm upon a puzzling word as if it were an unclassified insect. It was a lovely beckoning day out-of-doors. The children felt like captives; there was something that provoked rebellion in the droning voices, the buzzing of an early wild bee against the sunlit pane, and even in the stuffy

¹ The capture of Su-Chau by the Tai-Ping insurgents occurred but a few days after Mr.

familiar odor of the place, — the odor of apples and crumbs of doughnuts and gingerbread in the dinner pails on the high entry nails, and of all the petticoats and trousers that had brushed through junipers and young pines on their way to school.

The bee left his prisoning pane at last, and came over to the Mayflowers, which were in full bloom, although the season was very late, and deep in the woods there were still some gray-backed snow-drifts, speckled with bits of bark and moss from the trees above.

"Come, come, Ezra!" urged the young teacher, rapping her desk sharply. "Stop watchin' that common bee! You know well enough what those letters spell. You won't learn to read at this rate until you are a grown man. Mind your book, now; you ought to remember who went to this school when he was a little boy. You've heard folks tell about the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway? He used to be in primer just as you are now, and 't was n't long before he was out of it, either, and was called the smartest boy in school. He's got to be a general and a Senator, and one of the richest men out West. You don't seem to have the least mite of ambition to-day, any of you!"

The exhortation, entirely personal in the beginning, had swiftly passed to a general rebuke. Ezra looked relieved, and the other children brightened up as they recognized a tale familiar to their ears. Anything was better than trying to study in that dull last hour of afternoon school.

"Yes," continued Miss Hender, pleased that she had at last roused something like proper attention, "you all ought to be proud that you are school-mates of District Number Four, and can remember that the great General Laneway had the same early advantages as you, and what he has made of himself by perseverance and ambition."

The pupils were familiar enough with

the illustrious history of their noble predecessor. They were sure to be told, in lawless moments, that if Mr. Laneway were to come in and see them he would be mortified to death; and the members of the school committee always referred to him, and said that he had been a poor boy, and was now a self-made man, — as if every man were not self-made as to his character and reputation!

At this point, young Johnny Spencer showed his next neighbor, in the back of his Colburn's Arithmetie, an imaginary portrait of their district hero, which caused them both to chuckle derisively. The Honorable Mr. Laneway figured on the flyleaf as an extremely cross-eyed person, with strangely crooked legs and arms and a terrific expression. He was outlined with red and blue pencils as to coat and trousers, and held a reddened scalp in one hand and a blue tomahawk in the other; being closely associated in the artist's mind with the early settlements of the far West.

There was a noise of wheels in the road near by, and, though Miss Hender had much more to say, everybody ceased to listen, and turned toward the windows, leaning far forward over their desks to see who might be passing. They had a glimpse of a shiny carriage; the old dog bounded out, barking, but nothing passed the open door. The carriage had stopped: some one was coming to the school, somebody was going to be called out! It could not be the committee, whose pompous and uninspiring spring visit had taken place only the week before.

Presently a well-dressed elderly man, with an expectant, masterful look, stood on the doorstep, glanced in with a smile, and knocked. Miss Marilla Hender blushed, smoothed her pretty hair anxiously with both hands, and stepped down from her little platform to answer the summons. There was hardly a shut mouth in the primer class.

"Would it be convenient for you to receive a visitor to the school?" the stranger asked politely, with a fine bow of deference to Miss Hender. He looked much pleased and a little excited, and the teacher said:—

"Certainly; step right in, won't you, sir?" in quite another tone from that in which she had just addressed the school.

The boys and girls were sitting straight and silent in their places, in something like a fit of apprehension and unpreparedness at such a great emergency. The guest represented a type of person previously unknown in District Number Four. Everything about him spoke of wealth and authority. The old dog returned to the doorstep, and after a careful look at the invader approached him, with a funny doggish grin and a desperate wag of the tail, to beg for recognition.

The teacher gave her chair on the platform to the guest, and stood beside him with very red cheeks, smoothing her hair again once or twice, and keeping the hard-wood ruler fast in hand, like a badge of office. "Primer class may now retire!" she said firmly, although the lesson was not more than half through; and the class promptly escaped to their seats, waddling and stumbling, until they all came up behind their desks, face foremost, and added themselves to the number of staring young countenances. After this there was a silence, which grew more and more embarrassing.

"Perhaps you would be pleased to hear our first class in geography, sir?" asked the fair Marilla, recovering her presence of mind; and the guest kindly assented.

The young teacher was by no means willing to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Yesterday's lesson had been well learned; she turned back to the questions about the State of Kansas, and at the first sentence the mysterious visitor's dignity melted into an uncon-

scious smile. He listened intently for a minute, and then seemed to reoccupy himself with his own thoughts and purposes, looking eagerly about the old school-house, and sometimes gazing steadily at the children. The lesson went on finely, and when it was finished Miss Hender asked the girl at the head of the class to name the States and Territories, which she instantly did, mispronouncing nearly all the names of the latter; then others stated boundaries and capitals, and the resources of the New England States, passing on finally to the names of the Presidents. Miss Hender glowed with pride; she had worked hard over the geography class in the winter term, and it did not fail her on this great occasion. When she turned bravely to see if the gentleman would like to ask any questions, she found that he was apparently lost in a deep reverie, so she repeated her own question more distinctly.

"They have done very well,—very well indeed," he answered kindly; and then, to every one's surprise, he rose, went up the aisle, pushed Johnny Spencer gently along his bench, and sat down beside him. The space was cramped, and the stranger looked huge and uncomfortable, so that everybody laughed, except one of the big girls, who turned pale with fright, and thought he must be crazy. When this girl gave a faint squeak Miss Hender recovered herself, and rapped twice with the ruler to restore order; then became entirely tranquil. There had been talk of replacing the hacked and worn old school-desks with patent desks and chairs; this was probably an agent connected with that business. At once she was resolute and self-reliant, and said, "No whispering!" in a firm tone that showed she did not mean to be trifled with. The geography class was dismissed, but the elderly gentleman, in his handsome overcoat, still sat there wedged in at Johnny Spencer's side.

"I presume, sir, that you are canvass-

ing for new desks," said Miss Hender with dignity. "You will have to see the supervisor and the selectmen." There did not seem to be any need of his lingering, but she had an ardent desire to be pleasing to a person of such evident distinction. "We always tell folks — I thought you might be gratified to know, sir — that this is the school-house where the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway first attended school. Some do not know that he was born in this town, and went West very young; it is only about a mile from here where his folks used to live."

At this moment the visitor's eyes fell. He did not look at pretty Marilla any more, but opened Johnny Spencer's arithmetic, and, seeing the imaginary portrait of the great General Laneway, laughed a little, — a very deep-down comfortable laugh it was, — while Johnny himself turned cold with alarm, he could not have told why.

It was very still in the school-room; the bee was buzzing and bumping at the pane again; the moment was one of intense expectation.

The stranger looked at the children right and left. "The fact is, young people," said he, in a tone that was half pride and half apology, "I am Joseph K. Laneway myself."

He tried to extricate himself from the narrow quarters of the desk, but for an embarrassing moment found that he was stuck fast. Johnny Spencer instinctively gave him an assisting push, and once free the great soldier, statesman, and millionaire took a few steps forward to the open floor; then, after hesitating a moment, he mounted the little platform and stood in the teacher's place. Marilla Hender was as pale as ashes.

"I have thought many times," the great guest began, "that some day I should come back to visit this place, which is so closely interwoven with the memories of my childhood. In my counting-room, on the fields of war, in the halls of Congress, and most of all in my

Western home, my thoughts have flown back to the hills and brooks of Winby and to this little old school-house. I could shut my eyes and call back the buzz of voices, and fear my teacher's frown, and feel my boyish ambitions waking and stirring in my breast. On that bench where I just sat I saw some notches that I cut with my first jack-knife fifty-eight years ago this very spring. I remember the faces of the boys and girls who went to school with me, and I see their grandchildren before me. I know that one is a Goodsoe and another a Winn by the old family look. One generation goes, and another comes.

"There are many things that I might say to you. I meant, even in those early restricted days, to make my name known, and I dare say that you are ambitious too. Be careful what you wish for in this world, for if you wish hard enough you are sure to get it. I once heard a very wise man say this, and the longer I live the more firmly I believe it to be true. But wishing hard means working hard for what you want, and the world's prizes wait for the men and women who are ready to take pains to win them. Be careful and set your minds on the best things. I meant to be a rich man when I was a boy here, and I stand before you a rich man, knowing the care and anxiety and responsibility of wealth. I meant to go to Congress, and I am one of the Senators from Kansas. I say this as humbly as I say it proudly. I used to read of the valor and patriotism of the old Greeks and Romans with my youthful blood leaping along my veins, and it came to pass that my own country was in danger, and that I could help to fight her battles. Perhaps some one of these little lads has before him a more eventful life than I have lived, and is looking forward to activity and honor and the pride of fame. I wish him all the joy that I have had, all the toil that I have had, and all the bitter disappointments even; for adversity leads a man to de-

pend upon that which is above him, and the path of glory is a lonely path, beset by temptations and a bitter sense of the weakness and imperfection of man. I see my life spread out like a great picture, as I stand here in my boyhood's place. I pity my failures. I thank God for what in his kind providence has been honest and right. I am glad to come back, but I feel, as I look in your young faces, that I am an old man, while your lives are just beginning. When you remember, in years to come, that I came here to see the old school-house, remember that I said: Wish for the best things, and work hard to win them; try to be good men and women, for the honor of the school and the town, and the noble young country that gave you birth; be kind at home and generous abroad. Remember that I, an old man who had seen much of life, begged you to be brave and good."

The Honorable Mr. Laneway had rarely felt himself so moved in any of his public speeches, but he was obliged to notice that for once he could not hold his audience. The primer class especially had begun to flag in attention, but one or two faces among the elder scholars fairly shone with vital sympathy and a lovely prescience of their future. Their eyes met his as if they struck a flash of light. There was a sturdy boy who half rose in his place unconsciously, the color coming and going in his cheeks; something in Mr. Laneway's words lit the altar flame in his reverent heart.

Marilla Hender was pleased and a little dazed; she could not have repeated what her illustrious visitor had said, but she longed to tell everybody the news that he was in town, and had come to school to make an address. She had never seen a great man before, and really needed time to reflect upon him and to consider what she ought to say. She was just quivering with the attempt to make a proper reply and thank Mr. Laneway for the honor of his visit to

the school, when he asked her which of the boys could be trusted to drive back his hired horse to the Four Corners. Eight boys, large and small, nearly every boy in school, rose at once and snapped insistent fingers; but Johnny Spencer alone was desirous not to attract attention to himself. The Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic with the portrait had been well secreted between his tight jacket and his shirt. Miss Hender selected a trustworthy freckled person in long trousers, who was half-way to the door in an instant, and was heard almost immediately to shout loudly at the quiet horse.

Then the hero of District Number Four made his acknowledgments to the teacher. "I fear that I have interrupted you too long," he said, with pleasing deference.

Marilla replied that it was of no consequence; she hoped he would call again. She may have spoken primly, but her pretty eyes said everything that her lips forgot. "My grandmother will want to see you, sir," she ventured to say. "I guess you will remember her,—Miss Hender, she that was Abby Harran. She has often told me how you used to get your lessons out o' the same book."

"Abby Harran's granddaughter?" Mr. Laneway looked at her again with fresh interest. "Yes, I wish to see her more than almost any one else. Tell her that I am coming to see her before I go away, and give her my love. Thank you, my dear," as Marilla offered him his missing hat. "Good-by, boys and girls." He stopped and looked at them once more from the boys' entry, and turned again to look back from the very doorstep.

"Good-by, sir,—good-by," piped two or three of the young voices; but most of the children only stared, and neither spoke nor moved.

"We will omit the class in Fourth Reader this afternoon. The class in grammar may recite," said Miss Hen-

der, in her most contained and official manner.

The grammar class sighed like a single pupil, and obeyed. She was very stern with the grammar class, but every one in school had an inner sense that it was a great day in the history of District Number Four.

II.

The Honorable Mr. Laneway found the outdoor air very fresh and sweet after the closeness of the school-house. It had just that same odor in his boyhood, and as he escaped he had a delightful sense of playing truant or of having an unexpected holiday. It was easier to think of himself as a boy, and to slip back into boyish thoughts, than to bear the familiar burden of his manhood. He climbed the tumble-down stone wall across the road, and went along a narrow path to the spring that bubbled up clear and cold under a great red oak. How many times he had longed for a drink of that water, and now here it was, and the thirst of that warm spring day was hard to quench! Again and again he stooped to fill the birch-bark dipper which the school-children had made, just as his own comrades made theirs years before. The oak-tree was dying at the top. The pine woods beyond had been cut and had grown again since his boyhood, and looked much as he remembered them. Beyond the spring and away from the woods the path led across overgrown pastures to another road, perhaps three quarters of a mile away, and near this road was the small farm which had been his former home. As he walked slowly along, he was met again and again by some reminder of his youthful days. He had always liked to refer to his early life in New England in his political addresses, and had spoken more than once of going to find the cows at nightfall in the autumn even-

ings, and being glad to warm his bare feet in the places where the sleepy beasts had lain, before he followed their slow steps homeward through bush and brier. The Honorable Mr. Laneway had a touch of true sentiment which added much to his really stirring and effective campaign speeches. He had often been called the "king of the platform" in his adopted State. He had long ago grown used to saying "Go" to one man, and "Come" to another, like the ruler of old; but all his natural power of leadership and habit of authority disappeared at once as he trod the pasture slopes, calling back the remembrance of his childhood. Here was the place where two lads, older than himself, had killed a terrible woodchuck at bay in the angle of a great rock; and just beyond was the sunny spot where he had picked a bunch of pink and white anemones under a prickly barberry thicket, to give to Abby Harran in morning school. She had put them into her desk, and let them wilt there, but she was pleased when she took them. Abby Harran, the little teacher's grandmother, was a year older than he, and had awakened the earliest thought of love in his youthful breast.

It was almost time to catch the first sight of his birthplace. From the knoll just ahead he had often seen the light of his mother's lamp, as he came home from school on winter afternoons; but when he reached the knoll the old house was gone, and so was the great walnut-tree that grew beside it, and a pang of disappointment shot through this devout pilgrim's heart. He never had doubted that the old farm was somebody's home still, and had counted upon the pleasure of spending a night there, and sleeping again in that room under the roof, where the rain sounded loud, and the walnut branches brushed to and fro when the wind blew, as if they were the claws of tigers. He hurried across the worn-out fields, long ago turned into sheep pastures,

where the last year's tall grass and goldenrod stood gray and winter-killed; tracing the old walls and fences, and astonished to see how small the fields had been. The prosperous owner of Western farming lands could not help remembering those widespread luxuriant acres, the broad outlooks of his Western home.

It was difficult at first to find exactly where the house had stood; even the foundations had disappeared. At last, in the long, faded grass he discovered the doorstep, and near by was a little mound where the great walnut-tree stump had been. The cellar was a mere dent in the sloping ground; it had been filled in by the growing grass and slow processes of summer and winter weather. But just at the pilgrim's right were some thorny twigs of an old rosebush. A sudden brightening of memory brought to mind the love that his mother—dead since his fifteenth year—had kept for this sweetbrier. How often she had wished that she had brought it to her new home! So much had changed in the world, so many had gone into the world of light, and here the faithful blooming thing was alive still! There was one slender branch where green buds were starting, and getting ready to flower in the new year.

The afternoon wore late, and still the gray-haired man lingered. He might have laughed at some one else who gave himself up to his thoughts, and found fault with himself, with no defendant to plead his cause at the bar of conscience. It was an altogether lonely hour. He had dreamed all his life, in a sentimental, self-satisfied fashion, of this return to Winby. It had always appeared to be a grand affair, but so far he was himself the only interested spectator at his poor occasion. There was even a dismal consciousness that he had been undignified, perhaps even a little consequential and silly, in the old school-house. The picture of himself on the war-path, in Johnny Spencer's arithmetic, was the

only tribute that this longed-for day had held, but he laughed aloud delightedly at the remembrance. He liked that solemn little boy who sat at his own old desk. There was another older lad, who sat at the back of the room, who reminded Mr. Laneway of himself in his eager youth. There was a spark of light in that fellow's eyes. Once or twice in the earlier afternoon, as he drove along, he had asked people in the road if there were a Laneway family in *that* neighborhood, but everybody had *said* no in indifferent fashion. Somehow he had been expecting that every one would know him and greet him, and give him credit for what he had tried to do; but old Winby had her own affairs to look after, and did very well without any of his help.

Joseph Laneway acknowledged to himself at this point that he was weak and unmanly. There must be some old friends who would remember him, and give him as hearty a welcome as the greeting he had brought for them. So he rose and went his way westward toward the sunset. The air was growing damp and cold, and it was time to make sure of shelter. This was hardly like the visit he had meant to pay to his birthplace. He wished with all his heart that he had never come back. But he walked briskly away, intent upon wider thoughts as the fresh evening breeze quickened his steps. He did not consider where he was going, but was for a time the busy man of affairs, stimulated by the unconscious influence of his surroundings. The slender gray birches and pitch pines of that neglected pasture had never before seen a hat and coat exactly in the fashion. They may have been abashed by the presence of a United States Senator and Western millionaire, though a piece of New England ground that had often felt the tread of his bare feet was not likely to quake because a pair of fine shoes stepped hastily along the school-house path.

III.

There was an imperative knock at the side door of the Hender farmhouse, just after dark. The young school-mistress had come home late, because she had stopped all the way along to give people the news of her afternoon's experience. Marilla was not coy and speechless any longer, but sat by the kitchen stove telling her eager grandmother everything she could remember or could imagine.

"Who's that knocking at the door, now?" interrupted Mrs. Hender. "No, I'll go myself; I'm nearest."

The man outside was cold and foot-weary. He was not used to spending a whole day unrecognized, and, after being first amused, and even enjoying a sense of freedom at escaping his just dues of consideration and respect, he had begun to feel as if he were old and forgotten, and was hardly sure of a friend in the world.

Old Mrs. Hender came to the door, with her eyes shining with delight, in great haste to dismiss whoever had knocked, so that she might hear the rest of Marilla's story. She opened the door wide to whoever might have come on some country errand, and looked the tired and faint-hearted Mr. Laneway full in the face.

"Dear heart, come in!" she exclaimed, reaching out and taking him by the shoulder, as he stood humbly on a lower step. "Come right in, Joe. Why, I should know you anywhere! Why, Joe Laneway, you same boy!"

In they went to the warm, bright country kitchen. The delight and kindness of an old friend's welcome and her instant sympathy seemed the loveliest thing in the world. They sat down in two old straight-backed kitchen chairs. They still held each other by the hand, and looked in each other's face. The plain old room was aglow with heat and cheerfulness; the tea-kettle was singing;

a drowsy cat sat on the wood-box with her paws tucked in; and the house dog came forward in a friendly way, wagging his tail, and laid his head on their clasped hands.

"And to think I haven't seen you since your folks moved out West, the next spring after you were thirteen in the winter," said the good woman. "But I s'pose there ain't been anybody that has followed your career closer than I have accordin' to their opportunities. You've done a great work for your country, Joe. I'm proud of you clean through. Sometimes folks has said, 'There, there, Mis' Hender, what be you goin' to say now?' but I've always told 'em to wait. I knew you saw your reasons. You was always an honest boy." The tears started and shone in her kind eyes. Her face showed that she had waged a bitter war with poverty and sorrow, but the look of affection that it wore, and the warm touch of her hard hand, misshapen and worn with toil, touched her old friend in his inmost heart, and for a minute neither could speak.

"They do say that women folks have got no natural head for politics, but I always could seem to sense what was goin' on to Washington, if there was any sense to it," said grandmother Hender at last.

"Nobody could puzzle you at school, I remember," answered Mr. Laneway, and they both laughed heartily. "But surely this granddaughter does not make your household? You had sons?"

"Two beside her father. He died; but they're both away, up toward Canada, buying cattle. We are getting along considerable well these last few years, since they got a mite o' capital together; but the old farm was n't really able to maintain us, with the heavy expenses that fell on us unexpected year by year. I've seen a great sight of trouble, Joe. My boy John, Marilla's father, and his nice wife, — I lost 'em

both early, when Marilla was but a child. John was the flower o' my family. He would have made a name for himself. You would have taken to John."

"I was sorry to hear of your loss," said Mr. Laneway. "He was a brave man. I know what he did at Fredericksburg. You remember that I have lost my wife and my only son?"

There was a silence between the friends, who had no need for words now; they understood each other's heart only too well. Marilla, who sat near them, rose and went out of the room.

"Yes, yes, daughter," said Mrs. Hender, calling her back, "we ought to be thinkin' about supper."

"I was going to light a little fire in the parlor," explained Marilla, with a slight tone of rebuke in her clear girlish voice.

"Oh, no, you ain't, — not now, at least," protested the elder woman decidedly. "Now, Joseph, what should you like to have for supper? I wish to my heart I had some fried turnovers, like those you used to come after when you was a boy. I can make 'em just about the same as mother did. I'll be bound you've thought of some old-fashioned dish that you'd relish for your supper."

"Rye drop-cakes, then, if they would n't give you too much trouble," answered the Honorable Joseph, with prompt seriousness, "and don't forget some cheese." He looked up at his old playfellow as she stood beside him, eager with affectionate hospitality.

"You've no idea what a comfort Marilla's been," she stooped to whisper. "Always took right hold and helped me when she was a baby. She's as good as made up already to me for my havin' no daughter. I want you to get acquainted with Marilla."

The granddaughter was still awed and anxious about the entertainment of so distinguished a guest when her grandmother appeared at last in the pantry.

"I ain't goin' to let you do no such

a thing, darlin'," said Abby Hender, when Marilla spoke of making something that she called "fairy gems" for tea, after a new and essentially feminine recipe. "You just let me get supper to-night. The Gen'ral has enough kick-shaws to eat; he wants a good, hearty, old-fashioned supper, — the same country cooking he remembers when he was a boy. He went so far himself as to speak of rye drop-cakes, an' there ain't one in a hundred, nowadays, knows how to make the kind he means. You go an' lay the table just as we always have it, except you can get out them old big sprigged cups o' my mother's. Don't put on none o' the parlor cluset things."

Marilla went off crestfallen and demurring. She had a noble desire to show Mr. Laneway that they knew how to have things as well as anybody, and was sure that he would consider it more polite to be asked into the best room, and to sit there alone until tea was ready; but there the illustrious Mr. Laneway was allowed to sit in the kitchen, in apparent happiness, and watch the proceedings from beginning to end. The two old friends talked industriously, but he saw his rye drop-cakes go into the oven and come out, and his tea made, and his piece of salt fish broiled and buttered, a broad piece of honeycomb set on to match some delightful thick slices of brown-crust loaf bread, and all his simple feast prepared. There was a sufficient piece of Abby Hender's best cheese; it must be confessed that there were also some baked beans, and, as one thing after another appeared, the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway grew hungrier and hungrier, until he fairly looked pale with anticipation and delay, and was bidden at that very moment to draw up his chair and make himself a supper if he could. What cups of tea, what uncounted rye drop-cakes, went to the making of that successful supper! How gay the two old friends became, and of what old stories they reminded each other,

and how late the dark spring evening grew before the feast was over, and the straight-backed chairs were set against the kitchen wall!

Marilla listened for a time with more or less interest, but at last she took one of her school-books, with slight ostentation, and went over to sit by the lamp. Mrs. Hender had brought her knitting-work, a blue woolen stocking, out of a drawer, and sat down serene and unruffled, prepared to keep awake as late as possible. She was a woman who had kept her youthful looks through the difficulties of farm life as few women can, and this added to her guest's sense of homelikeness and pleasure. There was something that he felt to be sisterly and comfortable in her strong figure; he even noticed the little plaid woolen shawl that she wore about her shoulders. Dear, uncomplaining heart of Abby Hender! The appealing friendliness of the good woman made no demands except to be allowed to help and to serve everybody who came in her way.

Now began in good earnest the talk of old times, and what had become of this and that old schoolmate; how one family had come to want and another to wealth. The changes and losses and windfalls of good fortune in that rural neighborhood were made tragedy and comedy by turns in Abby Hender's dramatic speech. She grew younger and more entertaining hour by hour, and beguiled the grave Senator into confidential talk of national affairs. He had much to say, to which she listened with rare sympathy and intelligence. She astonished him by her comprehension of difficult questions of the day, and by her simple good sense. Marilla grew hopelessly sleepy, and departed, but neither of them turned to notice her as she lingered a moment at the door to say good-night. When the immediate subject of conversation was fully discussed, however, there was an unexpected interval of silence, and, after making sure that

her knitting stitches counted exactly right, Abby Hender cast a questioning glance at the Senator to see if he had it in mind to go to bed. She was reluctant to end her evening so soon, but determined to act the part of considerate hostess. The guest was as wide awake as ever: eleven o'clock was the best part of his evening.

"Cider?" he suggested, with an expectant smile, and Abby Hender was on her feet in a moment. When she had brought a pitcher from the pantry, he took a candle from the high shelf and led the way.

"To think of your remembering our old cellar candlestick all these years!" laughed the pleased woman, as she followed him down the steep stairway, and then laughed still more at his delight in the familiar look of the place.

"Unchanged as the pyramids!" he said. "I suppose those pound sweetings that used to be in that farthest bin are eaten up months ago?"

It was plain to see that the household stores were waning low, as befitted the time of year, but there was still enough in the old cellar. Care and thrift and gratitude made the poor farmhouse a rich place. This woman of real ability had spent her strength from youth to age; she had lavished as much industry and power of organization in her narrow sphere as would have made her famous in a wider one. Joseph Laneway could not help sighing as he thought of it. How many things this good friend had missed, and yet how much she had been able to win that makes everywhere the very best of life! Poor and early widowed, there must have been a constant battle with poverty on that stony Harra farm, whose owners had been pitied even in his early boyhood, when the best of farming life was none too easy. But Abby Hender had always been one of the leaders of the town.

"Now, before we sit down again, I want you to step into my best room.

Perhaps you won't have time in the morning, and I've got something to show you," she said persuasively.

It was a plain old-fashioned best room, with a look of pleasantness in spite of the spring chill and the stiffness of the best chairs. They lingered before the picture of Mrs. Hender's soldier son, a poor work of a poorer artist in crayons, but the spirit of the young face shone out appealingly. Then they crossed the room and stood before some bookshelves, and Abby Hender's face brightened into a beaming smile of triumph.

"You did n't expect we should have all those books, now, did you, Joe Laneway?" she asked.

He shook his head soberly, and leaned forward to read the titles. There were no very new ones, as if times had been hard of late; almost every volume was either history, or biography, or travel. Their owner had reached out of her own narrow boundaries into other lives and into far countries. He recognized with gratitude two or three congressional books that he had sent her when he first went to Washington, and there was a life of himself, written from a partisan point of view, and issued in one of his most exciting campaigns; the sight of it touched him to the heart, and then she opened it, and showed him the three or four letters that he had written her,—one, in boyish handwriting, describing his adventures on his first Western journey.

"There are a hundred and six volumes now," announced the proud owner of such a library. "I lend 'em all I can, or most of them would look better. I have had to wait a good while for some, and some were n't what I expected 'em to be, but most of 'em 's as good books as there is in the world. I've never been so situated that it seemed best for me to indulge in a daily paper, and I don't know but it's just as well; but stories were never any great of a temptation. I know pretty well what's goin'

on about me, and I can make that do. Real life's interestin' enough for me."

Mr. Laneway was still looking over the books. His heart smote him for not being thoughtful; he knew well enough that the overflow of his own library would have been delightful to this self-denying, eager-minded soul. "I've been a very busy man all my life, Abby," he said impulsively, as if she waited for some apology for his forgetfulness, "but I'll see to it now that you have what you want to read. I don't mean to lose hold of your advice on state matters." They both laughed, and he added, "I've always thought of you, if I have n't shown it."

"There's more time to read than there used to be; I've had what was best for me," answered the woman gently, with a grateful look on her face, as she turned to glance at her old friend. "Marilla takes hold wonderful, and helps me with the work. In the long winter evenings you can't think what a treat a new book is. I would n't change places with the queen."

They had come back to the kitchen, and she stood before the cupboard, reaching high for two old gayly striped crockery mugs. There were some doughnuts and cheese at hand; their early supper seemed quite forgotten. The kitchen was warm, and they had talked themselves thirsty and hungry; but with what an unexpected tang the cider freshened their throats! Mrs. Hender had picked the apples herself that went to the press; they were all chosen from the old russet tree and the gnarly red-cheeked ungrafted fruit that grew along the lane. The flavor made one think of frosty autumn mornings on high hillsides, of north winds and sunny skies. "It liven's one to the heart," as Mrs. Hender remarked proudly, when the Senator tried to praise it as much as it deserved, and finally gave a cheerful laugh, such as he had not laughed for many a day.

"Why, it seems like drinking the

month of October," he told her; and at this the hostess reached over, protesting that the striped mug was too narrow to hold what it ought, and filled it up again.

"Oh, Joe Laneway, to think that I see you at last, after all these years!" she said. "How rich I shall feel with this evening to live over! I've always wanted to see somebody that I'd read about, and now I've got it to remember; but I've always known I should see you again, and I believe 'twas the Lord's will."

Early the next morning they said good-by. The early breakfast had to be hurried, and Marilla was to drive Mr. Laneway to the station, three miles away. It was Saturday morning, and she was free from school.

Mr. Laneway strolled down the lane before breakfast was ready, and came back with a little bunch of pink anemones in his hand. Marilla thought he was going to give them to her, but he laid them beside her grandmother's plate. "You must n't put those in your desk," he said with a smile, and Abby Hender blushed like a girl.

"I've got those 'others now, dried and put away somewhere in one of my books," she said quietly, and Marilla wondered what they meant.

The two old friends shook hands warmly at parting. "I wish you could have stayed another day, so I could have had the minister come and see you," urged Mrs. Hender regretfully.

"You could n't have done any more for me. I have had the best visit in the world," he answered, a little shaken, and holding her hand a moment longer, while Marilla sat, young and impatient, in the high wagon. "You're a dear good woman, Abby. Sometimes when things have gone wrong I've been sorry that I ever had to leave Winby."

The woman's clear eyes looked straight into his; then fell. "You would n't have

done everything you have for the country," she said.

"Give me a kiss; we're getting to be old folks now," and they kissed each other gravely.

A moment later Abby Hender stood alone in her dooryard, watching and waving her hand again and again, while the wagon rattled away down the lane and turned into the highroad.

Two hours after Marilla returned from the station, and rushed into the kitchen.

"Grandma!" she exclaimed, "you never did see such a crowd in Winby as there was at the depot! Everybody in town had got word about General Laneway, and they were pushing up to shake hands, and cheering same as at election, and the cars waited much as ten minutes, and all the folks was lookin' out of the windows, and came out on the platforms when they heard who it was. Folks say that he'd been to see the selectmen yesterday before he come to school, and he's goin' to build an elegant town hall, and have the names put up in it of all the Winby men that went to the war." Marilla sank into a chair, flushed with excitement. "Everybody was asking me about his being here last night and what he said to the school. I wished that you'd gone down to the depot instead of me."

"I had the best part of anybody," said Mrs. Hender, smiling and going on with her Saturday morning work. "I'm real glad they showed him proper respect," she added a moment afterward, but her voice faltered.

"Why, you ain't been cryin', grandma?" asked the girl. "I guess you're tired. You had a real good time, now, did n't you?"

"Yes, dear heart!" said Abby Hender. "'T ain't pleasant to be growin' old, that's all. I could n't help noticin' his age as he rode away. I've always been lookin' forward to seein' him again, an' now it's all over."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE NEW ENGLAND MILITIA.

III.

FREQUENT councils of war were held in solemn form at headquarters. On the 7th of May a summons to surrender was sent to Duchambon, who replied that he would answer with his cannon. Two days after we find the following startling entry in the records of the council: "Advised unanimously that the Town of Louisbourg be attacked by storm this Night." Vaughan was a member of the council, and perhaps his impetuous rashness may have turned the heads of his colleagues. To storm the fortress at that time would have been a desperate attempt for the best trained and best led troops. As yet there was no breach in the walls, nor the beginning of one. Nine in ten of the soldiers had no bayonets; many of them had no shoes; and the scaling ladders brought from Boston are said to have been ten feet too short. Perhaps it was unfortunate for the French that the New England army had more discretion than its leaders. Another council being called on the same day, it was "Advised, That, inasmuch as there appears a great Dissatisfaction in many of the officers and Soldiers at the designed attack of the Town by Storm this Night, said Attack be deferred for the present."

Another plan was adopted, hardly less critical, though it found favor with the army. This was the assault of the Island Battery, which closed the entrance of the harbor to the British squadron, and kept it open to ships from France. Nobody knew precisely how to find the two landing-places of this formidable work, which were narrow gaps between rocks lashed with almost continual surf; but Vaughan would see no difficulties, and wrote to Pepperell that if he would give him the command,

and let him manage the affair in his own way, he would engage to send the French flag to headquarters within forty-eight hours. On the next day he seems to have thought the command assured to him, and writes from the Grand Battery that the carpenters are at work there, mending whaleboats and making paddles; asking at the same time for a good supply of pistols and a hundred hand grenades, with men who know how to use them. The weather proved bad, and the attempt was deferred. This happened several times, till Warren lost patience, and offered two hundred sailors to support the attack.

At last, on the 23d, the volunteers for the perilous enterprise mustered at the Grand Battery, from which the boats were to set out. Brigadier Waldo, who still commanded there, saw the men with concern and anxiety, as they came dropping in in small squads, without officers, noisy, disorderly, and in some cases more or less drunk. "I doubt," he wrote to the general, "whether straggling fellows, three, four, or seven out of a company, ought to go on such a service." A bright moon with northern lights again put off the attack. The volunteers remained at the Grand Battery, waiting their time. "They seem to be impatient for action," says Waldo. "If there were a more regular appearance it would give me greater satisfaction."

On the 26th their wish for action was fully gratified. The night was still and dark, and the boats put out from the battery a little before twelve o'clock, with three hundred men on board, who were to be joined by a hundred or a hundred and fifty more from Gorham's regiment, then stationed at Lighthouse Point. The

commander was not Vaughan, but one Brooks, chosen by the men themselves, as were also his subordinates.¹ They moved slowly, the boats being propelled, not by oars, but by paddles, which, if skillfully used, would make no noise. The wind presently rose, and when they found a landing-place the surf was lashing the rocks with violence. There was room for only three boats at once between the breakers on each hand. They pushed in, and the men scrambled ashore with what speed they might.

The Island Battery was a strong work, walled in on all sides, garrisoned by a hundred and eighty men, and armed with thirty cannon, seven swivels, and two mortars. It was now a little after midnight. Captain d'Aillebout, the commandant, was on the watch, pacing the battery platform; but he seems to have seen nothing unusual till about a hundred and fifty men had got on shore, when they had the folly to announce their presence by three cheers. Then, in the words of General Wolcott, the battery "blazed with cannon, swivels, and small arms." The crowd of boats, dimly visible through the darkness as they lay just off the landing, waiting their turn to go in, were at once the target for volleys of grapeshot, langrage shot, and musket balls, of which the men on shore also had their share. They succeeded, however, in planting twelve scaling ladders against the wall. It is said that some of them climbed into the place, and that Brooks, their commander, was hauling down the French flag when a Swiss soldier split his head with a cutlass. Many of the boats were shattered or sunk, and the men drowned. Those in the rear, see-

ing the state of things, seem to have sheered off. The affair was soon reduced to an exchange of shots between the garrison and the men who had landed, and who, standing on the open ground, were not wholly invisible, while the French were completely hidden behind their walls. "The fire of the English," says Bigot, "was extremely obstinate, but without effect, as they could not see to take aim." They kept it up till daybreak, or about two hours and a half, and then, finding themselves at the mercy of the French, surrendered, to the number of a hundred and nineteen, including the wounded, several of whom died almost immediately. By the most trustworthy accounts, the English loss in killed, drowned, and captured was a hundred and eighty-nine, or, in the words of Pepperell, "nearly half our party."² Disorder, precipitation, and weak leadership ruined what chance of success the attempt ever had.

As this was the only French success throughout the siege, Duchambon makes the most of it. He reports that the attacking force was a thousand men, who were to have been supported by eight hundred more, but that these did not dare to show themselves; and he further declares that there were thirty-five boats, all of which were shattered or sunk, though he afterwards says that two of them got away with thirty men, being all of the thousand that were left. Bigot, more moderate, puts the number of assailants at five hundred, of whom he says that all perished except the hundred and nineteen who were captured.

At daybreak Louisbourg rang with shouts of triumph. It was plain that a disorderly militia could not capture the

Parsons (Life of Pepperell, appendix) suggests the conclusion that the volunteers were permitted to choose officers from their own ranks. This list, however, is not quite complete.

² Douglas makes it a little less: "We lost in this mad frolic 60 men, killed and drowned, and 116 prisoners."

¹ The list of a company of forty-two "subscribers to go voluntarily upon an attack against the Island Battery" is preserved. It includes a negro called "Ruben." The captain, chosen by the men, was Daniel Bacon. The fact that neither this name nor that of Brooks, the chief commander, is to be found in the list of Pepperell's commissioned officers printed by

Island Battery. Yet captured or silenced it must be, and it was resolved to attack it by a battery at Lighthouse Point, on the eastern side of the harbor's mouth, at the distance of a short half mile. The neighboring shore was rocky and almost inaccessible. Cannon and mortars were carried in boats to the nearest landing-place, hauled up a steep cliff, and dragged a mile and a quarter to the chosen spot, where they were planted under the orders of Colonel Gridley, who thirty years after directed the earthworks on Bunker Hill. They soon opened fire, with deadly effect.

The French, much encouraged by their late success, were plunged again into despondency by a disaster which happened a week before the affair of the Island Battery, but remained unknown to them till some time after. On the 19th of May the men in the camp heard a fierce cannonade, and presently discovered a large French ship hotly engaged with several vessels of the squadron. She proved to be the *Vigilant*, carrying sixty-four guns and five hundred and sixty men, and commanded by the Marquis de la Maisonfort. She had come from France with munitions and stores, and, on approaching Louisbourg, met one of the English cruisers, — some say the *Mermaid*, of forty guns, and others the *Shirley*, of twenty. The British or provincial vessel, being no match for her, kept up a running fight, and led her towards the English fleet. She was soon beset by several other vessels, and struck her colors after a gallant resistance and the loss of eighty men. Nothing could be more timely for the besiegers, whose ammunition and provisions had sunk perilously low. The *Vigilant* now supplied their needs, and drew from the *Habitant de Louisbourg* the mournful comment, "We were victims devoted to appease the wrath of Heaven, which turned our own arms into weapons for our enemies."

Nor was this the last time that the

defenders of Louisbourg supplied the instruments of their own destruction, for ten cannon were presently unearthed, at low tide, from the flats near the careening wharf at the northeast arm of the harbor, where the French had hidden them some time before. Most of them proved sound, and, being mounted at Lighthouse Point, they were turned against their late owners at the Island Battery.

When Gorham's regiment first took post at Lighthouse Point, Duchambon thought the movement so threatening that he forgot his former doubts, and ordered the *Sieur de Beaubassin* to make a sortie against it. Beaubassin landed with a hundred men at a place called *Lorambee*, and advanced to surprise the English detachment, but was discovered by an outpost of forty men, who attacked and repelled his party. Being then joined by eighty Indians, he had several skirmishes with English scouting parties, till, pushed by superior numbers, the French regained Louisbourg by sea, escaping with difficulty from the guard-boats of the squadron. The *Sieur de la Vallière*, with a considerable body of men, tried to burn *Pepperell's* storehouses near *Flat Point Cove*, but ten or twelve of his party were captured, and nearly all the rest wounded. Various other petty encounters took place between English scouting parties and roving bands of French and Indians, always ending, according to *Pepperell*, in the discomfiture of the latter. To this, however, there was at least one exception. Twenty Englishmen were waylaid and surrounded near *Petit Lorambee* by forty or fifty Indians, accompanied by two or three Frenchmen. Some of the English were shot down, a few escaped, and the rest surrendered on promise of life; on which the Indians shot or speared some of them in cold blood, and atrociously tortured others.

This suggested to *Warren* a device which had two objects: to prevent such

outrages for the future, and to make known to the French that the ship *Vigilant*, the mainstay of their hopes, was in English hands. The Marquis de la Maisonfort, late captain of the *Vigilant*, and now a prisoner on board of her, was informed of the treatment of the captives, and requested to lay the facts before Duchambon. This he did with great readiness in a letter which contained these words: "It is well that you should be informed that the captains and officers of this squadron treat us, not as their prisoners, but as their good friends, and take particular pains that my officers and crew shall want for nothing; therefore it seems to me just to treat our enemies in like manner, and punish those who do otherwise, or offer any insults to the prisoners who may fall into your hands."

Captain McDonald, of the marines, carried this letter to Duchambon under a flag of truce. Though familiar with the French language, he spoke to the governor through an interpreter, so that the French officers present, who hitherto had only known that a large ship had been taken, expressed to each other, without reserve, their dismay on learning that the prize was no other than the *Vigilant*. Duchambon replied to Maisonfort's letter that the Indians alone were answerable for the cruelties in question, and that he would forbid such conduct for the future.

A new danger now threatened the besiegers. In the past summer, as we have seen, the *Sieur Duvivier* had attacked Annapolis, and had been forced to retreat. On this, he went to France to beg for help to attack it again. Two thousand men were promised him, and, in anticipation of their arrival, the governor of Canada sent a body of French and Indians, under the noted partisan *Marin*, to join them. *Marin* was ordered to wait at Minas till he heard of the arrival of the troops from France; but, growing impatient, he resolved to

attack Annapolis without them. Accordingly, he laid siege to it with the six or seven hundred white and red men of his party, aided by the so-called Acadian neutrals.

Mascarene, the governor, kept them at bay till the 24th of May, when, to his surprise, they all disappeared. Duchambon had sent them an order to come at once to the aid of Louisbourg. As the report of this reached the besiegers, multiplying *Marin's* force fourfold, they expected to be attacked in the rear by numbers more than equal to that of their own effective men. This wrought a wholesome reform. Order was established in the camp, a fence of palisades was set round it, scouts were sent out, and a careful watch was kept.

Another tribulation now fell upon *Pepperell*. *Shirley* had enjoined upon him to keep in harmony with the naval commander; and the injunction was in accord with *Pepperell's* conciliating temper. *Warren* was as earnest as he for the success of the siege, lent him ammunition in time of need, and offered every aid in his power; while *Pepperell*, in letters to *Shirley* and *Newcastle*, praised the commodore without stint. But the two men were widely different in habits and character. *Warren* was in the prime of life, and had not outlived the ardor of youth. The slow progress of the siege sorely tried his patience. Prisoners told him of a squadron coming from Brest, of which the *Vigilant* was the forerunner; and he feared that, even if it could not defeat him, it might elude the blockade, and, with the help of the fogs, get into Louisbourg in spite of him, and make its capture impossible. Therefore he called a council of captains on board his flagship, the *Superbe*, and proposed a plan for taking the place without further delay. This he laid before *Pepperell* on the same day. It was to the effect that all the king's ships and provincial cruisers should enter the harbor, after taking on

board sixteen hundred of Pepperell's men, and attack the town from the water side, while what was left of the army should assault it by land. To accept the proposal would have been to pass over the command to Warren, as only about twenty-one hundred of Pepperell's men were fit for service at the time; and of these, as he informs Warren, six hundred were absent on scouting parties.

Warren replies with evident pique: "I am very sorry that no one plan of mine has been so fortunate as to meet your approbation, or have any weight with you;" and, to show his title to consideration, he gives an extract of a letter written to him by Shirley, in which that inveterate flatterer hinted his regret that, by reason of other employments, Warren could not take command of the whole expedition, "which, I doubt not," says the governor, "would be a most happy event for his Majesty's service."

Pepperell kept his temper under this thrust, and wrote to the commodore with invincible courtesy: "Am extremely sorry the fogs prevent me from the pleasure of waiting on you on board your ship;" adding that six hundred men should be sent from the army and the transports to man the *Vigilant*, which was now the most powerful ship in the squadron. In short, he showed every disposition to meet Warren halfway. But the commodore was beginning to feel doubts as to the expediency of the bold action he had proposed, and informed Pepperell that his pilots thought it impossible to go into the harbor before the Island Battery was silenced. In fact, there was danger that, if the ships got in while that battery was still alive and active, they would never get out again, but be kept there as in a trap under the fire from the town ramparts.

Gridley's artillery at Lighthouse Point had been doing its best, dropping

bombshells into the Island Battery with such precision that the French soldiers were sometimes seen running into the sea to escape the explosion. Many of the island guns were dismantled, and the place was fast becoming untenable. At the same time, the English batteries on the land side were pushing their work of destruction with relentless industry, and wall and bastion crumbled under their fire. The French labored vigorously, under cover of night, to repair the mischief: closed the shattered West Gate with a wall of stone and earth twenty feet thick; made an epaulement to protect what was left of the formidable Circular Battery, all but three of whose sixteen guns had been dismantled; closed the throat of the Dauphin's Bastion with a barricade of stone; and built a cavalier or raised battery on the King's Bastion, where, however, the English fire soon ruined it. Against that near and peculiarly dangerous neighbor, the advanced battery, they planted three heavy cannon to take it in flank. These, says Duchambon, had a marvelous effect, dismantled one of the cannon of the enemy and damaged all their embrasures, which, concludes the governor, "did not prevent them from keeping up a constant fire; and they repaired by night the mischief we did them by day."

Pepperell and Warren came at last to an understanding as to a joint attack by land and water. The Island Battery was crippled, and the batteries that commanded the interior of the harbor were nearly destroyed. It was agreed that Warren, whose squadron was now increased by recent arrivals to eleven ships, besides the provincial cruisers, should enter the harbor with the first fair wind, cannonade the town, and attack it in boats, while Pepperell assaulted it from the land side. Warren was to hoist a Dutch flag under his pennant at his main topgallant mast head, and Pepperell was to answer by three columns of smoke, marching at the same time to-

wards the walls with drums beating and colors flying.

The French saw with dismay a quantity of fascines carried to the foot of the glacis, ready to fill the ditch, and their scouts came in with reports that more than a thousand scaling ladders were lying behind the ridge of the nearest hill. Toil, loss of sleep, and the stifling air of the casemates in which they were forced to take refuge had sapped the strength of the besieged. The town was a ruin; only one house was left untouched by shot or shell. "We could have borne all this," writes the intendant Bigot, "but the scarcity of powder, the loss of the Vigilant, the presence of the squadron, and the absence of any news from Marin, who had been ordered to join us with his Canadians and Indians, spread terror among the troops and inhabitants. The townspeople said that they did not want to be put to the sword, and were not strong enough to resist a general assault." On the 15th of June they brought Duchambon a petition begging him to capitulate.

On that day Captain Sherburn, at the advanced battery, wrote thus in his diary: "By twelve o'clock we had got all our platforms laid, embrasures mended, guns in order, shot in place, cartridges ready, dinner finished, gunners quartered, matches lighted to return their last favors, when we heard their drums beat a parley, and soon appeared a flag of truce, which I received midway between our battery and their walls, conducted the officer to Green Hill, and delivered him to Colonel Richmond."

La Perelle, the French officer, delivered a note from Duchambon, directed to both Pepperell and Warren, asking for a suspension of arms, to enable him to draw up proposals for capitulation. Warren chanced to be on shore when the note came, and the two commanders answered jointly that it had come in good time, as they had just resolved on a general attack, and that they would give the

governor till eight o'clock the next morning to make his proposals.

The proposals came in due time, but were of such a nature that even the mild Pepperell refused to listen to them, and sent back Bonaventure, the officer who brought them, with counter proposals. These were the terms which Duchambon had rejected on the 7th of May, with some conditions added, as, among others, that no officer, soldier, or inhabitant of Louisbourg should bear arms against the king of England or any of his allies for the space of a year. Duchambon stipulated, as the condition of his acceptance, that his troops should march out of the fortress with their arms and colors. To this both the English commanders agreed, Warren observing to Pepperell, "The uncertainty of our affairs that depend so much on wind and weather makes it necessary not to stickle at trifles." The articles were signed on both sides, and on the 17th of June the ships sailed peacefully into the harbor, while Pepperell, with a part of his ragged army, entered the South Gate of the town. "Never was a place more mal'd [mauled] with cannon and shells," he writes to Shirley. "Neither have I read in History of any troops behaving with greater courage. We gave them about nine thousand cannon balls and six hundred bombs." Thus this unique military performance ended in complete and astonishing success.

According to English accounts the French lost about three hundred men during the siege, but their real loss seems to have been not above a third of that number. On the side of the besiegers the deaths from all causes were only a hundred and thirty, about thirty of which were from disease. The French used their muskets to good purpose, but their mortar practice was bad, and though the advanced battery was close to their walls they often failed to hit it, while the ground on both sides of it was so torn up by the bursting of their shells

that it looked like a ploughed field. Their surrender was determined largely by the want of ammunition, as, according to one account, they had but thirty-seven barrels of gunpowder left, in which particular the besiegers fared little better.¹

The New England men had been full of confidence in the result of the intended assault, and a French writer says that the timely capitulation saved Louisbourg from a terrible fate; yet, ill armed and disorderly as the besiegers were, it may be doubted whether the quiet ending of the siege was not as fortunate for them as for their enemies. The discouragement of the French was increased by extravagant ideas of the number of the besiegers. The *Habitant de Louisbourg* puts them at eight or nine thousand men, and Duchambon reports to the minister, D'Argenson, that he was attacked by thirteen thousand in all. It is true that his mortifying position was a pressing temptation to exaggerate.

Warren believed that the assault would succeed, and wrote to Pepperell that he hoped they would soon "keep a good house together, and give the Ladys of Louisbourg a Gallant Ball." When in the camp on the day the flag of truce came out, he made a speech to the New England soldiers, exhorting them to behave like true Englishmen, at which they cheered lustily. Making a visit to the Grand Battery on the same day, he won high favor with the regiment stationed there by giving them a hogshead of rum to drink his health.

Whether Warren's "gallant ball" ever took place does not appear. Pepperell, on his part, celebrated the victory by a dinner to the commodore and his officers. As the redoubtable Parson Moody was the general's chaplain and the oldest

man in the army, he was invited to ask a blessing at the board, to the great concern of those who knew his habitual prolixity, and dreaded its effect on the guests. At the same time, not one of them dared to rasp his irritable temper by any suggestion of brevity, and hence they came in terror to the feast, expecting an invocation of a good half hour ended by open revolt of the hungry Britons, when, to their surprise and relief, Moody uttered himself thus: "Good Lord, we have so much to thank thee for that time will be too short, and we must leave it for eternity. Bless our food and fellowship on this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord. Amen." And with that he sat down. It is said that he had been seen in the French church hewing at the altar and images with the axe he had brought for that purpose, and perhaps this iconoclastic performance had relieved the high pressure of his zeal.²

Amazing as their triumph was, Pepperell's soldiers were not pleased with the capitulation, and one of them thus records his disapproval in his diary: "Sabath Day, ye 16th June. They came to Termes for us to enter ye sitty to morrow and Poore Termes they Bee too." The cause of discontent was the security of property assured to the inhabitants, "by which means," says that blundering chronicler Rev. Samuel Niles, "the poor soldiers lost all their hopes and just demerit [desert] of plunder promised them." In the meagreness of their pay they thought that they were entitled to the pillage of Louisbourg, which they imagined to be a seat of wealth and luxury. Pepperell's thrifty son-in-law, Nathaniel Sparhawk, shared this illusion, and begged the general to get for him (at a low price) a handsome

¹ Pepperell complains several times of a total want of both powder and balls. Warren writes to him on May 29th: "It is very lucky that we can spare you some powder. I am told you had not a grain left."

² A descendant of Moody, at the village of York, told me that he was found in the church employed as above.

service of silver plate. When the volunteers exchanged their dreary camp for what they expected to be the comfortable quarters of the town, they were disgusted to see the houses still occupied by their former owners, and to find themselves forced to stand guard at the doors to protect them.¹ "A great Noys and hubbub a mongst ye Soldiers a bout ye Plunder; Som Cursing som a Swarein," writes one of the indignant victors.

They were not, and perhaps could not be, long kept in order; and when, in accordance with the capitulation, the inhabitants had been embarked for transportation to France, discipline broke down, and General Wolcott records that while Moody was preaching on a Sunday in the garrison chapel there was "excessive stealing in every part of the town." Nothing of value, however, was left to steal. But if the army found meagre gleanings, the navy reaped a rich harvest. The French ships, instead of being barred out of the harbor, were now lured to enter it. The French flag was kept flying over the town, and prizes were thus entrapped to the estimated value of a million pounds sterling, half of which went to the Crown, and the rest to the British officers and sailors, the army getting no share whatever.

Now rose the vexed question of the relative part borne by the army and the navy, the colonies and the Crown, in the capture of Louisbourg; and here it may be well to observe the impressions of a French witness of the siege: "It was an enterprise less of the English nation and its king than of the inhabitants of New England alone. This singular people have their own laws and administration, and their governor plays

the sovereign. Admiral [Commodore] Warren had no authority over the troops sent by the governor of Boston, and he was only a spectator. . . . Nobody would have said that their sea and land forces belonged to the same nation and were under the same prince. No nation but the English is capable of such *bizarre-ries*, which nevertheless are a part of the precious liberty of which they show themselves so jealous."

The French writer is correct when he says that the land and sea forces were under separate commands, and it is equally true that nothing but the conciliating temper of Pepperell could have preserved harmony between the two chiefs; but when he calls Warren a mere spectator he does gross injustice to that gallant officer, whose activity was incessant and whose services were invaluable. He and his captains maintained, with slight lapses, an almost impossible blockade, without which the siege must have failed. Two or three small vessels got into the harbor, but the capture of the *Vigilant*, more than any other event of the siege, discouraged the French, and prepared them for surrender.

Several English writers speak of Warren and the navy as the captors of Louisbourg, and all New England writers give the chief credit to Pepperell and the army. Neither army nor navy would have succeeded without the other. Warren and his officers, in a council of war, had determined that so long as the Island Battery and the water batteries of the town remained in an efficient state the ships could not enter the harbor, and Warren had publicly expressed the same opinion.² He did not mean to enter till all the batteries that had made

¹ "Thursday ye 21st. Ye French keep possession yet and we are forced to stand at their Dorees to gard them." (Diary of a Soldier, anonymous.)

² Report of Consultation on board the *Su-perbe*, 7 June, 1745. "Commodore Warren did

say publicly that before the Circular Battery was reduced he would not venture in here with three times ye sea force he had with him, and through divine assistance we tore that and this city almost to pieces." (Pepperell to Shirley, 4 July, 1745.)

the attempt impracticable had been silenced or crippled by the army, and by the army alone. The whole work of the siege fell upon the land forces; and though it had been proposed to send a body of marines ashore, this was not done.¹ Three or four gunners, intended, in the words of Warren, "to put your men in the way of loading cannon," were his only contribution to the operations of the siege. Though the fear of a joint attack by the troops and the ships no doubt hastened the surrender, the governor of Canada ascribes the defeat to the extreme activity with which the New England men pushed the siege.

The *Habitant de Louisbourg* says that each of the two commanders was eager that the keys of the fortress should be delivered to him, and not to his colleague; that, before the surrender, Warren sent an officer to persuade the French that it would be for their advantage to make their submission to him rather than to Pepperell; and that it was, in fact, so made. Wolcott, on the other hand, with the best means of learning the truth, says in his diary that Pepperell received the keys at the South Gate. The report that it was the British commodore, and not their own general, to whom Louisbourg surrendered made a prodigious stir among the inhabitants of New England, who had the touchiness common to small and ambitious peoples; and as they had begun the enterprise and borne most of its burdens and dangers, they thought themselves entitled to the chief credit of it. Pepperell was blamed as lukewarm for the honor of his country, because he did not demand the keys, and annul the capitulation if they were refused. After all this ebullition, it appeared that the keys were in his hands; for when, in the following August, Shirley came to Louisbourg, Pepperell formally presented

them to him in the presence of the soldiers.

Warren no doubt felt that he had a right to precedence, as an officer of the king in regular standing, while Pepperell was a civilian, clothed with temporary rank by the commission of a provincial governor. Warren was an impetuous Irish sailor, accustomed to command, and Pepperell was a merchant, accustomed to manage and persuade. The difference appears in their correspondence during the siege. Warren is sometimes brusque and almost peremptory. Pepperell is forbearing to the utmost. He liked Warren, and to the last continued to praise him highly in letters to Shirley and other provincial governors; while Warren, on occasion of Shirley's arrival at Louisbourg, made a speech complimentary to the general and his soldiers.

The news that Louisbourg was taken reached Boston, by a vessel sent express, at one o'clock in the morning of the 3d of July. An uproar of bells and cannon proclaimed it to the sleeping citizens, and before the sun rose the streets were filled with shouting crowds. At night every window shone with lamps, and the town was ablaze with fireworks and bonfires. The next Thursday was appointed a day of general thanksgiving for a victory believed to be the direct work of an approving Providence. New York and Philadelphia also hailed the news with illuminations, ringing of bells, and firing of cannon.

In England the tidings were received with astonishment, and a joy that was dashed with reflections on the strength and mettle of colonies suspected already of aspiring to independence. Warren was made an admiral and Pepperell a baronet, — no empty honor among a people who, with all their republican leanings, revered a title no less than do some

¹ Warren had no men to spare. He says: "If it should be thought necessary to join your troops with any men from our ships, it should only be done for some sudden attack

that may be executed in one day or night." (Warren to Pepperell, 11 May, 1745.) No such occasion arose.

of their descendants of to-day. The merchant general was made a colonel in the British army, and a regiment was given him, to be raised in America and maintained by the king, while a similar recognition was granted to the lawyer, Shirley.

A question vital to Massachusetts worried her in the midst of her triumph. She had been bankrupt for many years, and of the great volume of her outstanding debt a considerable part was not worth eightpence in the pound. Besides this, she had spent £183,649 sterling on the Louisbourg expedition. That which Smollett calls "the most important achievement of the war" would never have taken place but for her, and Old England, and not New, was to reap the profit; for Louisbourg, conquered by arms, was to be restored by diplomacy. If the money she had spent for the mother country were not repaid, her ruin would be certain. William Bollan, a

son-in-law of Shirley, was sent out to urge the just claim of the province, and after vigorous solicitation he succeeded. The full amount in sterling value was paid to Massachusetts, and the expenditures of the other New England colonies were also reimbursed. The people of Boston saw twenty-seven of those long, unwieldy trucks, which the elders of the place still remember as used in their youth, rumbling up King Street to the treasury, loaded with two hundred and seventeen chests of Spanish dollars and a hundred barrels of copper coin. A pound sterling was worth eleven pounds of the old tenor currency of Massachusetts, and thirty shillings of the new tenor. These beneficent trucks carried enough to buy in at a stroke nine tenths of the old tenor notes of the province, nominally worth above two million pounds. A stringent tax, laid on by the Assembly, paid the remaining tenth, and Massachusetts was restored to financial health.¹

Francis Parkman.

NOTE. — The English documents on the siege of Louisbourg are very numerous. The Pepperell Papers and the Belknap Papers, both in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, afford a vast number of contemporary letters and papers. The large volume entitled *Siege of Louisbourg*, in the same repository, contains many more, including autograph diaries of soldiers and others. To these are to be added the journals of General Wolcott, James Gibson, Benjamin Cleves, Seth Pomeroy, and several more, in print or manuscript, among which is to be noted the journal appended to Shirley's letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated 28 October, 1745. This journal bears the names of Pepperell, Brigadier Waldo, Colonel Moore, and Lieutenant-Colonels Lothrop and Gridley, who attest its accuracy. Many papers have also been drawn from the Public Record Office of London.

Accounts of this affair have hitherto rested, with but slight exceptions, on English authorities alone. The archives of France have fur-

nished useful material for the foregoing narrative, notably the long report of the French governor, Duchambon, to the minister of war, and the letter of the intendant Bigot to the same personage, written about six weeks after the surrender. But the most curious French testimony concerning the siege is the "*Lettre d'un Habitant de Louisbourg, contenant une Relation exacte & circonstanciée de la Prise de l'Isle-Royale par les Anglois. A Québec chez Guillaume le Sincère, à l'Image de la Vérité, 1745.*" This little book, of eighty-one printed pages, is extremely rare. I could study it only by having a *literalim* transcript made from the copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale, as it was not to be found in the British Museum. It bears the signature "B. L. N.," and is dated "à . . . ce 28 Août, 1745." The imprint of Quebec is certainly intended as a mask, the book having no doubt been printed in France. It criticises Duchambon severely, and makes him mainly answerable for the disaster.

¹ It was through the exertions of the much-abused Thomas Hutchinson, Speaker of the Assembly and historian of Massachusetts, that

the money was used for the laudable purpose of extinguishing the old debt.

THE ETHICS OF HORSE-KEEPING.

If a man could go into open market and for two or three hundred dollars purchase the lifelong devotion of a friend, though a humble friend, it would be accounted a wonderful thing. But that is exactly what happens, or might happen, whenever a horse is bought. You give him food, lodging, and the reasonable services of a valet, in return for which he will not only further your business or your pleasure, as the case may be, to the best of his ability, but he will also repay you with affection, respond to your caresses, greet you with a neigh of pleased recognition, and in a hundred ways of his own exhibit a sense of the relationship.

There are men to whom a horse is only an animate machine: they will ride and drive him, hire grooms and draw checks for his sustenance and keeping, but all without a single thought of the animal as having a character, a mind, a career of his own; as being susceptible to pain or pleasure; as a creature for whose welfare they have assumed a certain responsibility, of which they cannot get rid, although they may forget it or deny its existence. Even among people who are intelligent, religious, and kind-hearted, as the world goes, there is sometimes found, as we all know, especially when their own convenience is concerned, an astonishing indifference to the sufferings of dumb beasts.

Never shall I forget the shock produced upon my infant mind by a case of this sort in which a deeply venerated bishop was the actor. The good man described in my presence the great difficulty that he had recently experienced, upon arriving in town, in obtaining a conveyance from the railroad station to the house where he was to stay, two or three miles distant. Through some mistake no carriage had been sent for him,

and by the liverymen to whom the bishop applied he was told that all their horses were so wearied and jaded, a huge picnic or funeral having just occurred in the village, that they absolutely could not send one out again. But the successor of the Apostles so wrought upon the stable-keepers by his eloquence — thus he narrated, with no suspicion of the awful judgment that was passing upon him by youthful innocence, sitting unnoticed in a corner — that some unlucky, overtired brute was finally dragged from his stall and sent off upon the five-mile jaunt. Now the day was warm, to be sure, and the bishop a stout man; still, being in the prime of life, he could have taken no harm, but rather good, from the walk; and yet neither when he hired the horse nor when he related the transaction did it occur to him that the act was one of inexcusable cruelty. How many people, indeed, know or care what is the condition of the livery horses that they hire from time to time? How many, when they summon a cab, so much as glance at the beast in the shafts? But it is almost always possible to make a selection, rejecting the palpably unfit, choosing the fit horse; and if everybody took even this slight amount of trouble, the employment of broken-down cab horses would cease to be profitable.

There is a good deal of hard-heartedness in our Puritan blood as respects dumb animals. I once spent several weeks on a farm where many beasts of various kinds were kept. The family was of pure New England stock, farmers for many generations back, — stalwart, intelligent, honest people, pillars of the church, leading men in the village, but in their treatment of dumb beasts without feeling or compunction. If the cows did not enter their stalls at the proper moment, they were pounded

with whatever weapon came handy; horses were driven when they were lame, and neglected when they were tired. Every animal on the place was in a continual state of hunger, and none ever received a kind word or a pat of the hand. That on all convenient occasions I surreptitiously fed the occupants of the barn, horses, cows, oxen, and bull, is a fact which I may be permitted to state, lest I shall include myself in the condemnation of these hard-hearted farmers; nor can I recall without pleasure the anticipatory neighing, the scraping of hoofs, and the rattling of chains that soon became a regular occurrence whenever I set foot upon the threshold. I have known better educated, village-bred persons of the same stamp, men of a kind that command, when they die, half-column obituary notices in the papers, who took a vicious delight in stoning dogs off their lawns, and who would have been moved to scorn by any show of affection for a horse.

People whose attitude toward dumb animals is of this character not only fail of their duty, but miss a vast amount of happiness. Horses are to be enjoyed in other ways than those of riding and driving. To become familiar with their characters and peculiarities, of which latter horses have many; to see them comfortable in their stalls, sleek, well fed, well groomed, warmly blanketed; to give them affection, and to receive it back; finally, to take a pride in them, and, frankly speaking, to brag about them without being more unvarnished than a fairly good conscience will allow, — this it is to enjoy a horse. In this matter, as in all others where motives are concerned, the good and bad, or at least the good and indifferent, in human nature can be made to cooperate; the sense of duty may be reinforced by a more spontaneous feeling; namely, the pride of ownership. In fact, to lay a foundation for the exercise of this quality should always be a chief object in

buying a horse. Let your new purchase have that about him concerning which you can declare, with sufficient plausibility to defy absolute contradiction, that he stands in the very front rank of equine excellence; as that he is the most speedy, or the most enduring, or the handsomest, or the gentlest, or the most intelligent, or the toughest, of animals. If these qualities fail, we come down to minor excellences, such as the fineness of his coat, the beauty of its color, the silkiness of his mane, the length of his tail, or the nobility of his descent. It is quite possible to buy for a small sum horses of unexceptionable pedigree; and though a well-bred weed or screw really travels no better than a "dunghill," yet his breeding will always command admiration, and cast a reflected glory upon his owner. The point of superiority may be this or that; enough that it distinguishes your horse from the ruck of horses, and justifies in some measure, at least to the world at large, the pride and pleasure that you take in him. This reference to the opinion of others as a guide for our affections, even when a human being constitutes the object, is one of those vile traits that lie hid in the murky depths of our nature. Was it not remarked by George Sand, who knew the human heart, and certainly took no pessimistic view of it, that men love women not for what they think of them, but for what they suppose other people to think of them?

And yet there is another aspect of the matter. Just as disinterested affection, or something approaching it, may exist between man and woman, so it is possible to be fond of a horse, and to be happy in his well-being, with no admixture of those baser feelings to which I have alluded. I wish that you, gentle reader of this paper, might be induced to try the following experiment. We will suppose that you have a stable with an unoccupied stall in it, and by preference, though it is not essential,

that a paddock is appurtenant to the stable. (Not everybody, indeed, is so fortunately situated, but still the conditions just mentioned are by no means uncommon.) Now let us suppose further that you go into the market or to some private person and purchase, as you may easily do, for forty or fifty dollars an old broken-down horse, of whom a long hard day's work in a cab, an express or peddler's wagon, has been, and unless you intervene will for some years yet continue to be extracted. Take him home, and watch the quick transition from misery to happiness. He comes into your stable with stiff, painful steps; his legs swollen from hock and knee to ankle; his ribs clearly visible through a rough, staring coat; and, above all, with that strained, anxious expression of the eye which nobody who has once seen and understood it can ever expel from his memory. It is the expression of despair. You take off his shoes, give him a run at grass or a deep bed of straw in a comfortable loose box, and forthwith the old horse begins to improve. Little by little, the expression of his eye changes, the swelling goes out of his legs, and it will not be long before he cuts a caper; a stiff and ungainly one, to be sure, but still a caper, indicative of health and happiness. He will neigh at your approach, and gladly submit his head for a caress, whereas at first he would have shrunk in terror from any such advances. (It may be ten years since a hand was laid upon him in kindness.) If you have any work for him to do, the old horse will perform it with alacrity, exerting himself out of gratitude; he will even flourish off in harness with the airs of a colt, as who should say, "There is life in me yet; don't send me to the knacker; behold my strength and agility." Treat him as you would if he had cost you a great sum, or as if you expected to win a great sum through his exertions. Let him have good blankets, good groom-

ing, and all the little attentions of a well-ordered establishment. Is there anything ridiculous in this? Shall not the stable, as well as the house, have its sacred rites of hospitality? Shall not the old cheap horse be made as comfortable as the young and costly one?

And here I anticipate an obvious criticism. "The horse should be killed, and the money that it costs to maintain him be given to the poor." I grant it. Let the old horse be shot, and let the two dollars and fifty cents per week necessary for his support be given in charity. But see to it, ye who might maintain an equine pensioner, and forbear to do so for reasons of conscience, — see to it that the poor be not defrauded of the sum which would thus have been saved for them.

Doubtless the ideal manner of keeping a horse is that practiced in Arabia, where, we are told, he is treated like one of the family, being the constant companion of the children, and allowed to poke his nose within the tent and into all the household affairs. Unfortunately, our habits of living will not permit such intimacy, although I have seen a yearling colt within the walls of a country dwelling-house, taking a moderate lunch of oats from the kitchen table, and afterward, with ears erect, briefly surveying the outside world through the drawing-room window. Mr. Briggs's introduction of his hunter to the dining-room on Christmas night, in the animal's professional capacity, and the consequent results to the china, will occur to the reader as a similar case. But although such instances must necessarily be rare, and are not, perhaps, exactly to be imitated, it is possible for every horse-owner to cultivate the social and affectionate side of the animal's nature by talking to and caressing him, by visiting him in the stable, by making him little gifts, from time to time, of sugar and other dainties. Petting like this undoubtedly tends to make high-spirited

horses more tractable and safer on the road than they would be otherwise.¹

Few persons, moreover, realize how much a nervous, timid horse dislikes to be left alone, especially amid terrifying or even unusual surroundings. I once brought a high-strung Morgan mare, that I had owned but two weeks, on a steamer from Portland to Boston. She had never traveled thus before, and during the first hour or two, if I left her alone for a moment, as happened once or twice, she became distressed and alarmed in the highest degree, sweating profusely and struggling to get loose; but when I returned she would immediately become calm again, rubbing her nose against me as much as to say, "For Heaven's sake, don't leave me alone." The same horse (I have her still), when tied in front of a strange house, always greets me, when I come out, with an eager, enthusiastic neigh, as if she had begun to despair of seeing her master again.

Nevertheless, whether from the want of ancestral usage or otherwise, horses, it must be granted, are less sociable with men than are dogs. Nor can I agree with the remark recorded as having been made by the famous sportsman Thomas Assheton Smith (but perhaps incorrectly), that "horses are far more sensible than dogs." The converse, I should say, is true. Dogs are more sensible, more intelligent, more affectionate, and, as a rule, more trustworthy than horses. So much justice requires that we should admit, although the contrary is often maintained by persons well informed on the subject. Who,

indeed, has not heard the intelligence of the horse eloquently defended by some hard-headed, hard-drinking old horseman, who would seem to enjoy a perfect immunity from all sentimental considerations? But he does not. "If we could have come upon Diogenes suddenly," Thackeray somewhere remarks, "he would probably have been found whimpering in his tub over a sentimental romance." And so the old horseman, being fond of horses, knowing them, but knowing nothing else, deriving both his livelihood and his pleasure from them, unconsciously exaggerates their good qualities. But, on the other hand, the horse is far more intelligent than most people suppose, and there are certain qualities in which he excels all other dumb animals. "The conspicuous merit of the horse, which has given him the dearly paid honor of sharing in our wars," says Mr. Hamerton, in a charming essay, "is his capacity for being disciplined; and a very great capacity it is, a very noble gift indeed, — nobler than much cleverness. Several animals are cleverer than the horse in the way of intelligence; not one is so amenable to discipline."² This is true, unless, indeed, an exception should be made in favor of the elephant. But Mr. Hamerton omits to state the very respect in which the superiority of the horse to all other dumb animals is most important and most striking, namely, the fineness of his nervous system. All the great achievements of the horse; all his wonderful flights of speed and feats of endurance; all his capacity for being guided, restrained, quickly turned, and

¹ Mustangs that have been allowed to run wild on the prairies until they are brought to the East and sold can rarely be broken so as to be safe in harness; but ponies of the same breed that have been in actual use by the Indians are very trustworthy. Such ponies, like Arab horses, have become domesticated, and cease to regard human beings as their natural enemies.

² Mr. Hamerton adds that the horse is not

observant except of places. But this is a great mistake. A strange footfall in a stable will be noticed in a moment by all the occupants of the stalls. A lively horse observes the least movement of his groom or rider, and his curiosity is extreme. On strange roads horses always drive better than on familiar roads. They are more alert and go faster, so as to see what is coming next.

stopped, for being urged to the limit, and beyond the limit, of his strength,—all, in fact, that is glorious in him springs from the sensitiveness of his nervous organization. In this respect no other dumb animal that I know of will bear comparison with the horse. Mr. Hamerton well says, in contrasting the horse and the ass:—

“I have never yet seen the donkey which could be guided easily and safely through an intricate crowd of carriages or on a really dangerous road. The deficiency of the ass may be expressed in a single word,—it is deficiency of delicacy. You can guide a good horse as delicately as a sailing-boat; when the skillful driver has an inch to spare he is perfectly at his ease, and he can twist in and out amongst the throng of vehicles, when a momentary display of self-will in the animal would be the cause of an immediate accident. The ass appears to be incapable of any delicate discipline of this kind.”

What makes the horse so delicate an instrument to play upon is the quick and fine connection between his nerves and his brain and the sensitiveness of his skin. People who have never entered into the art of driving or riding (though they may both drive and ride all their lives) think that holding the reins is something like steering a heavy boat: pull to the right if you want to go in that direction; pull hard if you want to stop, and so on.¹ But the real art of driving and riding is the exercise of a light, firm, sensitive hand upon the reins, and the continual play of intelligence, of command on the one hand and obedience on the other, between the man and the horse.

The same nervous development that

makes the horse a sensitive, controllable, pliable animal makes him also capable of great feats. To run or trot fast, in heat after heat, requires not only mechanical fitness, such as well-proportioned limbs, good bone and muscle, good lung power, etc., but also an inward energy, the “do or die” spirit, as horsemen call it. Many a horse has speed enough to make a racer, but lacks the requisite courage and determination. “She was tried a good mare, but never won anything” is a phrase of frequent occurrence in William Day’s reminiscences. There are cases in which thousands of dollars have been spent for fast trotters that were afterward sold for a few hundreds, simply because they were too sluggish and faint-hearted to keep on after they became tired. On the other hand, almost all the fastest horses, the “record-breakers,” whether among racers or trotters, have been remarkable for their nervous, “high-strung” constitutions. The trainer of Sunol (the California filly, who has a three-year-old record of 2.10, and who is thought likely, in time, to beat the 2.08½ of Maud S.), after describing the great difficulty that he experienced in breaking her, says: “Not that she was actually vicious, but she had and has a will, a temper, and a determination of her own, and at that time every individual hair seemed to contain a nerve.” Governor Stanford, who bred Sunol, also describes her as “a bundle of nerves.”

Even among the best breeds of cart horses, such as the Percherons and Clydesdales, the same quality is not altogether wanting, and in general it distinguishes, as I have said, the horse from all other dumb animals. It follows, of course, that the horse is the

¹ Opinion as to what constitutes excellence in horse-flesh is very diverse. I remember once hearing the praises of a certain Dobbin sung with great enthusiasm by a literary man. This was the most perfect horse in the world; but, on cross-examination, perfection was found

to reside in one quality,—wherever you left him, there the animal would stand without being tied. You might be gone a year, and come back to find him still waiting for you in the middle of the road.

most irritable of creatures, the most easily worried and distressed. Little things, such as no other animal, man included perhaps, would mind, annoy and exasperate him. If, for example, you notice a row of express-wagon horses backed up against the curbstone, you will easily perceive that every horse there has his temper permanently ruined by the frequent passing of vehicles before him, thus obliging him to turn his head. A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a three-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely high-strung. His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen that the track has produced, once made the mistake, either through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness, and remained so for the rest of his life.

One of the best, most docile, most intelligent animals that I have known was a powerful brown horse that belonged to a veterinary surgeon. When the doctor was making professional visits in the city where he lived, he would often walk from one stable to another, and beckon or call to the horse to follow him. This the latter would always do, waiting patiently meanwhile. But if any strange man or boy mounted the gig and attempted to drive him off, he could not be made to budge an inch. This animal showed his intelligence and docility in many other ways; and yet he had be-

gun his career in harness by killing two or three men, more or less, and the surgeon, who perceived that the horse was naturally kind, and that his temper had been soured by ill treatment, purchased him for a song. He served his master faithfully for more than twenty years.

I do not mean to say that a nervous horse is always courageous and always intelligent, nor to imply that courageous, intelligent horses are invariably nervous.¹ But these qualities commonly go together; and as the horse is distinguished from all other dumb beasts by a highly developed nervous system, if I may be forgiven for repeating the statement, so the finest specimens of the genus are usually those in which this development is most conspicuous. Hence, in dealing with the horse more than with most animals, one ought to exercise patience, care, and, above all, the power of sympathy, so as to know, if possible, the real motive of his doing or refusing to do this or that. To acquire such knowledge, and to act upon it when acquired, is a large part of the ethics of horse-keeping.

In the matter of shying, for example, great discrimination needs to be exercised. Everybody knows that when horses are in good spirits, especially in cold weather, they will often shy at sights or sounds which under other circumstances they pass by without notice. In such a case it is always assumed that the horse, out of roguishness, is simply pretending to be afraid; and commonly this is true. Frequently, indeed, horses work themselves into a condition of panic for the mere fun of the thing, and to enjoy the pleasure of running or shying off from the object of their half-real

¹ It happens sometimes, though rarely, that a courageous horse is sluggish and has to be "aroused," even by the whip. Such an animal is the trotting stallion Wedgwood, one of the best "finishers" ever seen on the track, and famous for winning races of numerous heats against speedier but less enduring competitors. Another type is that of the ambitious

but soft and washy horse who goes off at a great pace, but soon tires. The ideal roadster starts slowly, gradually warms to his work, and after ten miles or so (just when the inferior horse has had enough) begins to be full of play. Such, preëminently, is the habit of the Morgan family.

half-fictitious terror, just as a school-girl might scurry through a churchyard at dusk.

In one of Mr. Galton's books there is a passage about wild animals which throws light on the conduct of some tame ones. He says: "From my own recollection, I believe that every antelope in South Africa has to run for its life every one or two days upon an average, and that he starts or gallops under the influence of a false alarm many times in a day. Those who have crouched at night by the side of pools in the desert, in order to have a shot at the beasts that frequent them, see strange scenes of animal life: how the creatures gambol at one moment and fight at another; how a herd suddenly halts in strained attention, and then breaks into a maddened rush, as one of them becomes conscious of the stealthy movements or rank scent of a beast of prey. Now this hourly life-and-death excitement is a keen delight to most wild creatures."

But there is more behind. I am convinced that nervous horses, when in high condition, and stimulated by the cold or otherwise, are often actually frightened by objects which do not thus affect them at other times. Their nerves, being more tense, send a different message to the brain. I have seen a man of robust constitution, but just getting out after a long illness, jump like a colt when a piece of white paper blew across the sidewalk before him. Now, what illness had done for his nerves high condition, cold air, want of exercise, will do for the nerves of a horse, especially if he be a young horse; and the moral is that for shying thus brought about the whip is no cure. In fact, even for intentional shying the use of the whip does more harm than good; it is permissible only when the horse refuses to approach or to pass a particular object. If he cannot be led or coaxed forward, then it is well to employ punishment, for he must never be allowed to disobey.

The success in equine matters of which Americans can fairly boast is due chiefly to the fact that we have consulted the equine nature. Our trainers, perceiving that the horse is a nervous, timid, and yet docile animal, have endeavored to win his confidence rather than to subdue his spirit. Instead of breaking colts, we "gentle" them; and that single word developed in the daily usage of the stable eloquently indicates the difference between the old method and the new, between American horse-training and foreign horse-breaking. The superintendent of a large stock farm says: "At the age of six months we take up the colts and *gentle* them. After several weeks of this work they are again turned out. At fourteen months old they are taken up and driven double with an old horse, and in a short time they are put in single harness." In smaller establishments even greater pains are taken to domesticate the colt from infancy upward; and in general the method is to accustom him gradually to the bit, to the harness, to being driven and ridden, so that his education is completed by a succession of small steps, each achieved without a struggle, without rebellion, without exciting the fear or hatred of the colt. The result is that our horses are commonly gentle. I have seen a high-spirited stallion, on the fourth occasion of his being in harness, driven to a top-wagon, and going so kindly that the owner did not hesitate to take his child of three years with him.

In England great improvement in these matters has been made in recent years, but the British horse-trainer is still behind the age. Vicious horses, again, are far more to seek here than is the case abroad. Abroad there is no difficulty in providing those horse-breakers who perform in public with specimens on which to exert their skill, with "man-eaters," confirmed kickers, etc. But in this country, when such an exhi-

bition is to be given, say in New York or Boston, it is found almost, sometimes quite, impossible to procure a beast savage enough to do credit to his subjugator.

John Bull has accomplished wonders with horses, and nobody, I presume, has lighter hands or more "faculty" in the management of them than the gentlemen of England. But the understrappers and grooms, the breakers and trainers, lack the sympathetic understanding, the gentleness and patience, that are essential for the proper education of a horse. To discover what could be done by the exercise of these qualities was, I make bold to say, reserved for the American trainer; and anybody who studies the history of the trotting horse will perceive the truth of this statement.

I read lately of a former well-known M. F. H. who kept an enormous equine establishment, and yet among all his men there was but one fit to be entrusted with the exercise of his best hunters.

To create the trotter, increasing his speed, within seventy-five years, from a mile in 2.40 to a mile in 2.08 $\frac{1}{2}$, was perhaps an even greater achievement than the development of the modern thoroughbred in the one hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since the importation to England of the Godolphin Arabian. The utility of the achievement is another matter; and I should confess to some sympathy with the critic who was inclined to estimate it lightly. But whatever we may think of the result, whether or not we hold that a 2.08 horse is greatly better than a 2.40 horse, the value of the process by which this result was reached can hardly be exaggerated. The trainers of the American trotter have taught the world the best lesson that it has ever received in the ethics of horse-keeping.

There remains, only one branch of the subject which I feel bound to consider, namely, the duty of the owner toward the horse that has grown old and infirm

in his service. I say little about the man who employs horses in the course of his business; let him settle the matter with his own conscience, though I cannot refrain from the obvious remark that whereas it might be a poor man's duty to sell his superannuated beast for what he would bring, lest his family should suffer, so it would be the rich man's duty to dispose of his work horses in a different manner. But as regards horses bought and used for pleasure this general rule seems to me undeniable, that the owner is morally bound to protect them from cruelty when they become old or broken down. He may do it by killing them or otherwise, as he sees fit. But how seldom is this duty performed! It is neglected, possibly, more from thoughtlessness than from intention. A span of carriage horses, we will say, after some years of service, lose their style; they become a little stiff, a little "sore forward," it may be; one of them, perhaps, is suffering from incipient spavin; and on the whole it is thought high time to dispose of them, and get a fresher, younger pair. Accordingly, John, the groom, is directed to take them to an auction stable, and in due course Dives, their old master, receives in return a check, — a very small check, to be sure, but still large enough to make a respectable contribution to foreign missions or to purchase a case of champagne. That is all he knows about the transaction, and he does not allow his mind to dwell upon the inevitable results. But let Dives go to the auction stable himself; let him observe the wistful, homesick air (for horses are often homesick) with which the old favorites look about them when they are backed out of the unaccustomed stalls; then let him stand by and see them whipped up and down the stable floor to show their tardy paces, and finally knocked down to some hard-faced, thin-lipped dealer. It needs very little imagination to foresee their after career. To begin with,

the old companions are separated,— a great grief to both, which it requires a long time to obliterate. The more active one goes into a country livery stable, where he is hacked about by people whose only interest in the beast is to take out of him the pound of flesh for which they have paid. He has no rest on week days, but his Sunday task is the hardest. On that sacred day, the reprobates of the village who have arrived at the perfect age of cruelty (which I take to be about nineteen or twenty) lash the old carriage horse from one public house to another, and bring him home exhausted and reeking with sweat. His mate goes into a job wagon, perhaps, possibly into a herdic, and is driven by night, lest his staring ribs and the painful lameness in his hind leg should attract the notice of meddlesome persons. The last stage of many a downward equine career is found in the shafts of a fruit peddler's or junk dealer's wagon, in which situation there is continual exposure to heat and cold, to rain and snow, recompensed by the least possible amount of food. It may be that one of the old horses whose fate we are considering is finally bought by some poverty-stricken farmer; he works without grain in summer, and passes long winter nights in a cold and draughty barn, with scanty covering and no bed but the floor. It is hard that in his old age, when, like an old man, he feels the cold most and is most in need of nourishing food, he should be deprived of all the comforts — the warm stall and soft bed, the good blankets and plentiful oats — that were heaped upon him in youth.

If, as is probably the case, the old carriage horse has been docked, his suffering in warm weather will greatly be increased. That form of mutilation which we call docking is, I believe, inartistic and barbarous, and I do not doubt that before many years it will become obsolete, as is now the cropping of horses' ears, which was practiced so late

as 1840. But still I should not strongly condemn the owner for docking his horses, or buying them after they had been docked, which comes to the same thing, if his intention and custom were to keep them so long as they lived. But to dock a horse, thus depriving him forever of his tail, to keep him till he is old or broken down, and then sell him for what he will bring, is the very refinement of cruelty. The Anglomaniacs, to whom we owe the revival of docking, should consider that in our climate of flies and mosquitoes the practice is infinitely more cruel than it is in England.

I have endeavored to show that the horse is an animal peculiarly capable of suffering, and to suggest some of the ways in which his suffering can be prevented or alleviated. Of late years, thanks largely to anti-cruelty societies, the horse has been less abused than was formerly the case. But let any one, and especially any one who may have a fancy for the human race, consider what awful arrears of cruelty to dumb animals have accrued at its hands. Let him think of the horses that have been baited to death, as bulls are baited; let him think of the unspeakable remedies that have been applied by ignorant farriers and grooms, such as the forcing of ground glass into the animal's eye; let him think of the horses that have been "whipped sound" in coaches and heavy wagons, — that is, compelled by the lash to travel chiefly on three legs, one being disabled, until the overwrought muscles gave out entirely; let him think of the agonies that have been inflicted by beating and spurring, of the heavy loads that a vast army of painfully lame, of diseased, and even of dying horses have been forced to draw. Let him take but one glance at the history of the human race in this respect, and one, perhaps, at his own heart, and then declare if it be not true, as was once remarked, "man deserves a hell, were it only for his treatment of horses."

H. C. Merwin.

THE LAST BOWSTRINGS.

THEY had brought in such sheafs of hair,
And flung them all about us there
In the loud noonday's heat and glare :
Gold tresses, far too fine to wind,
And brown, with copper curls entwined,
And black coils, black as all my mind.

In the low, stifling armory,
Whence we could hear, but might not flee,
The roar of that engirdling sea,
Whose waves were helmet-crests of foes,
Winding the cords we sat, in rows,
Beside a mound of stringless bows.

Since the first hill-scouts panted in,
Before siege-fires and battle din
Filled night and day, and filled within
Our hearts and brains with flame and sound,
We had sat, huddled on the ground,
Our tears hot on the cords we wound.

We knew, when the first tidings came,
That not the gods from death or shame
Could save us, fighting clothed in flame.
The mid-sea's marshaled waves are few
Beside the warriors, girl with blue,
The gorged hill-passes then let through.

Their spears shook like ripe, standing corn,
Gold lakes that on the plains are born,
And nod to greet the golden morn ;
After these years the earth yet reels,
And after snows and showers feels
The deluge of their chariot wheels.

Against our walls their flood was dammed,
Within which, till each porch was jammed,
Farm-folk and fisher-folk were crammed ;
Heaped stones inside the gates were piled,
While all above us, calm and mild,
In bitter scorn the heavens smiled.

Our men dwelt on the walls and towers,
From over which, for endless hours,
The hissing arrows flew in showers ;
The sling-stones, too, came crashing down,

As though the gods of far renown
Hurled thunderbolts into the town.

Where the hung temples showed their lights
Some women prayed upon the heights;
Some stole about throughout the nights, —
Who bore the warriors food by day, —
Gleaning the arrows as they lay
That they might hurtle back to slay.

And where the rooms were heaped with stores,
Because the stringless bows were scores,
We were shut in with guarded doors;
All day at hurried toil we kept,
And when the darkness on us crept
We lay, each in her place, and slept.

Quick as we worked, we could not make
Strings fast as bowmen came to take
Fresh bows; and oh, the grinding ache
Of hearts and fingers: maid and slave
And princess, we toiled on to save
Home that already was our grave.

Six days we wound the cords with speed;
Naught else from us had any heed,
For bitter was our rage and need.
At last, upon the seventh day,
Into the fury of the fray
They called our very guard away.

No food was brought us. Faint with thirst,
What wonder was it if, at first,
Some wailed that the town gates were burst?
If, later, to the last embraces
Of child or mother, from their places
Some slunk away with ashen faces?

I cursed them through the door unbarred;
I vowed I would not move a yard,
Lest some one man of ours, pressed hard,
Might be left weaponless alone.
Until I died or turned to stone,
I would wind, were the hair mine own.

A sudden shiver shook my frame,
I looked up with my face aflame;
But oh, no tongue has any name
For the despair I saw enthroned
In my love's eyes, all purple-zoned!
I smiled to greet him, and I groaned.

He buckled on a fresh cuirass, —
His own was but a tattered mass
Of gory thongs. I saw him pass
Out of the portal; with good-byes
And blessings filled, and yearning sighs,
For the last time I saw his eyes.

Each moment, all my blood areel,
I felt the thrust of deadly steel
I knew his body soon must feel.
My heart was choked with prayerful speech;
The high deaf gods were out of reach,
My eyes dry as a noonday beach.

More cowards left. Few now remained.
Still at our task we strove and strained
With bleeding hands and iron-brained;
And still my fingers all were fleet,
Though in my temples burned and beat
The murmur of the stunning heat.

There rushed in for fresh arms just then
Some of our allies, — small, dark men;
It slowly dawned upon my ken
That one, who by a spear-heap kneeled,
Fierce-browed and grimy from the field,
Carried my brother's painted shield.

My heart beat in long, tearing throbs;
Sharp torchlights stormed my eyes in mobs,
And my breath came in rasping sobs;
The tears from both my cheeks I wrung;
So wet my hands were that they clung
Slipping along the cord I strung.

Mutely we toiled until my maid,
Her lips tense as the strands she laid,
Grew wan; her deft, quick fingers strayed:
Then she pitched forward with a groan,
And lay, white, motionless and prone.
I wound on hastily, alone.

Harsh and unevenly outside
Shields clanged. Men called, and cursed, and cried;
And when again the latch was tried
My knife lay somewhere on the floor.
Alas! I found it not before
Three armored foemen burst the door.

Edward Lucas White.

JEREMY BELKNAP.

IN an address delivered in 1854 before the New York Historical Society, at the close of its first half century, William Cullen Bryant said that Jeremy Belknap had "the high merit of being the first to make American history attractive." This is a deserved tribute, happily expressed. It furnishes an apt text for the enlargement now to be made upon it. At the recent observance of the completion of a century of its existence by the Massachusetts Historical Society, — the first of the large number of state and other general and local organizations, with like objects, in the United States, — Dr. Belknap was recognized as its founder, its most earnest, efficient, and able associate, its master spirit in counsel and work. To him belongs even a higher distinction, more comprehensive and fruitful in its reach and influence. Nor does even the tribute paid him by Bryant by any means exhaust the merits of Dr. Belknap in the claims which he has among the historians of our country. For he was not only the first among us to make our history attractive; he was also the first to bring to the search and securing and identification of the prime materials of history, and to the judicious use of them, a thoroughly historical taste, full fidelity and impartiality.

There was much in the character and career of Dr. Belknap to make them interesting and instructive. His ancestry, from English stock, was in this colony in 1637. By industry and thrift it had prospered, and was held in good repute. His own progenitors were among the founders of the Old South Church. A street in Boston bears his family name, as does also a ward in the Massachusetts General Hospital, endowed generously by two Belknaps. He was born in Boston in 1744, trained in the town's famous

Latin School, and graduated at Harvard in 1762. In his early boyhood he showed the proclivities which so largely directed his subsequent life. In the tower of the venerable meeting-house which stands on Washington Street is a spacious square apartment, in which was once gathered by the diligent and learned pastor, Thomas Prince, the largest collection and the most valuable that had then been brought together here of books, tracts, records, and manuscripts relating to the history of this country. Before he had entered college, the boy, by the indulgence of his minister, was allowed to browse among these treasures. When, afterwards, at his home in Dover, he heard of the evacuation of Boston by the British army, which had been rioting in the town for a year, and had used the meeting-house as a riding-school, his anxiety was roused about the fate of the precious contents of the tower chamber. What is left of that so-called "New England Library" is now in our Public Library.

The youth's purpose, like that of so many of the scholarly and able graduates of the college at that time, was to become a minister. So he pursued the usual course of teaching school for a maintenance while continuing his studies, helped by the sympathy and advice of those already in the ministry. Interleaved almanacs, commonplace books with extracts from books which he could not purchase, and diligent correspondence give us the method of his life. His happening to serve as a teacher in a New Hampshire town, and his occasional office as a preacher, led to his unanimous call by the church in Dover. He accepted the invitation, and was there ordained early in the year 1767. He tells us that a council, composed of the ministers and delegates of twenty-two

churches, was called together for the ceremonial. It was most unfortunate for Mr. Belknap that his lines fell to him in just those places. The expectation and usage then were that the minister of a parish should retain his office for life, —like a wedded couple, “for better for worse, for richer for poorer.” He found it so much for the worse that eighteen years of such service, with full fidelity and respect from all around him, compelled him to seek a release, as a necessary security against penury. His experiences were simply an aggravation of those of very many of his contemporaries in the ministry, at that particular period, and they offer us an interesting historical episode.

The years of Mr. Belknap's residence in Dover — 1767 to 1786 — covered all the incidents, distractions, and trials preceding the opening of our Revolutionary War, running through it, and following the long unsettled and threatening period of the Confederation till the adoption of the Constitution, and even some time after. Those who could profit by privateering, and those who by grasping and forestalling could avail themselves of opportunities of self-enrichment, were the few who alone escaped the losses and pinches of the time. The country towns of New England were well-nigh exhausted of men and means. Constant drafts upon them for soldiers, with merciless taxation for the army, laid heavy burdens on those least able to bear them. The future would have looked most dark had not the passing years been so gloomy. To go into the forests, to cut a load of wood or to burn a mound of charcoal, teaming the wood or charcoal to a place of marketing, was to very many the only way to secure any real money, while all other traffic was by barter. As to this real money, there was very little of it. As the substitute for it, the epithet *lawful* attached to the terms of a worthless currency only mocked the promise of a steadily depre-

ciating medium, when a bushel measure emptied of corn would scarcely contain the paper certificates crowded in, in payment for it.

There was as steady a demoralization of character and habits among the inhabitants of these towns. It is only when, turning from the summary pages of digested history of that period, we penetrate the privacies of home and the daily experiences of the people, men and women, the aged and children, that we can appreciate the contrast with the general prosperity and comfort before the war. All the previous humdrum order, routine, and simple mechanism of toil and thrift were rudely displaced. The town schools, the pride and glory of New England, were in many districts left to neglect, partly from indifference by absorption of interest in the excitements of the time, and partly from the poverty of the people. The minister of a town stood charged with the chief responsibility in the prosperity and oversight of the public schools, and a good education for his own children was set by him on a level with the training of a good character. One of the most plaintively sad utterances of Dr. Belknap in his correspondence was drawn from him by his poignant regret on this account in the case of his eldest son when he was fourteen years of age. Through the aid of a friend in Philadelphia, the boy had been received as an indentured apprentice by a printer and bookbinder who published the first volume of the History of New Hampshire. The master wrote Dr. Belknap that he was sorely disappointed by his apprentice's lack of the attainments which might reasonably have been expected of him. Belknap admits the fact with deep regret and even self-reproach. The straits and circumstances of his condition had compelled him to use the boy as a farm laborer. It must have cost him pain and mortification that he could not send a son to college, a privilege

which his clerical brethren, however frugal their lot, regarded as a matter of course. A long and noble line, in the past, of men most useful, honored, and distinguished in all the ranges of life has come from country parsonages.

It was in such a community, and one conspicuously marked by the exhaustion and demoralization just noted, that Mr. Belknap found his lot to be cast. He had acceded to it with a purpose of lifelong constancy, for himself, his wife, and the children who should be born to him. The terms of his contract with town and church were, a salary of one hundred pounds *lawful money*, then rated at \$333.33 $\frac{1}{3}$, and, after the usual custom, one hundred and fifty pounds of the same currency for what was called a "settlement," with which to provide a house and furnishings for a start, — a sum wholly insufficient for the purpose. He was settled as colleague with an aged and infirm predecessor, who was still dependent on the parish. In delicate consideration for him, temporarily, as he supposed, Belknap waived his claim for the usual supply of firewood made to ministers. It was not till five years after the decease of the elder that Belknap was moved to renew his claim for wood. He had ground enough, such as it was, for farm and garden, but his pasture was two miles distant. We have to pick from his correspondence those hints and details which reveal the petty and the very grave trials and experiences of his position. He does not yield to any peevish outbursts or any acerbity of complaint on the failure of his parish to pay him his meagre stipend, yet he says he had to face the fact of his real inability to provide the necessities of life. There were a very few persons in his flock who, appreciating his singular excellence of character, his devotion to them, and his abilities, so sympathized with him as to offer to assume the pecuniary obligations of defaulters; but to this he would not consent.

An amusing incident gives us a hint as to the intellectual calibre of the people around him. When proposals were circulated in his neighborhood for subscriptions to the first volume of his *History of New Hampshire*, prices were specified for copies in sheets, in boards, or bound. Some of his parishioners, knowing more about lumber than literature, thought "in boards" meant that payment might be made in that material. The president of Dartmouth College wrote him that possibly a subscriber or two might offer in that neighborhood, if payment would be received in country produce, — say, corn, a pig, or shingles. Mr. Belknap said that there was not a single person within twelve miles of him with whom he could hold intellectual converse. Even in the famous old seaport and court town of Portsmouth, a dozen miles from him, he affirmed that there were not more than twelve or fourteen "readers." He found, however, a most warm-hearted, appreciative friend in the royal Governor Wentworth till his Toryism drove him away in the Revolution, when, as lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, he continued correspondence and intimate relations with Mr. Belknap, to whom he gave many valuable historical papers.

Well might this country parson say of himself that he led at Dover "the life of a cabbage," save that a cabbage needed to be hoed, rather than to hoe, as Belknap did. The chief resource he enjoyed in his condition was in friendly correspondence, extended beyond common details by craving for information and for books. But this correspondence was carried on under great embarrassment. There was no post office in Dover. Letters went to and came from Portsmouth by private hands, and often, when the ferry was impassable and roads were mired or snowbound, they were withheld for long periods. A coaster was sometimes availed of for small parcels. When Belknap was to

send his apprenticed son to Philadelphia, there was long delay for such conveyance, a land journey being out of the question.

The severest trials incident to his experience from the failure of his people to fulfill the terms of their contract with him were concentrated in the last four years of his connection with them. The good man would have wished that all the knowledge which posterity should have of this matter would avail not at all for any personal sympathy for him as a sufferer, but wholly as an historical illustration of what might be and what was the experience of other country ministers like himself, in hard places and hard circumstances. So he wrote out, in his excellent chirography, a detailed and authenticated statement of the unjust and harassing treatment which he received when he urged upon his people his necessitous condition, and the iniquity of their action, or lack of action, to right the wrong. We have to remind ourselves that the minister of a town was the only one of its inhabitants or citizens, whatever their office or occupation, to whom was assured by written contract a stipulated annual salary. This was apportioned and collected as a part of the general tax covering all town charges, for highways, for the poor, for schools, and other matters. All the inhabitants were held, *pro rata*, taxable for the ministry in the old parish church, unless, as the phrase was, "they signed off" by proving that they contributed towards the support of some other place of worship. Belknap affirms that his parish were really able to meet their obligations to him. He writes: "Was it owing to their poverty or sufferings in the cause of the country, I could not only bear it patiently, but should think it my duty to partake of their sufferings to the utmost possible degree; but the truth is, they have been growing rich on the spoils of their country. There are, at this day, hundreds of bushels of

bread corn withheld for a price. It is with difficulty I can get a supply. I am actually obliged to plant my own bread corn this year, and expect to handle the hoe as a common laborer, as my wife is forced to do the wheel." From his narrative which, after a hundred years, is now printed in full as an historical document by the Massachusetts Historical Society, in its third volume of the Belknap Papers, and which we can only summarize here, one may learn how through a tedious series of parish meetings, with provoking and evasive delays, procrastinations, adjournments, references to committees, and results in nothing, the patient petitioner and remonstrant was trifled with. One signally impressive lesson may be drawn from it, and that is of the serene and magnanimous spirit preserved by Mr. Belknap through the whole controversy. No sign of acerbity, no token of an unkind or unchristian resentment, no reproachful expression, but only, and most touching, a tender, elevated, and self-respectful bearing, considerate and dignified, marks all his utterances.

He was compelled to ask, and, against the remonstrance and opposition of his people, to insist upon, a release from his contract with them. This was effected by the regular usage of the time. And, as if in charming illustration of the new assurance of their respect and love for him drawn out by his own bearing in the contention, no sooner was his release ratified than he was earnestly urged to enter upon a new contract with his people. He was too sagacious, however, for that. In conducting his part in the correspondence with such delicacy he avoided giving his society "a bad name."

It was under these anxious and oppressive experiences that Mr. Belknap planned and wrote, and in 1784 published, the first volume of his History of New Hampshire. It involved a vast deal of labor in collecting and consulting

original documents, and in wide correspondence. Time, toil, and patience must have been given to it. He informs a correspondent that "the rascally sheet of paper" on which he was writing cost him "three dollars a quire;" meaning, of course, the currency of the time, for that in honest coin was then the price of a ream in Philadelphia, where it was made. Now it is observable that, during the controversy with his people, not only not one single word of complaint or censure is cast upon him for personal or ministerial failings, or for any qualification of the highest standard of exemplariness and fidelity, but no murmur is uttered because he had given so much time and pains to historical work. It would have been contrary to all the usage and traditions of the New England ministry for a people to have censured their minister on that score. Belknap would have been sure to write the history of any State in which he might happen to have his home, for the instinct and aptitude were in him, like an appetite and digesting and assimilating functions. And not only that; it was not exacted as the standard of duty and fidelity for New England clergymen in the olden time, nor is it in these modern days, that a minister's whole time and thought should be absorbed exclusively in his pulpit and pastoral work. In such absorption his mind and spirit would become rusty, unwholesome, working with tiresome inefficiency in the ruts of a secluded routine. It was expected that he should be a reader, a thinker, and a scholar, exercising and airing his mind, seeking fresh light and truth, and leaving some increment after him for posterity. It was thus that ministers were to get free of limitations and formalities. So it was that nearly everything written for record or print in our early times, in the shape of history or as material for it, was by ministers. The case was an exceptional one in which a minister did not

leave behind him something that was or would help for history, if it were only a diary, an interleaved almanac, or a church record.

Most of the historical works in this as in all other countries have been produced by men who, while at work upon them, have won their subsistence in other callings. It is pleasant to take note of this, as showing a better than mercenary impulse in such writers. The period connected with and immediately following upon our Revolutionary War was marked by a most quickened activity of the intellect of the people. The famous Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, wrote that activity of intellect had increased twenty fold, and acquired knowledge a hundred fold, between the opening of the war and the close of the century. There never was a civilized community on the globe more fully or richly furnished with the materials, actors, events, and records of history, from its origin all through its course, than New England.

Dr. Belknap enjoyed for twenty years, covering the whole period of his historical work, the warmest and most intimate friendship, the continued correspondence, the sympathy and most efficient aid and coöperation of Ebenezer Hazard. The larger part of this correspondence, on both sides, has been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in the first two volumes of the Belknap Papers. Though many of the letters are fragmentary, they yet afford a mine of curious and valuable information about the quickened intellectual activity and fresh literary enterprise of our country.

Mr. Hazard came from an honored family stock in Pennsylvania, dating from 1636. He was born in the same year as Belknap, and they graduated in the same class, 1762, from Princeton and Harvard respectively. Hazard entered into business as publisher and bookseller, showing zeal as a collector of books and records. He was appointed

in 1775, by the Committee of Safety, postmaster at New York and for the eastern district. He was confirmed in office by the Continental Congress. When the Americans evacuated New York, he was transferred to Dobbs Ferry. As surveyor of post roads and offices in 1777, he often traveled the whole route between Georgia and New Hampshire. In 1782 he was appointed postmaster-general of the United States, succeeding Bache and Dr. Franklin. He filled his office through the period of the Confederacy, and was displaced, to his great disappointment, by the first Congress under the Constitution, by the complaints of malcontents. Returning to a business life in books and insurance in Philadelphia, engaged in all that would advance science and culture, and in the preparation of his valuable Historical Collections, he was just the person, and in just the situation, to be the most valued and efficient friend of Belknap. The correspondence was begun, as preserved, in 1779, when Hazard, on an official visit to Portsmouth, had made the acquaintance of Belknap at Dover. It is pleasant to note that in the extreme impecuniosity of the latter his correspondence enjoyed the franking privilege. The friends were of thoroughly congenial tastes and pursuits, equally conscientious in their regard for accuracy and thorough research, devoted in service to each other, knit in family interests, and mutually helpful in seeking out and lending to each other desirable books and documents. Both were men of a rich and overflowing humor, indulging in jokes and anecdotes. It must be admitted that Belknap, though ever courteous, apologetic, and grateful, did tax rather heavily the good will of Hazard in commissions and services. But it is to be added, as a token of the scrupulosity of each in their need and practice of economy, that the most rigid reckoning and acknowledgments were kept between them in matters of shillings and

pence. Neither would be under the most trifling pecuniary obligation to the other. All the bargaining and arranging for the printing and publication of Belknap's first volume in Philadelphia were made, through correspondence, by Hazard. Perplexing and even vexatious the negotiations must sometimes have been. All the money, and that real and ready money, had to be furnished by Belknap, in his utmost straits. Proposals and subscription papers, left with friends to procure subscribers, to be called in when there were but few names upon them, — a few paying a trifle in advance, — passed in a lively way between the two.

We have quoted what Bryant said of Belknap's History. As completed in its three volumes, having taken the place assigned to it on library shelves, M. de Tocqueville wrote of it: "The History of New Hampshire, by Jeremy Belknap, is a work held in merited estimation. The author gives extremely precious details concerning the political and religious principles of the Puritans; on the causes of their emigration and their laws. The reader of Belknap will find more general ideas and more strength of thought than are to be met with in other American historians, even to the present day." This encomium from an honored source is but a specimen of the many tributes of hearty and respectful homage which have been rendered to Dr. Belknap as an historian. These, and the reading of his works by any one of a discriminating mind, whose acquaintance with our historical literature from the earliest times qualifies him to pronounce an intelligent opinion on the subject, will warrant the assertion that Dr. Belknap holds a place of preëminence when he is measured by those who preceded him, and that his claim for distinction is not lessened by a comparison with those who have followed him. By the composition and harmony of his mental qualities; by his love of research,

and his patience and thoroughness in pursuing it; by his intelligent apprehension of the sources from which original and authentic information was to be obtained, and his application in person and by wide correspondence to those who had important documents in their keeping; by his very guarded confidence in tradition, and his rigid conscientiousness, fidelity, and impartiality, he assured for his historic pages the true value and charm of fairness and authority. Midway in the preparation of the three volumes he received from John Adams a critical and instructive letter, containing these pregnant passages: "My experience has very much diminished my faith in the veracity of history: it has convinced me that many of the most important facts are concealed; some of the most important characters but imperfectly known; many false facts imposed on historians and the world; and many empty characters displayed in great pomp. All this, I am sure, will happen in our American history." All this has happened abundantly, in American and all other history. But Belknap stands as free as any of his fellow-historians from the burden of such charges. Belknap was not the first to write a history of our colonies, provinces, or States. William Stith had published a history of Virginia in 1747. Chief Justice Smith had published an excellent history of New York in 1757. That grotesque fabulist Samuel A. Peters, the Tory parson of Hebron, Conn., had indulged his fun and malice in *A General History of Connecticut*, in 1781, in which he printed the famous Blue Laws which he concocted. Always with full and hearty appreciation of their great merits should the volumes of the laborious and faithful Governor Hutchinson, in his *History and Collection of Papers*, be valued and honored in Massachusetts. Belknap held him in high regard; perhaps he found in him a prompter to his own work.

It must have been quite early in his more than twenty years' residence in New Hampshire that Belknap's interest was engaged in his subject. He tells us that, some old manuscripts coming to his hands, — we may be sure that they did not come of their own accord, — he began to use and study them in the exercise of what he called his "hobby-horse." Friends prompted and helped him to continue his interest. He soon sought and obtained access to the public records both of New Hampshire and of Massachusetts. To seek for and wisely use information and private papers in the repositories of individuals, leading characters and their families, was his next resource, and all proved serviceable to him. He was a shrewd and sagacious winnow and sifter of these papers, and he set a mark of interrogation after all traditions. His first volume was devoted to the history of his State for its first century. It led him through a succession of controversies and strifes about proprietary and administrative governments, complications with the often arbitrary interference of Massachusetts, and harassing Indian raids and wars. He rejoiced when at last he reached the settlement of the protracted "Masonian controversy." So much of passion and rancor mingled in it that all his judicial fairness was required to make him only its historian.

A word should here be said of the strong, simple, and direct style of English which Belknap wrote. It had been formed on the best models of the sterling English literature, which with a fair classical culture made up the highly creditable scholarship which he possessed. A pleasing illustration of this may be noted. He may have been the first of our writers — many of whom have since been challenged by English critics — to be charged with using words and phrases of the good mother tongue which our fathers brought with them from across the seas, but which, having

fallen into disuse "at home," have been pronounced corruptions or inventions in America. In a paper descriptive of his visit of exploration with some scientific friends to the White Hills, sent for publication by the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, he had used the word *freshet*. A London review, quoting the paper, said, "We are not acquainted with this word." A correspondent of the review suggested that it might have been an error of the press for *fresh*, which would have made nonsense. Belknap replied, "Our forefathers brought the word from England," citing high authority in Milton —

"All fish from sea or shore,

Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin" —
(*Paradise Regained*, ii. 345)

and other old writers. Well might Belknap say, "If some of the words which our fathers brought from Britain, and which were in vogue a century ago, be there lost or forgotten, it is no reason that they should be disused here, especially when they convey a definite sense." It was not wholly in humor that Edward Everett affirmed at a London dinner party that better English was spoken and written in New than in Old England.

Satisfaction at the conclusion of this part of his task, and the warm appreciation of a few readers and friends, among them Washington, had to serve with Belknap as an offset to the balance against him of the expense of publishing his first volume. Though it appeared in a second edition, he was never fully remunerated by its sale. The wonder is that it came safely through the struggling and bargaining, the risks of a poor mail, and the transmission of copy and proofs by the hands of ignorant skippers of coasters, to a publication by Aitken in Philadelphia, the paper for it having been made there. The effort to work it off, the pleadings for subscribers, the lingering of copies in the hands of friends, and the payments

sent in small dribblets, long delayed, to the publisher tasked the patient persevering agency of Hazard.

After the harassing experiences and pecuniary sacrifices through which Belknap got his release from Dover, new anxieties beset him. Various propositions were made to him. He might have found another country parish. He was then forty-two years of age, with a wife and several children. It was suggested that he open a school for advanced instruction in Boston, where were his kindred and friends, and where some faint signs of a returning prosperity began to appear. That was the period when here and in Philadelphia began the tentative enterprises in what has since become so multiiform and fruitful through our whole country, — the production of magazine literature, in all the specialties of science, politics, economy, socialism, history, and belles-lettres. The beginning was feeble, though from the first promise was given of strength in its development. Many offers were made to Belknap to secure his coöperation as editor or contributor by those who were planning such magazines in Philadelphia. Doubtless, if he had not retained a strong attachment for the ministry and a residence in Boston, he might, by removal to Philadelphia, have met there much success in such forms of literature. The project of an Annual Register was entertained. As it was, besides other contributions to magazines, he published in 1787-88, in successive numbers of *The Columbian*, portions of a humorous work which, afterwards completed and issued in Boston under the title of *The Foresters*, in 1792, and reaching a second edition, had considerable popularity. He at first sought the concealment of his name as its author; and for some time his friends were puzzled about it. It professed to be a "Sequel to [Arbutnot's] the History of John Bull." The American States are personified in the pages of the work under characteristic names,

easily identified, and the causes and methods of the Revolution are vividly presented in it. It has throughout many quaint, shrewd, humorous, and satirical touches. Bryant, in the address already quoted, referring to the pleasure with which he had read it as a youth, calls it "a work which sought to embellish our history with the charms of wit and humor." It found great favor with boys in country homes.

Early in 1787, Mr. Belknap, by an invitation from the church and society, became pastor of a congregation worshipping in a meeting-house in Federal Street, Boston. This society was afterwards ministered to by Dr. William Ellery Channing. It was small and feeble when Belknap first served it. The frugal salary offered him would be promptly paid, and there was a promise, which was kept, of increase as the society strengthened. Belknap for a while received at his home a few pupils for advanced education, but he could soon dispense with this aid to his resources, as, under his faithful, able, and well-appreciated labors, his high qualities of character, and his earnest interest in every measure for the improvement of the town in education and benevolence, his society soon became a strong one, embracing some of the foremost citizens. He was, by virtue of his clerical position, an Overseer of Harvard College, and in 1792 received from it a doctorate in divinity. This honor he was disposed, in his modesty, to decline, but was induced to accept. He certainly had the countenance of brethren bearing it not so fitly as himself. He took a high position among those brethren for his wisdom, learning, and strength of judgment. Boston had always been a pleasant abiding-place for men of fidelity and solid worth in the ministry, living in harmony and friendliness together. Their respective more prosperous parishioners vied with each other in kindly private gifts to them of comforts and luxuries,

to help out their slender stipends. There was not one among them but had in his cellar some choice and pure liquors, for discreet and comfortable use; coming with the compliments of some thrifty importer.

Now that Boston, with the floods of Irish immigrants which have poured into it in the last half century, followed by their priests, presents its numerous and stately Roman Catholic churches, it is curious to recall allusions in the Belknap Papers to the first strange sight of a priest in the old Puritan town. While Belknap lived in Dover, his busy correspondent, John Eliot, wrote to him from Boston, in 1782, of the number of Frenchmen in the town, and his wish that he might be rid of them, though their fleet in the harbor had been of such service in our cause. He tells him, as of a rare curiosity, of "a monk of the order of St. Francis in town, a young fellow of sense, taste, and liberality of sentiment in religious opinions as well as other matters, who speaks in raptures of the Bostonian misses. 'The women,' he says, 'are sensible, virtuous, discreet, constant; they are faithful in their friendships and matrimonial connections, etc., as the French women are not.' The French abbé comes to meeting often, and I have been to hear mass on board his ship. We discourse together about our persuasions, when he delivers such sentiments as these: 'I love a good Protestant as well as a good Papist. The disciple of Christ cannot be of a persecuting spirit, and every good member of the Church of Rome must condemn the Inquisition.' In public he appears with great dignity and devotion, and is a very fine-looking man. In private he is the merry, sociable, facetious companion, dresses like one of us, and is fond of associating with the clergy of the town. I suspect whether he ever means to return to his convent." Another reference to a Roman Catholic priest in Boston shows matters a

little more mixed. There was here in 1789 the Abbé Claude de la Poterie. He was soliciting help for a chapel from the Protestants of Boston. Belknap says he came to his lecture on an evening, "dressed in his *toga*, but I have never had any conversation with him, nor have I ever attended any of his exhibitions." Belknap had entered in his interleaved almanac for October, 1788, the following: "The first Sabbath in this month, a popish chapel was opened in this town: the old French Protestant meeting-house in School Street. A clergyman who was dismissed from the French fleet in disgrace officiates." Belknap says that Poterie, by begging, collected sixty dollars for repairing the chapel, buying candles, etc., but that his clerk decamped with the money. In 1790 this chapel was in charge of the Abbé John Thayer, a young man who, having preached as a Congregationalist, had been converted abroad and trained for the priesthood. Belknap, in a letter to Hazard, December, 1790, gives the following narration: "We have had an exhibition in this town of a singular nature. A Monsieur L'Arève, from Guadaloupe, died here, about a month ago. At the time of his death, Mr. Rouselet, the French priest, was absent on a visit to the Indians of Penobscot, and the French here do not approve of Abbé Thayer, so they got Dr. Parker to read the *Protestant Church* service at his funeral. When Rouselet came home, he persuaded the widow to let him perform a *requiem*, after the Roman model. For this purpose they obtained leave of Dr. Parker and his vestry to use his church. Accordingly, last Thursday, Trinity Church was decorated with the insignia of popish *idolatry*, in the chancel, directly under the second commandment; and after the mass was said a sermon followed, the whole composing as complete a farce as can well be conceived." Belknap speaks of strifes between the few Roman Catholics then in

Boston. He says "the French and Irish Papists cannot meet in the same place without quarreling. Once the peace officers were called in to prevent them from coming to blows."

As was said above, Belknap's historic instincts and tastes were such that, in whatever State of the Union he might have had an abiding-place, he would have been sure to concern himself with its past and its annals; it was quite as natural for him, as a citizen of Boston, to prompt and guide the measures for forming the Massachusetts Historical Society, when as yet there was no kindred institution in the country. He could not have done this while living in Dover. He needed the sympathy and coöperation of men, even if but few in number, — and perhaps under the immediate circumstances few were better than many, — of similar tastes, of cultivated and appreciative minds, and with strong local attachments, to engage with him in the object. These he found in the four, soon increased to nine, associates whose names appear with his as the original founders; he himself from the first and always being regarded as the *primus*, the master spirit and guide, cheerfully followed. These associates were ready at his call, and they were in, training, with mental furnishings and material resources. Having passed through the anxieties and sacrifices of the Revolution with the ardent spirit of patriotism, and with full knowledge of and attachment to their ancestral past, they believed that history had been in the making here, and they would have it recorded. Those who are familiar with the contents of the shelves and cabinets of the society are aware that many of them which have the highest value for their purposes were the deposit of its earliest years. As tributes and offerings are brought to a shrine, so, as the records of the society show, the few members never came empty-handed to its meetings; they drew from their own private and

ancestral stores, and they were wise solicitors from the stores of others. Massachusetts and New York took steps nearly at the same time to form an historical society; but circumstances deferred for a few years the result in the latter State. Belknap mentions having received in Boston, in 1789, a visit, which he had much enjoyed, from Mr. John Pintard, a business man in New York, intelligent, earnest, and generous, but, as it afterwards proved, somewhat lacking in balance and judgment. His visit was followed by correspondence and kind offices between the friends. Pintard was interested in the formation of an American Museum in New York, in connection with a society started there in 1789 as the St. Tammany Society, at first having as a cognomen the title of an Indian sachem, but for unknown reasons canonizing the savage. The saintly title has wisely been dropped, as, by a singular train of circumstances, the original purpose contemplated by Pintard, in his interviews with Belknap, of an antiquarian society, with interests of civil and natural history, has been turned to the service of political and social democracy. In this capacity and as a club, Tammany has done but little in the service of history, except to provide material for discreditable annals.

Belknap's first intention, like that of Mr. Pintard, — who was soon whelmed in mercantile misfortunes, — was to found an "antiquarian" society, but he was not long in defining for it specific historical purposes. He was himself an honorary member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, founded before the war, largely for scientific objects, and had made communications to it. On coming to Boston he had been chosen a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, instituted in 1780. By a provision in its charter, this academy might have been regarded as superseding the functions of a special historical society, for it recog-

nized history, natural and civil, among its objects, and has always had a class and section of its members under that designation. But Belknap had formed in his mind a very distinct, even if limited idea of the purposes of his new association. It is true that he admitted subjects of natural history as within its range, and that the society welcomed contributions and specimens in that department. Older members of the society will remember certain objects of a musty and unfragrant odor — some may even still linger in recesses — which were of that sort. But the Boston Society of Natural History, now so prosperous and effective, has become the better repository for them. In Dr. Belknap's researches for materials for his own History he had come to the saddening knowledge of the perishing, by dispersion, fire, and neglect, not only of single papers, but of collections of books and documents of the best character and of supreme importance. The multiplication of copies of such papers by the press, in those frugal times, had to be indefinitely deferred; but he urged that, as rapidly as possible, a copy of each of them should be taken by the pen and preserved. It was at a most interesting period that he and his associates began their earnest enterprise. The close of the war had relieved the States of what they had denounced as despotism, but the years that immediately followed, under the weak Confederation, with rival and antagonistic aims and confusion, threatened to result in anarchy. The new constitutional government under Washington gave promise of peace and security.

It is observable that it seems never to have been thought or proposed to put Belknap at the official head of the society. Most probably he selected for himself the office of corresponding secretary. He would have been such, in fact, under any circumstances, for he knew where to address his appeals and

what to ask for. Ever since the society was formed, its most laborious and efficient work has been done by its secretaries and librarians. Belknap addressed his intelligent and earnest circulars to persons almost at the ends of the earth; and throughout the century of its existence the publications of the society have drawn from sources directly or indirectly furnished from his diligent and valuable stores. Very soon after the society was formed, he delivered, at its request, a commemorative address, in 1792, on the discovery of America by Columbus, a piece of able and thorough work. No one who is to stand as preacher or orator on the coming completion of another century will do wisely if he fails to read that address.

It is easy to trace in the early activity of the society, and in other wise exercises of his intelligent and large mind, the influence of Dr. Belknap in this community. His correspondence gives us many lively indications of the workings of individualism in opinion, and of a general loosening of old rigidity and austerity of creed and usage among his clerical associates. Questions of the wise use of the Bible in public schools, of the daily distribution of rum to farm and other laborers, of the iniquities of slaveholding, of the formation of town libraries, and like matters present themselves. Mr. Murray had come to preach in Boston the doctrine of universal salvation. The ministers, not prepared for that, entered into a vigorous discussion, suggesting relief by a theory of the annihilation of the impenitent. A margin was even then left for the extension of mercy, as advocated in our day, through the possibility of penitence after death. Dr. Belknap maintained a singularly perfect poise in his moderation of spirit, soundness of judgment, and comprehensive charity.

That sturdy clerical Tory, Dr. Mather Byles, minister of Hollis Street Church, scholar, poet, and wit, correspondent of

Pope and Swift, was an uncle of Belknap's mother. Dismissed from his parish in 1776 for outspoken contempt of the patriot cause, he was denounced at town meeting, and sentenced to a guardship and exile, but respited. Under military guard in his own house, he once relieved the sentinel, and, taking his musket, marched with it before his own door. Left to neglect after the peace, he died in 1788, at the age of eighty-two, a humorist of a rollicking sort to the last. His two spinster daughters, living to a great age, continued to keep the king's birthday and to drink his health. Belknap, in frequent visits to his quaint kinsman, drew from him amusement, at least, if not also wisdom. He gives this partial inventory of the rubbish found in Dr. Byles' repositories after his death: "Five or six dozen pairs of spectacles, of all powers and all fashions; above twenty walking-sticks, of different sizes and contrivances; about a dozen jest-books; several packs of cards, new and clean; a quantity of whetstones, hones, etc., — as much as a man could carry in a bushel-basket; a large number of weights for shops, money-scales, etc.; a large collection of pictures, from Hogarth's celebrated prints down to the corners of newspapers and pieces of linen; a large parcel of coins, from Tiberius Cæsar to Massachusetts cents; a parcel of children's toys, among which two bags of marbles; a quantity of Tom Thumb books and puerile histories; about a dozen bird-cages and rat-traps; a set of gardeners' and ditto of carpenters' tools; a parcel of speaking-trumpets and hearing-tubes, etc., etc., etc., etc." Dr. Byles said "he had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded."

The second volume of the *History of New Hampshire* was published in 1791. The author had less of annoyance and labor in carrying this through the press, as he had Boston publishers. It contains an excellent map of New Hampshire. The volume covers a period of

seventy-five years, 1715-1790. It begins with a correction of errors in George Chalmers' *Political Annals*, and deals very largely with distracting times, animosities, controversies, and political struggles; the separation from the mother country; the formation of the state constitution; the matter of a depreciated currency; the contentions about the territory which is now Vermont, and the method by which it was brought into the Union. Having to thread his way as a dispassionate and impartial historian through matters and strifes the fire of which had by no means cooled while he was writing, Dr. Belknap won commendation and esteem from all parties for his moderation, candor, and judicial spirit.

The third volume of the *History*, published in Boston in 1792, was printed by his son Joseph and partner Young. It is devoted to valuable and interesting matter, such as a geographical description of the State; its natural history, productions, improvements, society, manners, laws, and government. Statistics that were trustworthy were then obtained with great difficulty. Belknap spent much labor on such as he gives, and in securing them, besides his own researches, he put to service intelligent and friendly helpers through a wide correspondence. At that time pioneer works of this sort had none of the labor-saving aids which so abound now. The volume contains a list of subscribers to the work, numbering four hundred and seventy sets. The names of Washington and John Adams head the roll, followed by those of Senators of the United States and men of the highest distinction in various walks of life. Of course New Hampshire and Massachusetts contribute the most; Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and South Carolina furnish patrons; and sixteen sets go to the loyalist exiles of Nova Scotia.

Dr. Belknap's correspondence affords

many, and some very lively, allusions to his contemporary workers in various literary enterprises: such as the historians Ramsay and Gordon; Dr. Rush, the philanthropist; Dr. Morse, the thriftiest of all as a geographer; Bartram, the naturalist; and Noah Webster, who appears in the character which is now called a crank, and as the butt of much railery between Belknap and Hazard. Our historian had to find his chief and most substantial reward in the warm regard and appreciation of the foremost men of his time, like John Quincy Adams. He had given twenty-two years of his life — bounded within fifty-four years — to his historical work, which in its results was not remunerative. But for kind personal friends he would have been a pecuniary debtor. The legislature of New Hampshire made him a grant of fifty pounds.

After the publication of the completed work, the editor of a weekly newspaper in Keene, N. H., proposed, as an inducement to subscribers, to reprint the history by sections in his columns. Belknap, when his subscription to the paper was solicited, replied that he was himself peculiarly interested in the project, and offered to send to the editor for publication the certificate of the clerk of a federal court securing to himself the copyright. This good-humored turn stopped the trespass.

An admirable characteristic of Belknap's was his independence and stout individualism. His friend Hazard, after the release from Dover, had proposed to Belknap, in his forlorn condition, that he should obtain the pastorate of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. In reply, Belknap inquired if any creed formula was imposed, and was of course informed of the requisition of assent to the Westminster standards. In further reply, Belknap said he would give no such assent; that he had never committed himself to any expression of belief, except to a form he had himself drawn

up at his entrance on the ministry, and that he could not accept that now.

Soon after Belknap entered upon the labors preparatory to writing the History of New Hampshire, he conceived a purpose of composing a series of biographies "of those persons who have been distinguished in America." He announced his purpose and scheme in his correspondence with Hazard in 1779. His plan was extensive and comprehensive, including adventurers (or, as we should say, navigators and explorers), statesmen, philosophers, divines, authors, warriors, and other remarkable characters, with a recital of the events connected with their lives and actions. Indeed, his view of the inclusiveness of the scheme, of the number of the subjects to be admitted to the list, and of the extent of the sphere in which men had distinguished themselves was so generous and exacting that he had no intent of undertaking the work as its sole author. He sought for and expected the coöperation of friendly laborers. He even anticipated the modern usage in editorial rooms, by which biographical sketches of living persons are prepared in advance and disposed in pigeon-holes, awaiting their use in obituaries. He tells Hazard that there are, among their contemporaries, those who will be fit subjects for memoirs when they shall have passed away, and about whom it will be easy to obtain from themselves authentic information which might perish with them. Belknap has had a long succession of followers in this biographical work, of which he was every way worthy and competent to be an exemplary leader. Had he lived to carry on his labors beyond the two volumes, — the first of which was published in Boston in 1794, and the second, in press when he died, in 1798, — he would doubtless have had joint contributors. The reader of these volumes will be impressed by the evidence they afford both of the extensive learning of their writer, and of the num-

ber and rarity of the works which he used as authorities. His quotations and citations from classical and other writers in the marginal notes show how faithfully his text was wrought. He adopts a chronological order for his subjects. The first volume has a preliminary dissertation giving a condensed sketch of the history of maritime adventure, beginning with that of the Phœnicians and ending with the voyages of Columbus. This is followed by a table, in chronological detail, of adventures and discoveries by Europeans, from the Northman Biron (or Biorn), the supposed discoverer of Newfoundland, in 1001, to the establishment of the Council of Plymouth by James I. Biron, Madoc, Zeno, Columbus, Cabot, Cartier, De Soto, Gilbert, Raleigh and Grenville, De Fuca, Gosnold, John Smith, De Monts, Champlain, Gorges, and Hudson make up the starry list in the first volume. The second is devoted to the earliest historic names connected with Virginia, New England, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. Had Belknap been privileged to continue his work, either with or without the assistance of others, it would have been chronologically easier than was the dealing with the subjects of six hundred years of shadowy history. His two volumes appeared in a new edition from the press of the Harpers in 1842. Only from documents that had come to light since Belknap's day were materials to be drawn for trifling variations from his text.

It is to be remembered that the historical and biographical labors of which we have given this brief sketch were accomplished by one held to a round of varied and exacting professional duties, which he magnified rather than slighted. The personal esteem in which the writer was held, first by his own people, then by his most intimate associates, and at last by the whole community, — an observant and critical one, — was emphasized in the tributes paid on his decease,

and renewed whenever his name is recalled in the line of "the works that follow" him. He was never favored with robust health, and was often an invalid. He indulged himself in rhythmical ut-

terances. Among his papers was found one of these, in which he craved a swift and easy relief from life, without pain or delay. This was granted him, by apoplexy, June 20, 1798.

George Edward Ellis.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXIX.

FANTASY ?

WE reached Captain Jabe's house a little after nightfall, and received a hearty welcome and a good supper from his wife. Walkirk and I slept on board the floating grocery, as also did Abner; that is to say, if he slept at all, for he and the captain were busy at the house when we retired. The quilting party, we were informed, was expected to be a grand affair, provided, of course, there were no signs of rain; for country people are not expected to venture out for pleasure in rainy weather.

Captain Jabe's house, as we saw it the next morning, was a good-sized waterside farmhouse, wide-spreading and low-roofed. The place had a sort of amphibious appearance, as if depending for its maintenance equally upon the land and the water. The house stood a little distance back from the narrow beach, and in its front yard a net was hung to dry and to be mended; a small boat, in course of repair, lay upon some rude stocks, while bits of chain, an old anchor, several broken oars, and other nautical accessories were scattered here and there.

At the back of the house, however, there was nothing about the barn, the cow-yard, the chicken-yard, and the haystacks to indicate that Captain Jabe was anything more than a thrifty small-farmer. But, farmer and sailor as he

was, Captain Jabe was none the less a grocer, and I think to this avocation he gave his chief attention.

He took me into a small room by the side of his kitchen, and showed me what he called his "sinkin' fund stock."

"Here, ye see," said he, "is canned fruit and vegetables, smoked and salted meat and fish, cheeses, biscuits, and a lot of other things that will keep. None of these is this year's goods. Some of them have been left over from last year, some from the year before that, and some is still older. Whenever I git a little short, I put a lot of these goods on board and sell 'em with the discount off, — twenty per cent for last year's stock, forty per cent off for the year before that, and so on back. So, ye see, if I have got anythin' on hand that is five years old, I am bound to give it away for nothin', if I stick to my principles. At fust me and my old woman tried eatin' what was left over; but discount is n't no good to her, and she wants the best victuals that is goin'. Did ye ever think, sir, what this world would be without canned victuals?"

I assured him that I never had, but would try to do so if possible.

The day proved to be a very fine one, and early in the afternoon the people invited to the quilting party began to arrive, and by two o'clock the affair was in full swing. The quilting frame was set up in a large chamber at the right of the parlor, the "comfortable" to be quilted was stretched upon it, and

at the four sides sat as many matrons and elderly maidens as could crowd together, each with needle in hand. Long cords rubbed with chalk were snapped upon the surface of the quilt to mark out the lines to be stitched; wax, thread, and scissors were passed from one to another; and every woman began to sew and to talk as fast as she could.

I stood in the doorway and watched this scene with considerable interest, for I had never before seen anything of the kind. The quilting ladies, to every one of whom I had been presented, cordially invited me to enter and take a seat with them; some of the more facetious offering to vacate their places in my favor, and, more than that, to show me how to thread and use a needle. I found from their remarks that it was rather an unusual thing for a man to take an interest in this part of the proceedings at a quilting party.

After a time I went into the parlor, which room was then occupied by the young men and young women. It was ever so much pleasanter out-of-doors than in this somewhat gloomy and decidedly stuffy parlor; but as these people were guests at a quilting party, they knew it was proper to enjoy themselves within the house to which they had been invited.

The young folks were not nearly so lively and animated as their elders in the next room, but they had just begun to play a game which could be played in the house, and in which every one could participate, and as the afternoon wore on they would doubtless become warmed up. Walkirk was making the best of it, and had entered the game; but I declined all invitations to do so.

Before long there was some laughing and a good deal of romping, and I fancied that the girls, some of whom were not at all bad looking, would have been pleased if I had joined in the sport. But this did not suit me; I still was, as I declared myself, a Lover in Check, and

the society of young women was not attractive to me.

I went outside, where a group of elderly men were discussing the tax rates; and after remaining a few minutes with them, I came to the conclusion that the pleasantest thing I could do would be to take a stroll over the country.

I made my way over some rolling meadow land, where three or four of Captain Jabe's cows were carefully selecting the edible portions of the herbage, and, having passed the crest of a rounded hill, I found myself on the edge of a piece of woodland, which seemed to be of considerable extent. This suited my mood exactly, and I was soon following the curves and bends of a rude roadway, in places almost overgrown by vines and bushes, which led me deeper and deeper into the shadowed recesses of the woods. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was still well up, and out in the open the day was warm for an up-and-down-hill stroll; but here in the woods it was cool and quiet, and the air was full of the pleasant summer smells that come from the trees, the leaves, and the very earth of the woods.

It was not long before I came upon a stream of a character that somewhat surprised me. It was not very wide, for at this spot the trees met above it, darkening its waters with their quivering shadows; but it was evidently deep, much deeper than the woodland streams of its size to which I had been accustomed. I would have liked to cross it and continue my walk, but I saw no way of getting over. With a broken branch I sounded the water near the shore, and found it over two feet deep; and as it was no doubt deeper toward the middle, I gave up the idea of reaching the other side. But as I had no particular reason for getting over, especially as I should be obliged to get back again, I contented myself easily with my present situation, and, taking

a seat on the upheaved root of a large tree, I lighted a cigar, and gave myself up to the delights of this charming solitude. I was glad to be away from everybody, even from Walkirk, the companion I had chosen for my summer journey.

There were insects gently buzzing in the soft summer air; on the other side of the stream, in a spot unshadowed by the trees, the water was sparkling in the sunlight, and every little puff of the fitful breeze brought to me the smell of wild grapes, from vines which hung from the trees so low that they almost touched the water. It was very still in these woods. I heard nothing but the gently rustling leaves, the faint buzzing in the air, and an occasional tiny splash made by some small fish skimming near the surface of the stream. When I sat down on the root of the tree, I intended to think, reflect, make plans, determine what I should do next; but I did nothing of the sort. I simply sat and drank in the loveliness of this woodland scene.

The stream curved away from me on either hand, and the short stretch of it which I could see to the left seemed to come out of the very heart of the woods. Suddenly I heard in this direction a faint regular sound in the water, as if some animal were swimming. I could not see anything, but as the sounds grew stronger I knew that it must be approaching. I did not know much of the aquatic animals in this region; perhaps it might be an otter, a muskrat, I knew not what. But, whatever it was, I wanted to see it, and, putting down my cigar, I slipped softly behind the tree at whose foot I had been sitting.

Now the swimming object was in view, coming rapidly toward me down the middle of the stream. There was but little of it above the water, and the shadows were so heavy that I could see nothing but a dark point, with a bright ripple glancing away from it on either side. Nearer and nearer it came into the better lighted portion of the stream. It

was not a small animal. The ripples it made were strong, and ran out in long lines; its strokes were vigorous; the head that I saw grew larger and larger. Steadily it came on; it reached the spot in the clear light of the sun. It was the head of a human swimmer. On the side nearest me, I could see, under the water, the strokes of a dark-clad arm. Above the water was only a face, turned toward me and upward. A mass of long hair swept away from it, its blue eyes gazed dreamily into the treetops; for a moment the sunbeams touched its features. My heart stopped beating,—it was the face of Sylvia.

Another stroke and it had passed into the shadow. The silvery ripples came from it to me, losing themselves against the shore. It passed on and on, away from me. I made one step from behind the tree; then suddenly stopped. On went the head and upturned face, touched once more by a gleam of light, and then it disappeared around a little bluff crowned with a mass of shrubbery and vines. I listened, breathless; the sounds of the strokes died away. All was still again.

For some minutes I stood, bewildered, dazed, doubting whether I had been awake or dreaming. My mind could not grasp what had happened,—even my imagination could not help me. But one thing I knew: whether this had all been real, or whether it had been a dream, I had seen the face of Sylvia. This I knew as I knew I lived.

Slowly I came away, scarcely knowing how I walked or where I emerged from the woods, and crossed the open country to the house of Captain Jabe.

XXX.

A DISCOVERY.

I found the quilting party at supper. I could see them through the open win-

dows of the large living-room, and I heard their chatter and laughing when I was still a considerable distance from the house. With my mind quivering with the emotions excited by what had happened in the woods, it was impossible for me to join a party like this. I walked around the barn and into a little orchard, where, between two gnarled apple-trees, there hung an old hammock, into which I threw myself.

There I lay, piling conjecture and supposition high upon each other; but not at all could I conjecture how it was that the face which I had last seen in my own home, under the gray bonnet of a sister of Martha, should flash upon my vision in this far-away spot, and from the surface of a woodland stream.

It was growing dusky, when I heard a loud whistle, and my name was called. I whistled in return, and in a few moments Walkirk came running to me.

"I was beginning to get frightened," he said. "I have been looking everywhere for you. We have had supper, and the party is breaking up. There is no moon to-night, and the people must start early for their homes."

"Let them all get away," I replied; "and when they are entirely out of sight and hearing let me know, and I'll go in to supper."

"I am afraid," said Walkirk, hesitating, "that they will not like that. You know these country people are very particular about leave-taking, and all that sort of thing."

"I can't help it," I answered. "I don't feel at all like seeing people at present. You can go and bid them good-by in my name."

"As an understudy?" said he, smiling. "Well, if I can tell them you are out of condition and not feeling like yourself, that will make it all right, and will also explain why you kept yourself away all the afternoon." With this he left me, promising to return when the guests had departed. It was a long time

before he came back, and it was then really dark.

"Your supper is awaiting you," he announced, "and I am afraid that Mrs. Jabe is contemplating a hot footbath and some sort of herb tea; and we ought to turn in pretty early to-night, for Captain Jabe has announced that he will sail between four and five o'clock in the morning."

"Walkirk," said I, sitting up in the hammock, "I have no intention of sailing to-morrow. I prefer to stay here for a time; I don't know for how long."

"Stay here!" exclaimed Walkirk. "What on earth can you do here? What possible attraction can this place have?"

"My good Walkirk," I said, rising and walking toward the house, "I am here, and here I want to stay. Reasons are the most awkward things in the world. They seldom fit; let us drop them. Perhaps, if Captain and Mrs. Jabe think I did not treat their company with proper courtesy, they may feel that I am making amends by desiring to stay with them. Any way, I am going to stay."

Captain Jabe and his wife were very much surprised when I announced my intention of remaining at their place for a day or two longer, but, as I had surmised, they were also flattered.

"This is a quiet place," said the captain, "but as ye ain't very well, and seem to like to keep to yerself, I don't see why it should n't suit ye. There's plenty o' good air, and fishin' if ye want it, and we can accommodate ye and give ye plenty to eat. I shall be back to-morrow night, and expect to stay home over Sunday myself."

Walkirk was very much dissatisfied, and made a strong attempt to turn me from my purpose. "If you intend to do anything in regard to Miss Raynor," he said, "I really think you ought to get home as soon as you can. Mother Anastasia is now having everything her own way, you know."

"Walkirk," said I, "you blow hot and cold. If it had not been for you, I should be home this minute; but you dissuaded me from a hot chase after Mother Anastasia, and now my ardor for the chase has cooled, and I am quite inclined to let that sport wait."

Walkirk looked at me inquiringly. It was evident that he did not understand my mood.

The next morning I found myself in a quandary. I had determined to make a long tramp inland, and if necessary to ford or swim streams, and I could not determine whether or not it would be wise to take Walkirk with me. I concluded at last to take him; it would be awkward to leave him behind, and he might be of use. We provided ourselves with fishing rods and tackle and two pairs of wading-boots, as well as with a luncheon basket, well filled by Mrs. Jabe, and started on our expedition. I felt in remarkably good spirits.

I had formed no acceptable hypothesis in regard to what I had seen the day before, but I was going to do something better than that: I was going to find out if what had occurred could possibly be real and actual. If I should be convinced that this was impossible, then I intended to accept the whole affair as a dream which had taken place during an unconscious nap.

When we reached the woodland stream, Walkirk gazed about him with satisfaction. "This looks like sport," he said. "I see no reason why there should not be good fishing in this creek. I did not suppose we should find such pleasant woods and so fine a stream in Captain Jabe's neighborhood."

"You must know," said I, "that I have a talent for exploration and discovery. Had it not been for this stream, I should not have thought of such a thing as allowing Captain Jabe and Abner to sail off by themselves this morning."

"Really," replied Walkirk, "you care

much more for angling than I supposed."

Truly I cared very little for angling, but I had discovered that Walkirk was an indefatigable and patient fisherman. I had intended that he should cross the stream with me, but it now occurred to me that it would be far better to let him stay on this side, while I pursued my researches alone. Accordingly I proposed that he should fish in the part of the stream which I had seen the day before, while I pressed on farther. "In this way," I remarked artfully, "we shall not interfere with each other." Had I supposed that there was the slightest possibility of the appearance on the stream of the apparition of the day before, I should have requested Walkirk to fish from the top of a distant tree. But I had no fears on this score. If what I had seen had been a phantasm, my understudy would have to doze to see it, and I knew he would not do that; and if what I had seen was real, it would not appear this morning, for the water was too low for swimming. The creek, as I now perceived, was affected by the tide, and its depth was very much less than on the preceding afternoon.

I turned to the right, and followed the stream for some distance; now walking by its edge, and now obliged, by masses of undergrowth, to make a detour into the woods. At last I came to a spot where the stream, although wide, appeared shallow. In fact, even in the centre I could see the stones at the bottom. I therefore put on my wading-boots and boldly crossed. The woods here were mostly of pine, free from undergrowth, and with the ground softened to the foot by a thick layer of pine needles.

Now that I was on the other side of the creek, I desired to make my way out of the woods, which could not, I imagined, be very extensive. To discover a real basis for yesterday's vision, I believed that it would be necessary

to reach open country. Leaving the stream behind me, it was not long before I came to a rude pathway; and although this seemed to follow the general direction of the creek, I determined to turn aside from the course I was taking and follow it. After walking for nearly a mile, sometimes seeing the waters of the stream, and sometimes entirely losing sight of them, I found the path making an abrupt turn, and in a few minutes was out of the woods.

The country before me was very much like that about Captain Jabe's residence. There were low rolling hills covered with coarse grass and ragged shrubbery, with here and there a cluster of trees. Not a sign of human habitation was in sight. Reaching the top of a small hill, I saw at my right, and not very far before me, a wide expanse of water. This I concluded must be the bay, although I had not expected to see it in this direction.

I went down the hill toward the shore. "If what I seek is in reality," I said to myself, "it will naturally love to live somewhere near the water." Near the beach I struck a path again, and this I followed, my mind greatly agitated by the thoughts of what I might discover, as well as by the fear that I might discover nothing.

After a walk of perhaps a quarter of an hour I stopped suddenly. I had discovered something. I looked about me, utterly amazed. I was on the little beach which the Sand Lady had assigned to Walkirk and me as a camping ground.

I sat down, vainly endeavoring to comprehend the situation. Out of the mass of wild suppositions and conjectures which crowded themselves into my mind there came but one conviction, and with that I was satisfied: Sylvia was here.

It mattered not that the Sand Lady had said that hers was the only house upon the island; it mattered not that Captain Jabe had said nothing of his

neighbor; in truth, nothing mattered. One sister of the House of Martha had come to this place; why not another? What I had seen in the woods had been no fantasy. Sylvia was here.

XXXI.

TAKING UP UNFINISHED WORK.

My reasons for believing that Sylvia was on this island were circumstantial, it is true, but to me they were entirely conclusive, and the vehement desire of my soul was to hasten to the house and ask to see her. But I did not feel at all sure that this would be the right thing to do. The circumstances of this case were unusual. Sylvia was a sister of a religious house. It was not customary for gentlemen to call upon such sisters, and the lady who was the temporary custodian of this one might resent such an attempt.

It was, however, impossible for me entirely to restrain my impulses, and without knowing exactly what I intended to do I advanced toward the house. Very soon I saw its chimneys above the trees which partly surrounded it. Then, peeping under cover of a thicket, I went still nearer, so that, if there had been any people in the surrounding grounds, I could have seen them; but I saw no one, and I sat down on a log and waited. It shamed me to think that I was secretly watching a house, but despite the shame I continued to sit and watch.

There was the flutter of drapery on a little porch. My heart beat quickly, my eyes were fixed upon the spot; but nothing appeared except a maid who brought out some towels, which she hung on a bush to dry. Then again I watched and watched.

After a time four people came out from the house, two of them carrying colored parasols. I knew them instantly. There was the Middle-Aged Man of

the Sea, and his friend the Shell Man ; and there was the Sand Lady, and my enemy who called herself a Person. They went off toward the little pier. Sylvia was not with them, nor did she join them. They entered their boat and sailed away. They were going fishing, as was their custom. The fact that Sylvia was not with them, and that no one of them had stayed behind to keep her company, caused my heart to fall. In cases like mine, it takes very little to make the heart fall. The thought forced itself into my mind that perhaps, after all, I had seen a vision, and had been building theories on dreams.

Suddenly the shutter of an upper window opened, and I saw Sylvia !

It was truly Sylvia. She was dressed in white, not gray. Her hair was massed upon her head. There was no gray bonnet. She looked up at the sky, then at the trees, and withdrew.

My heart was beating as fast as it pleased. My face was glowing, and shame had been annihilated. I sat and watched. Presently a door opened, and Sylvia came out.

Now I rose to my feet. I must go to her. It might not be honorable to take her at this disadvantage, but there are moments when even honor must wait for a decision upon its case. However, there was no necessity for my going to Sylvia ; she was coming to me.

As she walked directly to the spot where I stood, I saw Sylvia as I had seen her in my day-dreams, — a beautiful girl, dressed as a beautiful girl should dress in summer time. In one hand she carried a portfolio, in the other a little leathern case. As she came nearer, I saw that she was attired exactly as Mother Anastasia had been dressed when I met her here. Nearer she came, but still she did not see me. I was not now concealed, but her eyes seemed fixed upon the path in which she was walking.

When she was within a hundred feet of the thicket through which her path

would lead, I advanced to meet her. I tried to appear cool and composed, but I am afraid my success was slight. As for Sylvia, she stopped abruptly, and dropped her leathern case. I think that at first she did not recognize me, and was on the point of screaming. Suddenly to come upon a man in the midst of these solitudes was indeed startling.

Quickly, however, I made myself known, and her expression of fright changed to one of amazement. I am happy to say that she took the hand I offered her, though she seemed to have no words with which to return my formal greeting. In cases like this, the one who amazes should not impose upon the amazed one the necessity of asking questions, but should begin immediately to explain the situation.

This I did. I told Sylvia how I had been accidentally brought to Captain Jabe's house, how I had strolled off in this direction, and how delighted I was to meet her here. In all this I was careful not to intimate that I had suspected her presence in this region. While speaking, I tried hard to think what I should say when she should remark, "Then you did not know I was here?" But she did not make this remark. She looked at me with a little puzzled wrinkle on her brow, and said, with a smile : —

"It is absolutely wonderful that you should be here, and I should not know it ; and that I should be here, and you should not know it."

Ever since my meeting with Mother Anastasia it had been my purpose, as soon as I could find or make an opportunity, to declare to Sylvia my love for her. Apart from my passionate yearning in this direction, I felt that what I had done and attempted to say when I had parted from my secretary made it obligatory on me, as a man of honor, to say more, the moment I should be able to do so.

Now the opportunity had come ; now

we were alone together, and I was able to pour out before her the burning words which so often, in my hours of reverie, had crowded themselves upon my mind. The fates had favored me as I had had no reason to expect to be favored, but I took no advantage of this situation. I spoke no word of love. I cannot say that Sylvia's demeanor cooled my affection, but I can say that it cooled my desire for instantaneous expression of it. After her first moments of astonishment, her mind seemed entirely occupied with the practical unraveling of the problem of our meeting. I endeavored to make this appear a very commonplace affair. It was quite natural that my companion and I should come together to a region which he had before visited.

"Yes," said she, "I suppose all out-of-the-way things can be made commonplace, if one reasons long enough. As for me, of course it is quite natural that, needing a change from the House of Martha, I should come to my mother's island."

"Your mother!" I stammered.

"Yes," she answered. "Mrs. Raynor, who spends her summers in that house over there, is my mother. Her brother is here, too, and she has some friends with her. Mother Anastasia was away recently on a little jaunt, and when she came back she said that I looked tired and wan, and that I ought to go to my mother's for a fortnight. So I came. That was all simple enough, you see."

Simple enough! Could anything be more extraordinary, more enigmatical? I did not know what to say, what course to pursue; but in the midst of my surprise I had sense enough to see that, until I knew more, the less I said the better. Sylvia did not know that I had visited her mother's island and her mother's house. It is possible that she did not know that Mother Anastasia had been here. I must decide whether or not I would enlighten her on these

points. My disposition was to be perfectly open and frank with her, and to be thus I must enlighten her. But I waited, and in answer to her statement merely told her how glad I was that she had a vacation and such a delightful place to come to. She did not immediately reply, but stood looking past me over the little vale beyond us.

"Well, here I am," she said presently, "and in a very different dress from that in which you used to see me; but for all that, I am still a sister of the House of Martha, and so" —

"So what?" I interrupted.

"I suppose I should go back to the house," she answered.

Now I began to warm up furiously.

"Don't think of it!" I exclaimed.

"Now that I have met you, give me a few moments of your time. Let me see you as you are, free and undisguised, like other women, and not behind bars or in charge of old Sister Sarah."

"Was n't she horrid?" said Sylvia.

"Indeed she was," I replied; "and now cannot you walk a little with me, or shall we sit down somewhere and have a talk?"

She shook her head. "Even if mother and the rest had not gone away in the boat, I could not do that, you know."

If she persisted in her determination to leave me, she should know my love in two minutes. But I tried further persuasion.

"We have spent hours together," I said; "why not let me make you a little visit now?"

Still she gently shook her head, and looked away. Suddenly she turned her face toward me. Her blue eyes sparkled, her lips parted, and there was a flush upon her temples.

"There is one thing I would dearly like," she said, "and I think I could stay for that. Will you finish the story of Tomaso and Lucilla?"

"I shall be overjoyed to do it!" I cried, in a state of exultation. "Come,

let us sit over there in the shade, at the bottom of this hill, and I will tell you all the rest of that story."

Together we went down the little slope.

"You can't imagine," she said, "how I have longed to know how all that turned out. Over and over again I have finished the story for myself, but I never made a good ending to it. It was not a bit like hearing it from you."

I found her a seat on a low stone near the trunk of a tree, and I sat upon the ground near by, while my soul bounded up like a loosened balloon.

"Happy thought!" she exclaimed. "I came out here to write letters, not caring for fishing, especially in boats; how would you like me to write the rest of the story from your dictation?"

Like it! I could scarcely find words to tell her how I should like it.

"Very well, then," said she, opening her portfolio and taking out some sheets of paper. "My inkstand is in that case which you picked up; please give it to me, and let us begin. Now this is a very different affair. I am finishing the work which the House of Martha set me to do, and I assure you that I have been very much dissatisfied because I have been obliged to leave it unfinished. Please begin."

"I cannot remember at this moment," I said, "where we left off."

"I can tell you exactly," she answered, "just as well as if I had the manuscript before me. Tomaso held Lucilla by the hand; the cart was ready in which he was to travel to the seacoast; they were calling him to hurry; and he was trying to look into her face, to see if he should tell her something that was in his heart. You had not yet said what it was that was in his heart. There was a chance, you know, that it might be that he felt it necessary for her good that the match should be broken off."

"How did you arrange this in the

endings you made?" I asked. "Did you break off the match?"

"Don't let us bother about my endings," she said. "I want to know yours."

XXXII.

TOMASO AND LUCILLA.

On this happy morning, sitting in the shade with Sylvia, I should have much preferred to talk to her of herself and of myself than to dictate the story of the Sicilian lovers; but if I would keep her with me I must humor her, at least for a time, and so, as well as I could, I began my story.

The situation was, however, delightful: it was charming to sit and look at Sylvia, her portfolio in her lap, pen in hand, and her blue eyes turned toward me, anxiously waiting for me to speak; it was so enchanting that my mind could with difficulty be kept to the work in hand. But it would not do to keep Sylvia waiting. Her pen began to tap impatiently upon the paper, and I went on. We had written a page or two when she interrupted me.

"It seems to me," she said, "that if Tomaso really starts for Naples it will be a good while before we get to the end of the story. So far as I am concerned, you know, I would like the story just as long as you choose to make it; but we haven't very much time, and it would be a dreadful disappointment to me if I should have to go away before the story is ended."

"Why do you feel in a hurry?" I asked. "If we do not finish this morning, cannot I come to you to-morrow?"

"Oh, no, indeed," she answered. "It's only by the merest chance, you know, that I am writing for you this morning, and I could n't do it again. That would be impossible. In fact, I want to get through before the boat comes back. Not that I should mind

mother, for she knows that I used to write for you, and I could easily explain how I came to be doing it now; and I should not care about uncle or Mr. Heming; but as for Miss Laniston, — that is the lady who is visiting us, — I would not have her see me doing this for anything in the world. She hates the House of Martha, although she used to be one of its friends, and I know that she would like to see me leave the sisterhood. She ridicules us whenever she has a chance, and to see me here would be simply nuts to her."

"Is she a bad-tempered lady?" I asked. "Do you know her very well? Could you trust her in regard to anything important?"

"Oh, I know her well enough," said Sylvia. "She has always been a friend of the family. She is wonderfully well educated, and knows everything, and has never married, and travels all about by herself, and is just as independent as she can be. She has very strong opinions about things, and does n't hesitate to tell you them, no matter whether she thinks you like it or not. I have no doubt she is perfectly trustworthy and honorable, and all that; but if you knew her, I do not think you would like her, and you can easily see why I should n't want her to see me doing this. It would give her a chance for no end of sneers at the work of the sisters."

"Has she never said anything about your acting as my amanuensis?" I asked.

"No, indeed," replied Sylvia. "You may be sure she never heard of that, or she would have made fun enough of it."

It was impossible for me to allow this dear girl to remain longer in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

"Miss Raynor," I said, — how I longed to say "Sylvia"! — "I am ashamed that I have allowed you to remain as long as this under a misunderstanding, but in truth I did not understand the case myself. I did not

know that the lady of this house was your mother, but I have met her, and have been kindly entertained by her. I did not know Miss Laniston's name, but I have also met her, and talked to her about you, and she knows you used to write for me, and I do not like her."

Sylvia answered not a word, but, as she sat and looked at me with wide-open eyes, I told her what had happened since my companion and I had landed at Racket Island. I omitted only my confidences to Mother Anastasia and Miss Laniston.

"Mother Anastasia has been here," repeated Sylvia, "and she never told me! That surpasses all. And mother never mentioned that you had been here, nor did any one." She gazed steadfastly upon the ground, a little pale, and presently she said, "I think I understand it, but it need not be discussed;" and, closing her portfolio, she rose to her feet.

"Sylvia," I exclaimed, springing up and stepping nearer to her, "it must be discussed! Ever since I parted from you at the window of your writing-room I have been yearning to speak to you. I do not understand the actions of your family and friends, but I do know that those actions were on your account and on mine. They knew I loved you. I have not in the least concealed the fact that I loved you, and I hoped, Sylvia, that you knew it."

She stood, her closed portfolio in one hand, her pen in the other, her eyes downcast, and her face grave and quiet. "I cannot say," she answered presently, "that I knew it, although sometimes I thought it was so, but other times I thought it was not so. I was almost sure of it when you took leave of me at the window, and tried to kiss my hand, and were just about to say something which I knew I ought not to stay and hear. It was when thinking about that morning, in fact, — and I thought about it a great deal, — that I became con-

vinced I must act very promptly and earnestly in regard to my future life, and be true to the work I had undertaken to do; and for this reason it was that I solemnly vowed to devote the rest of my life to the House of Martha, to observe all its rules and do its work."

"Sylvia," I gasped, "you cannot keep this vow. When you made it you did not know I loved you. It cannot hold. It must be set aside."

She looked at me for a moment, and then her eyes again fell. "Do not speak in that way," she said; "it is not right. Of course I was not sure that you loved me, but I suspected it, and this was the very reason why I took my vow."

"It is plain, then," I exclaimed bitterly, "that you did not love me; otherwise you would never have done that!"

"Don't you think," said she, "that, considering the sisterhood to which I belong, we have already talked too much about that?"

If she had exhibited the least emotion, I think I should have burst out into supplications that she would take the advice of her Mother Superior; that she would listen to her friends; that she would do anything, in fact, which would cause her to reconsider this step, which condemned me to misery and her to a life for which she was totally unfitted, — a career in her case of such sad misuse of every attribute of mind and body that it wrung my heart to think of it. But she stood so quiet, so determined, and with an air of such gentle firmness that words seemed useless. In truth, they would not come to me. She opened her portfolio.

"I will give you these sheets that I have written," she said; "by right they belong to you. I am sorry the story was interrupted, for I very much want to hear the end of it, and now I never shall."

I caught at a straw. "Sylvia," I cried, "let us sit down and finish the story! We can surely do that. Come,

it is all ready in my mind. I will dictate rapidly."

She shook her head. "Hardly," she answered, "after what has been said. Here are your pages."

I took the pages she handed me, because she had written them.

"Sylvia," I exclaimed, "I shall finish that story, and you shall hear it! This I vow."

"I am going now," she responded. "Good-by."

"Sylvia," I cried, quickly stepping after her as she moved away, "will you not say more than that? Will you not even give me your hand?"

"I will do that," she replied, stopping, "if you will promise not to kiss it."

I took her hand, and held it a few moments without a word. Then she gently withdrew it.

"Good-by again," she said. "I don't want you to forget me; but when you think of me, always think of me as a sister of the House of Martha."

As I stood looking after her, she rapidly walked toward the house, and I groaned while thinking I had not told her that if she ever thought of me she must remember I loved her, and would love her to the end of my life. But in a moment I was glad that I had not said this; after her words to me it would have been unmanly, and, besides, I knew she knew it.

When I lost sight of her in the grove by the house, I turned and picked up the pages of the story of Tomaso and Lueilla, which I had dropped. In doing so I saw her inkstand, with its open case near by it, on the ground by the stone on which she had been sitting. I put the inkstand in its case, closed it, and stood for some minutes holding it and thinking; but I did not carry it away with me as a memento. Drawing down a branch of the tree, I hung the little case securely by its handles to a twig, where it would be in full view of any one walking that way.

Frank R. Stockton.

MODERN TEACHING OF ARITHMETIC.

IN his book *On the Education of an Orator*, Quintilian gives an excellent series of reasons why the pleader should be taught mathematics. His doctrine is that geometry, as he calls it, is, in its two branches of "numbers" and "forms," important for an orator on practical grounds, for example in cases concerning real estate or accounts; and he vividly pictures the embarrassment which the speaker will show if he is awkward at the problems of arithmetic which necessarily come into his oration. Quintilian does not stop here: he admits as a well-known principle that geometry is an admirable training for the reasoning powers; and the experience of later ages has fully confirmed this view.

It will be remembered that the Greeks and Romans had no algebra, and very troublesome systems of arithmetical notation. For both reasons their arithmetic furnishes an admirable mental training of the kind which is still much in favor with old-fashioned teachers,—a training now based upon the use of artificial obstacles. If any one who knows Greek or Latin will take the pains to read the seventh and following books of Euclid, especially the voluminous tenth, he will find ordinary arithmetic treated under difficulties of a kind quite analogous to those which have been artificially produced in our "higher arithmetics." Indeed, it must seem strange to any one who holds certain theories of mathematical teaching to discover that these books have for centuries been neglected in the schools, and replaced by vastly easier methods. For an English Euclid containing them we must look in editions published a century or more ago; and if mere difficulty supplies an excellent basis for mathematical training (as some people seem to think), this neglect of so much of the

immortal author's work appears disrespectful.

Archimedes was the discoverer of an approximation to the quadrature of the circle; the latest editions of this great writer's books show very clearly how much he was hampered by the Greek method of calculation, and how much more he could have done had algebra and the Arabic notation been then invented. We now employ the infinitesimal calculus to gain with great ease the results which he obtained with enormous labor. No one at present thinks of using his method in instruction, although its difficulties are so considerable. After the Middle Ages the Arabic notation was introduced into Europe; and at the revival of learning great mathematicians restored the science and art of numbers to its old place in the schools, and began the scientific investigation of nature with the study of astronomy. These philosophers made it possible for the mariner to find his latitude at sea, and occasionally to guess at his longitude; the ocean was no longer absolutely unknown, and the discovery of America was possible.

Such writers taught arithmetic more as a matter of rules than of reasoning. Very possibly the rules were supplemented, in some cases, by the abstract theories of Euclid; but on the whole the rules prevailed in the schools, and the numerical part of mathematics was a practical subject, taught for the sake of mechanical facility. In England and her colonies this method was long retained, owing in part to the extremely artificial character of the denominations employed in money, weights, and measures, and the steady conservatism of the English people. Even now children in England gain much "mental training" (of the kind due to needless diffi-

culties) from the use of pounds, shillings, and pence. There the method of "Practice, Simple and Compound," which with us has been long forgotten, is still in full vigor.

Our conservative instructors held on to the debased currency in English denominations used in this country much longer and more strenuously than was at all necessary; and I have no doubt that they delayed the final introduction of federal money more than a few years. The worst consequence of the old ways — the teaching by rule rather than by reasoning — has not entirely disappeared. The ordinary books give, it is true, a short course of reasoning preparatory to each rule; but the rules are many, and the reasoning is often so lightly indicated that many teachers lay no great stress upon it, and the children work by the mechanical process. So, at least, it appears when the methods are tested at a later stage of education.

The ideas of the celebrated Pestalozzi were translated into practice by his numerous disciples in all civilized countries. In arithmetic Warren Colburn was the most practical and successful American writer of this century. He emphasized the idea brought forward by Quintilian, that mathematics is especially valuable as means of mental training; and it may be questioned whether, at first, some teachers did not pay too strict attention to this side of the matter. But it soon became the usual practice to combine the two methods: to employ Colburn's *First Lessons* as a textbook for mental arithmetic, and some larger one for written. The consequence in many cases has been the retention of mechanical methods in written arithmetic, which has been sometimes kept quite separate from mental.

Since Colburn's time graded schools have been established far and wide in this country. Their principles have taken up the German method of dividing numbers into so-called "circles," —

1 to 10, 10 to 20, 20 to 100, and so forth; at first without definite uniform boundaries. The circles were, in fact, bounded differently for the various operations. Thus the English New Code of 1888 gives as the work of the First Standard: "Notation and numeration up to 1000. Simple addition and subtraction of numbers of not more than three figures. In addition not more than five lines to be given. The multiplication table to 6 times 12." A distinction is thus made between addition and multiplication. Similar programmes have been made in this country for many cities; but the latest tendency is to the general adoption of Grube's method.

This is a method in which separate numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, as far as 100, are taken up one by one and analyzed. The pupil learns the qualities by his small experience, first of the number 1, then of the number 2, both by itself and as compared with the preceding number. Then follows 3, which is already more complex; its slight complexity is illustrated in every possible way by objects, and it is thoroughly mastered so far as the child's mind can deal with it. The separate numbers are mental "objects," as one may technically express it; the mental objects are definitely presented before the mind by the comparatively small degree of abstraction required to separate the idea of 3 from the idea of 3 fingers, 3 cents, 3 pencils, or other small but familiar things.

The underlying theory is that otherwise the child is required to perform so great a degree of abstraction that the thought becomes mechanical; and the method is brought forward as a contribution from experience to the psychology of the growing mind. It is very clear to those who have thought about it that this method of dealing with individual numbers in their orderly succession, one by one, is more natural than the older way of taking for granted, after a few trifling exercises, that the young pupil

was thoroughly grounded in the necessary concepts, and could go on at once to more highly abstract notions. There are features of Grube's method in which many good teachers think him extreme; but his main principle is very widely recognized as a true one.

Colburn's First Lessons, as we intimated, have been often improperly employed; the mental work has been combined with written exercises upon larger numbers; and in England even the First Standard, usually passed by children when seven years old, requires the use of far too great numbers. In some places Grube's method is used in the same improper manner, contrary to its author's intention, along with exercises on much larger numbers with slate and pencil.

The gist of this method lies in the numerical analysis. We may, for instance, suppose that the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, have been already taught; let us see what the lesson on 5 will contain. 5 is 4 and 1; 3 and 2; or 2×2 and 1 over. This will be illustrated on the hand. The children will then imagine ways of expending five cents; will be taught the relation of the five-cent piece to the single cents; will find out that no number of equal groups can be made of five things; and so that 5 is a prime number. In a word, the single number 5 is taught so as to review the earlier ones, and prepare concretely for later abstractions. But when 20 has been so passed, there comes to the instructor the temptation to hurry on and generalize; the primes especially become less interesting. Thus 24 and 25 far surpass 23 or 26 in special properties. The objection ordinarily made to the thorough methods in arithmetic is that they are not rapid enough. For instance, Grube proposes to keep children a year upon the numbers 1 to 10, and at least a year more upon those from 10 to 100. The English First Standard goes far beyond this in one direction, but fails to attain it in another.

It must be remembered that Grube's circles of numbers do not extend in any way beyond their boundaries. The first year's work, as specified above, does not involve the addition of 6 and 5 or 9 and 2, but merely such additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions as can be carried out with data and results under 10, and accompanied by many little problems in the application of those numbers.

Shall we then consider the child of seven who knows only so much arithmetic as this a backward or neglected pupil? On the contrary, it is quite clear that such a child has learned a great deal. He has practiced the four ground rules thoroughly, and has applied them to problems covering what is for him a great range of ideas. Where schools are poor, intelligent parents will have little confidence in them; it may be that even a good school is unable to bear the criticism that its pupils know a small amount, even if that little is carefully taught.

The main difficulty of introducing the improved methods arises from the state of public opinion, just as it did in Colburn's time. His First Lessons was adopted and used, but in combination with books of an older and less excellent type. In the same way, Grube's method is only partially employed, and more or less side by side with superficial ones which give the appearance of progress. Our school work is very apt to be done in a hurry, with the final result that our scholars do not finish their general education as soon by a year or two as those of other countries.

Up to the number 20 the way seems clear to adopt Grube's analysis; but at this point teachers appear to desert, or at least to postpone it. If a child has acquired skill with the smaller numbers, why, it will be said, can he not proceed at once to the unlimited range of Arabic notation? Simply because important matters are overlooked. The range

of numbers which is of most importance to every one is precisely that from 1 to 100. Any question of wages, for example, is settled by steps within this range; no strike of workmen would, I fancy, take place for one per cent advance, but might well be undertaken for five per cent. We are all pleased to know that the diameter of the earth is nearly 7900 miles, but do not care about the odd miles; or that the sun's average distance from the earth is 93,000,000 miles, where a hundred thousand more or less makes no difference to us. Grube's analysis to 100, number by number, seems to have a basis in the ordinary relation of the mind to numbers, and if faithfully carried out would make the four fundamental operations, especially division, much easier. What is called long division is a great stumbling-block in arithmetic; and its difficulty arises largely from the uncertainty of the first figure of the quotient when the divisor has, we will say, 18 or 19 in its first two figures. Any one can see that a thorough study of every number to 100, with respect to its factors or those of other numbers near it, would be a very great and ready help.

The definite questions to be settled are these: Shall children of seven be taught numbers in general, Arabic notation as a system, the abstract ideas of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and with numbers larger than they can comprehend? Or shall the simpler exercises of analysis, easy problems with numbers less than 100 and familiar applications of the four forms of calculation, be practiced with less abstraction? It would be easy to choose between these two alternatives, were not all our habits formed in the first manner, so that the second and better one appears strange even to teachers.

A pedagogical maxim of some importance is that the matter taught must be mastered by the teacher, not only in scientific form, but also in the form in

which it is to be taught. The common defect of textbooks is that they present the subject nearly as an expert would review it, and without much thought for immature minds. The teacher of arithmetic forgets his early struggles to master the art of numbers, and considers the real basis of the subject very simple, merely because he has been well trained in it; and it requires, in fact, much labor to know the first hundred numbers, as the analysis requires the teacher to do. Grube's method of employing this analysis is only sketched in his book, and its easy handling needs a great degree of pedagogic insight and experience. While interesting to the learner, it is not easy for the teacher; yet it is very fascinating to those who study it.

We may say, then, that this method is gradually coming into use; every advance in the qualifications of teachers makes it easier to take it up more thoroughly, and the training it gives children is more and more appreciated. An important question for primary-school teachers is how far to employ actual objects. It seems probable that the first year ought to give the conception of abstract number, of two, three, four, as distinguished from two hands, three pencils, four children, and so forth. The use of some contrivance for showing the collection of tens into a hundred, and of representing the intermediate numbers, is called for; but if the single numbers are learned one by one, and abstraction is gradually introduced by small steps, the need of actual objects for exhibition diminishes little by little. When the numbers between 100 and 1000 are studied, it may be well to exemplify the Arabic principle by mechanical devices; but the Grube analysis of the smaller single numbers now gives the qualities of the tens, and the material objects need be only sparingly introduced. In fact, the necessity of employing such devices as a main element of training beyond 100 would seem

to indicate that the earlier work is not well done.

Grube takes up fractions one by one; and the proper fractions whose denominators are less than 10 furnish material for a half year's lessons. Here, of course, objective illustration is needed. The somewhat stolid way in which he goes on, taking up the denominators 2 to 9 in their order, seems to displease teachers who consider other fractions, as tenths, twelfths, more important than sevenths or ninths, just as these same teachers would omit 23, 29, and other prime numbers, while paying individual attention to 24, 25, 28, or 30. But yet the numbers and fractions in regular order offer much more variety to the pupil from the alternation between odd and even, prime and composite; the German method is after all that which gives the most solid foundation. As Grube suggests, prime numbers are to be studied more for the sake of the abstract number, composite for their applications.

Fractions in the abstract are so difficult that any method of lightening the work upon them is a great gain; and there seems to be no doubt that the pupil can be led to understand, in their order, halves, thirds, quarters, and so forth, and to determine their relations to each other, much more easily than he can be led to form the abstract idea of a fraction and deduce the general rules of operation. Most grown people are easily puzzled by quite simple fractional questions, for the very reason here indicated; they have attempted as children to learn general statements before particulars, if not to deal with the subject by mechanical rules.

The true method for learning elementary mathematics is the heuristic, the method of discovery. The pupil should be shown or taught the mathematical object. In arithmetic the objects are whole numbers or fractions, in algebra quantities not always discontinuous. These objects should be presented in the

simplest manner when new ideas are to be developed. The more nearly spontaneous the pupil's thought can be made, the better; the teacher keeps his own wider and more abstract thoughts about the object as far in the background as possible, and attempts to enter into his pupil's mind. Suppose 28 is the number studied; 27 was the last one. The child has by this time learned to expect 28 after 27, as 18 followed 17, and 8, 7. The teacher hardly needs to name it; the symbol or actual counting gives the name. But 27 was 9×3 , an odd number. 28 is even; it is divisible by 4; it is 4×7 or 7×4 ; it can be divided by 2, 4, 7, 14, — no other numbers. How does it compare in this respect with previous numbers? 24 has had six factors, 25 one, 26 two, 27 two. In actual life what is the importance of this number? Four weeks are 28 days; February has 28; in England 28 pounds make a quarter, and so on. Some of these things the teacher must state; others can be readily deduced from the children's thoughts, still others from their memories. But everywhere the method is heuristic, not dogmatic; the pupil's own faculties are briskly exercised. The single numbers seem to offer materials for such exercise almost spontaneously, in the greatest abundance.

At the next stage, where numbers of three figures are taken up, the objects become more abstract. Few numbers in the hundreds are very significant; the process is more a synthesis than an analysis. Having learned with numbers of two figures what the Arabic principle is, we inquire what will be produced when we carry it a step farther. We have several bundles of sticks or the like to represent hundreds, and we put them together; we count (synthetically) 100, 200, 300, 60, 5. We now have a larger number (represented) than any of which we have much experience. We compare this number so made up with other like numbers; add, subtract; or we put two

or more equal bundles together, and multiply. In a word, we are now extending our pupils' ideas of number, not a single little step at a time, but on the large scale.

To return to the debatable point of the proper conclusion of the one-by-one analysis: is it not nearly certain that this can better go on to 100 than stop at 20? We are now generalizing, in one sense, but with limitations. We still hold to our three figures. It is a very good arithmetician indeed who knows all that is to be known about the first thousand numbers; and our pupils of eight years do not need to go beyond them to be very thoroughly trained in the four fundamental processes as a matter of practice rather than of theory.

The next step is a still more abstract one, — numeration. The process itself is now the object to be presented. No material objects are to represent the things counted; but the law of place in the Arabic system is explained with proper illustrations. So far three figures only have been used; the principle is thus readily fixed and extended. The employment of an unlimited number of figures can be hinted at, and applied so far as need be; then should follow the study of the four fundamental operations, definitely separated and practiced apart. Up to this time numerical analysis and synthesis have used the operations quite freely as a means, and, so to speak, empirically; they are now to be studied for themselves. "Carrying" has been practiced, but instinctively, heuristically; it is now taught as a distinct mode of operation. By the time the child is nine years old, he (or she) is able to perform the four fundamental operations in whole numbers, both pure and applied, without any special restriction of the magnitude of the numbers involved, save as common sense dictates. The operations, separately considered as objects, cannot be rationally taught to young children until they are familiar

with many numbers and perform the calculations habitually; for the study of the object "multiplication" requires introspection together with interest in and power over the process.

A year's course in fractions, spent half on the individual fractions and half on the fundamental operations as such, concludes the arithmetic of the primary school. At the age of about ten years the pupils are ready to go on with the practical study of the subject, or that higher work which furnishes a base for algebra.

In this country taken as a whole, I fancy that no more than a third in number of the actual teachers are even partially in favor of this reform. Many are inexperienced; many others are looking forward to other professions or to marriage; a good many have no wish to be martyrs to principle or leaders of reform; some, who would like to improve their work, are hampered by circumstances or public opinion, and perhaps grow discouraged and leave off teaching. A well-made speech, full of glittering generalities and commonplaces, will command much applause in a teachers' meeting; and the forward movement among educators does not go on as smoothly as if all were professional, permanent, and fully interested in their work. But, in the long run, those of our teachers who are advancing will prevail.

Aside from the specialties of Grube's method, there are certain well-recognized truths which no teacher can afford to forget. Mere calculation by rule should be abandoned; in its place training in the use of small numbers, and consequent formation of right habits, should be introduced. All arithmetic is mental; written arithmetic, so called, is merely for the purpose of diminishing the strain on the memory. All exercises in this subject should be predominantly mental, and deal by preference with small numbers; taking up larger ones for practice

only. The weight of teaching should be on the mental side, not the mechanical. When written arithmetic is practiced, the work should be neatly and systematically done.

Grube's *Leitfaden* was first published in 1842. By some German teachers and writers of textbooks the analysis was restricted to 20, and the generalization begun at that point. They did, however, introduce one of his essential principles, which our teachers do not seem yet fully to approve, the separate treatment of the simpler fractions up to ninths and tenths.

The present article cannot be better concluded than by some extracts from Dr. Kellner's *Volksschulkunde*, sixth edition, published at Essen in 1868. This work is quoted, as not at all a radical or venturesome one; in fact, the author was then Catholic school counselor at Treves, with jurisdiction over the schools of a population of perhaps 400,000. The book may be compared with Emerson and Potter's *The School and the Schoolmaster*, or later books of the kind; and in it Grube is mentioned with approbation. Kellner says, in substance, that arithmetic has been too much employed for formal education, and that in consequence its true importance has been overlooked, and an artificial formality introduced; that the examples have lost relation to the life and business of the common man, while referring to all sorts of so-called business methods; that the length and complexity of the road traversed are a special hindrance to the many-sided and thorough study of the separate portions; and that the whole process of instruction has been crowded into the old mechanism from which teachers were trying to get free. It was not enough for the pupils to divide numbers of six figures by numbers of three, but the dividends must be billions, and the divisors hundreds and thousands of millions. The fraction $\frac{1}{3}$ was not sufficiently complicated; the

pupil must reduce $\frac{47}{81}$ of a dollar to lesser denominations. Mental arithmetic was kept strictly apart from written, and by special devices carried beyond the powers of average pupils.

The scholar should, on the contrary, be taught to solve the moderate examples naturally appropriate to him in as independent a way as possible; not by mechanism and complicated formule, but by his intellect. Mental arithmetic should be introduced everywhere and accompany every exercise. The small practical result obtained from it, sometimes-urged, is due to the neglect to give regular hours to it in connection with written. Kellner advises finishing the common school course with fractions, and suggests that the rule of three and interest be taught as their applications.

From an educational periodical he quotes "six rules for teaching arithmetic badly," which are here condensed.

First. Divide your hours for arithmetic into theory, mental arithmetic, and written. In each division pay no attention to either of the others.

Second. In theory, proceed from abstract ideas; use foreign and high-sounding words; spend the most time on what is of no practical use; give a detailed theory of proportion.

Third. Arrange your mental arithmetic so that the children shall not employ any processes of their own; make it as much an arithmetic of figures as possible; if the scholar is to divide mentally, accustom him to write the dividend and divisor in the air with his finger.

Fourth. Have some special devices in mental arithmetic to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

Fifth. In written arithmetic, let each child do the sums from a book, imitating a process which has been shown him, but not explained. Let every one go on for himself; if he gets the right answer (by the key, which you keep), say Right! if not, say Wrong! and leave him to find out for himself how to get a better

result. This we may call training in independence.

Sixth. An especial means of hindering all progress in arithmetic lies in the examples. Large numbers, unintelligible denominations, matters which the children do not understand, — all these should be thoroughly employed.

By these six rules you will be pretty sure to attain your object of teaching without any result.

In thus quoting Kellner's book I do not care to lay any stress upon the fact that it is German. The author, though a German and a Catholic, understands well the nature and capacities of such children as we find in American schools. He is, in fact, a practical teacher and superintendent, who has leisure enough to put into words the results of a long experience; and American teachers well know that the European boy, French, German, Italian, Slavic, Scandinavian, is after all very much like the young

American in the growth of his mental processes.

We must carefully guard ourselves from the illusion that the average rate of progress of our sons and daughters is more rapid than that of European children. It is quite the contrary; and that this is so is owing to many causes, very prominent among them the fact that the material development of this country has greatly taxed the mental energies of the race; and even in education theory has been looked upon askance, and the practical man, who can produce the tangible results called for by uninstructed public opinion in the quickest and cheapest manner, has been glorified to the disadvantage of such dreamers as Pestalozzi and Froebel. The great sums now devoted to the higher learning will, if we are wise in their application, give our scholars leisure to theorize in such a practical manner that our common schools shall in part reap the benefit.

Truman Henry Safford.

THE IDEAL.

"Not the treasures is it that have awakened in me so unspeakable a desire, but the *Blue Flower* is what I long to behold." — NOVALIS.

SOMETHING I may not win attracts me ever, —
 Something elusive, yet supremely fair;
 Thrills me with gladness, yet contents me never,
 Fills me with sadness, yet forbids despair.

It blossoms just beyond the paths I follow,
 It shines beyond the farthest stars I see;
 It echoes faint from ocean caverns hollow,
 And from the land of dreams it beckons me.

It calls, and all my best, with joyful feeling,
 Essays to reach it as I make reply;
 I feel its sweetness o'er my spirit stealing,
 Yet know ere I attain it I must die!

Florence Earle Coates.

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST.

SECOND PAPER: THE TRAGEDY OF THE FIRST PART.

WE have seen in a former paper the care with which Goethe has pointed out the way to discover the answer to the question, What is Faust? In his letters he returns to the subject again and again, though he purposely avoids direct disclosure, because, as Mephistopheles remarks to the Student in the Second Part, people in no ways value what is imparted to them directly, but cherish it as their own if they have to delve for the meaning. But everywhere he gives us the clue in his iteration that the First Part is wholly subjective. It proceeded, he tells Eckermann, "from that impressed and impassioned state of the individual character which excites such agreeable feelings in the mind of man."

It appeared from Goethe's remarks about the play in his conversations, letters, etc., as well as in the Prologues to the drama itself, that the play of Faust was the Drama of Existence, the Enigma of Life, as he calls it to Zelter; which the poet is, if he can, to help us solve, by setting before us the experiences and feelings of his own existence as a living reality in the story of this Faust, who, he tells us, is the Soul of Man. Thus the poet is to bring us into harmony with the Divine Purpose, — "to the gods unite us," — and solve the enigma of our lives.

The Creative Energy, that divine instinct of production, is the true hero of the Drama of Existence as we see it glimpsed in the history of this Soul of Man. To this the poet will bring us, in harmony with that Love, the Divine Beauty, the *Ewig-weibliche*, the feminine element of existence, which indeed is the true heroine of the play. Till we so join our lives to this Infinite Purpose and this Divine Love, we are, as has been

said, but the slaves of Selfishness, the demon Mephistopheles. "Thus," says Goethe, "a consciousness of the worth of the morally beautiful and good could be attained by experience and wisdom, inasmuch as the bad showed itself in its consequences as a destroyer of happiness, both in individuals and in the whole body, while the noble and right seemed to secure the happiness of one and all. Thus the morally beautiful could become a doctrine, and diffuse itself over whole nations as something plainly expressed." So "a great dramatic poet, if he is at the same time productive, and is actuated by a strong and noble purpose, which pervades the whole of his works, may succeed in making the soul of his pieces become the soul of the people."

Do we ask for a further key to this mystery? The poet has assured us we shall find it in his own life and thought, which he has incarnated for us in the figures of his play. Here is the "shining key" which will guide us to a true knowledge of the hero and heroine of existence.

We must stray into the Second Part, again, to find the promise yet more clearly stated in that passage which has been regarded as the darkest enigma of the play. Goethe remarks that "Mephistopheles too is a part of my own being," and often is only the spokesman of his thought, which he tells us is so simple. Faust is in search of the Source of all things, the mother element. To him comes Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here, take this key.

FAUST.

It is a little thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grasp it, not lightly valuing.

FAUST.

It glows within my hand, it beams and flashes!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'll soon now mark what one in this possesses.

This key will scent it out, if you but heed.
Follow it down, — 't will to the Mothers lead.

If he will touch it with the key!

[*Observing him.*

Well done!

As faithful slave it joins and follows on!

So call the hero — heroine from night,
The first that ever dared that deed;
Thus it is done, for thus you must succeed.
Then onward, in this magic method range,
And into gods these incense-clouds will change.

When we come to this passage in the Second Part, we shall find yet other meanings; but in that realm of double and triple allegory Goethe's voice is often heard directly, and for the present purpose we shall listen only for the poet's immediate word.

He says that this First Part proceeded from a somewhat darkened state of his existence. Like Faust, he had gone through all learning, and found only that he could learn nothing. He was like a traveler astray in the twilight. "I too had drifted about in all sorts of studies, and had soon enough come to suspect their worthlessness. I had made all sorts of ventures in life, and had returned from them with greater disgust and vexation."

As the drama opens, Faust sits in his darkened study. With him too it is night. The scene is so entitled: "Night. A narrow Gothic chamber."

"Where e'en the lovely light of heaven
Sadly through painted panes is driven."

"These darkened narrow Gothic rooms," says Goethe, "cramp and confine my spirit."

"Shut in here by this heap of books."

He has toiled through all learning, crammed himself with all lore, only to

find he knows nothing, and, like the young poet returning disgusted from the university, he will give himself to magic and what in modern phrase we call Spiritualism.

"So I've given myself to sorcery:

If, haply, through spirits' mouth and might
Some mystery may not be brought to light,
That I no more, with sweating brow,
Need tell of something I do not know;
That I may learn what 't is that holds
The world together, its inmost folds;
See all its active powers and seeds,
And runnage no more in words not deeds."

"Error belongs to libraries, truth to the human mind; books may be increased by books, while intercourse with living primitive law alone gratifies the mind that can embrace the simple, disentangle the perplexed, and enlighten the obscure." "Ask not the echoes of your cloisters," exclaims the young man in Wilhelm Meister, "not your mouldering parchments, not your narrow whims and ordinances! Ask Nature and your own heart!"

Faust looks up at the lovely moonlight streaming through an open casement.

"O brightest moonlight! could you shine
The last time on this pain of mine,
That I, through many a midnight sky,
Watched at this desk mount up on high,
When over books and papers here
You would, sad friend, to me appear.
Ah! could I yet, on the mountain height,
Go onward in your lovely light,
Round mountain caverns with spirits hover,
And float in your twilight the meadows over,
And, freed from wisdom's qualms and pain,
Bathe in your dew and be well again."

"One shrinks," says Goethe to Eckermann, "in the narrow confinement of the house; here, out-of-doors, one feels great and free as the great Nature one has before his eyes."

"Fly!" cries Faust: —

"Fly! out in the wide, the open land:
And this book full of mystery,
From Nostradamus' very hand,
Is it not guide enough for thee?"

"Nothing comes," says Goethe, "but it first announces itself;" and through-

out the poem we shall find this as true as it is in life. The commentators take pains to tell us who the historical character was who bore this significant name Nostradamus (Michel de Nôtre Dame). We recall rather a passage from Wilhelm Meister, preceding the one just quoted: "He described to us in rapturous terms how this heavenly girl had drawn him out of his unnatural state of separation from his fellow-creatures into true life." Mephistopheles, in a court masque at Weimar, wherein all modern literature is made to appear and explain itself before the Grand Duchess, calls attention to the fact that by this means he has drawn Faust out into life, and that this is in part the import of the play. It is Our Lady who sails gloriously over the concluding scene of the drama; and as in the Wagner operas we catch hints of the coming theme, so here we shall find, again to use Goethe's words, that "nothing comes but it first announces itself." It is interesting because it is an illustration of the Goethean method, which we have become accustomed of late to speak of as the Wagnerian method, to set the thought before our minds by subtle hints and suggestions. Writing, in *Truth and Poetry of my Life*, of his magico-cabalistie studies with the Fräulein von Klettenburg, he tells of the dark hints by which the author refers from one passage to another, and thus promises to reveal what he conceals. It was this gentle spirit who first led him to read of the *macrocosm* and *microcosm*, and aided and encouraged his attempts to penetrate the mystery of life through the whimsical endeavors of the alchemists; to which he alludes in Faust's description to Wagner of his father's labors in his dark laboratory. She it was who found in the young Goethe that "striving after an unknown happiness." And, most noteworthy, it was she who "interpreted my disquiet, my impatience, my striving, my seeking, investigating,

musings, and wavering, as *proceeding from my having no reconciled God.*"

This was Our Lady who taught him the pathways of the stars. It is, to be sure, a "dark hint" only, a single note of that Celestial Love motive which re-echoes in the Easter Choruses, gleams on us for a moment from The Witch's Mirror, and plays over the sunlight outside the cathedral door, as Margaret, that loveliest incarnation of the Divine in woman, passes by; but the motive of the play is here as we saw it stated in the Prologue, "to unite us to the gods." It is Our Lady who leads us back to Nature; who, with the magic of the imagination, sends Faust to Nature, to find there that

"The spirit-world's not locked and barr'd.
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up, scholar, bathe then, bathe unwearied,
Thine earthly breast in morning-red."

All through his life Goethe found in Nature a refuge and a comforter. When his lifelong friend, the Grand Duke, died, he went at once into the country, to busy himself with her secrets, and find in her loveliness the panacea for his earthly ills. From there he writes to Eckermann: "Often before dawn I am already awake, and lie down by the open window to refresh my spirit with the increasing brilliancy of the morning-red. I then pass almost the whole day in the open air, and hold spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things to me, of which I could tell you wonders." He thought of all these soothing influences of Nature as those pitying elves that we hear singing the distracted soul to sleep, in the opening of the Second Part; and throughout the play, whenever Faust goes to Nature, he sees life and the things of life in their true relations.

"You then shall know the courses of the stars;
Nature instructs you, if you will but hear it.
And then, for you, the Soul her powers unbars,
As spirit speaks unto the other spirit."

"But," says Goethe, "man was not born to solve the problem of the Universe; neither his powers nor his point of view justify him in such an ambition. He is to find out what he has to do, and then restrain himself within the limits of his powers of comprehension." So Faust finds he can, even by the utmost aid of this magic of the mind, only discern the harmony of the Universe.

"Harmonious, All through the All ringing.
Ah, what a spectacle! Alas, a show alone!
Unending Nature, where mayst thou be
known?"

He will search out the "Founts of Life;" but that "is beyond our powers."

"The scene," Goethe states, "dates back to the time when a rich youthful spirit identified itself with the Universe, in the belief that it could fill out and reproduce it in its various parts." At least we may in some measure master the secret of this Earth! "I think of the Earth and her atmosphere as a great living being, always engaged in inspiration and expiration."

Faust summons up the vision of the Spirit of the Earth, the Earth-Spirit. "But the immediate perception of the primal phenomena of nature," again to quote Goethe, "puts us into a sort of anguish; we feel the unattainable." So when Faust succeeds in bringing this "Frightful Phantom" before him, he cowers and trembles. The Earth-Spirit speaks to him:—

"In floods of Life, in a storm of Deeds,
Up and down I wave,
To and fro float free!
Birth and the grave,
An eternal Sea,
A forming, changing
Life, glowing, ranging.
So I work at Time's loom, and, with whirl
and strife,
I weave for the Godhead its Garment of Life."

"Nature is after all inaccessible. Nature has ever in reserve problems which man has not the faculties capable of solving." So the Earth-Spirit vanishes, and Wagner, the *famulus*, the incarna-

tion of that spirit of pedantry which has tormented and hampered the poet's youth, comes in.

Goethe's picture of the learned young Germans who visited him might stand as Wagner's portrait. "Short-sighted, pale, young without youth,—that is the picture of them as they appear to me. The things in which one of us takes pleasure seem to them too trivial and vain; only the highest problems of speculation are fitted to interest them. Of some sense of delight in the sensual there is no trace: all youthful feeling and all youthful pleasures are driven out of them."

Wagner too, it appears, is anxious to get back to the Source of things; but Faust tells him he will never find it in his old parchments. Wagner leaves Faust alone. The despair at the impossibility of reaching truth has undermined Faust's love of life.

"The anxious striving after truth and moral greatness," writes Goethe to Frau Laroche, "has so undermined his heart that unsuccessful trials of life and passion have urged him to tragic resolution." "We have, then, to do with those whose life is embittered by a want of action, through exaggerated demands upon themselves. I was myself in that predicament, and best know the pains I suffered in it." "When the *tedium vite* seizes a man, he is only to be pitied, not blamed," writes Goethe to Zelter; "all the symptoms of this strange disease at one time raged furiously through my own inmost being. I know full well what resolutions and efforts it cost me in those days to escape from the waves of death. But after the storm at night the shore is reached again; the glorious sun once more breaks forth over the glittering waves."

"The mirrored billows glitter at my feet,
A new day lures me forth to fair, new
shores."

We see Faust take down his father's old wassail bowl, and pour into it that

"Essence of all lovely, slumberous flowers,
That extract of all deadly, finer powers,"
which shall free his spirit, and bear it
forth on a new path through the ether,

"To fair, new spheres of pure activity."

But, as he sets the bowl to his lips, the
sound of bells and chorus-singing is
heard.

"Truth, like a solemn, friendly bell
tone, rings throughout the world," is one
of Goethe's Sayings.

And now the Easter morning dawns,
with its songs of praise to the One who,
without a thought of selfish striving for
his own advancement, gave Himself.

The sound of bells and chorus-singing is heard.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!
Joy to the sorrowing
Mortal, whom harrowing
Taints and our harrowing
Needs would imprison.

FAUST.

What bells, deep booming, what a clear, bright
strain!
Down from my mouth it draws the glass with
power!
Ye hollow bells, proclaim ye, once again,
The Easter Day's first, festal hour?
Was it, ye choirs, the Consolation Song ye
sang,
That once, from angels' lips, around the
Grave's night rang
Assurance of the Covenant's new dower?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices we made Him
A sweet rest that day;
We, His Faithful, we laid Him
So softly then away.
With clean cloths to bind Him
We wound Him neatly o'er;
Ah! and we find Him,
Christ, here no more.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!
Happy the Loving One
Who all your sorrowing,
Wholesome and harrowing
Trials, has known!

The celestial, the womanly love mo-
tive sings out clearly now, and, awaking

the childlike feeling in the world-worn
man, brings him back to life.

"Remembrance holds me yet, with childlike
feeling,
Back from that solemn step, the last.
Oh, still sound on, sweet songs, a heavenly
strain!
My tears well forth, Earth has me once
again."

The disciples sing of the risen Christ
as being in "*Werdelust*;" that is, in
the bliss of becoming (which the trans-
lators generally render by the words
"bliss of birth"), near to "*Schaffender
Freude*." This is a difficult phrase, but
it contains the whole philosophy of the
drama; "*Schaffender Freude*" being
that Joy which is the Maker. The
translators say "Creative rapture," or
"Rapture creative near," as Mr. Tay-
lor has it.

"He only is glad," sings the beggar
in the next scene, "who may give," and
the line might stand as the text of
Faust:—

"Nur der ist froh, der geben mag."

The whole lesson of the play is in this
line.

The angels bid us tear ourselves loose
from our fetters, and, praising Him with
deeds, to manifest in our own lives that
Love which is the Master. The charm
and force of the lines are untranslatable,
because the music gives us such deep
suggestions of joyous song, and of those
solemn, friendly bells of heaven which
ring "like truth throughout the world."

"Faust," Goethe writes to Zelter,
"contains many things which would in-
terest you from a musical point of view.
I should like to hear the words of this
chorus in a fugue, which, as far as
possible, should imitate the pealing of
bells."

In the following scene, the Easter
holiday in the fields, we notice especially
that here is no thought of the worthlessness
of life. All are full of joyfulness
and hilarity, because they have earned
their holiday by hard work. We may

see the source from which this scene is drawn in Goethe's account of the peasants' holidays outside of Frankfort; for even the scenery of Faust is painted from his own recollection, and every character is sketched from life. If we met one of these peasants, we should know him again from his speech; and, had we space, it would be interesting to pause and see here, too, what musical interest there is in the varying metres assigned to the characters. The whine of the hurdy-gurdy, the martial tramp of the soldiery, the whirl and swirl of the peasants' dance and song under the linden, are all reproduced in the measure assigned to the parts as they appear before us. Thus the metre itself becomes a sort of running commentary; and, as Goethe finds in actual life all persons surrounded with a spiritual atmosphere, we have them here encircled with a most suggestive musical atmosphere of song.

Wagner is distressed in his over-refined soul to be among these vulgar persons; but Faust exclaims:—

"Here I am Man, — here dare 't to be!"

"There is something more or less wrong," says Goethe to Eckermann, "among us old Europeans. Our relations are far too artificial and complicated, our nutriment and mode of life are without their proper nature, and our social intercourse is without proper love and good will. Every one is polished and courteous, but no one has the courage to be hearty and true. Often a man cannot help wishing that he had been born on one of the South Sea islands, a so-called savage, so as to have enjoyed human existence in all its purity, without any adulteration."

We would gladly pause to recall the exquisite passage in this scene about the sunset, the remembrancer of Goethe's childhood and of his later Swiss journey, the longing to fly after the sinking sun. But, as night falls about the wanderers' path, and that black dog of Self-

ishness appears in the gloaming, let us be reminded of that pregnant passage from the Sayings, "Common notions and great darkness are ever on the way to serve up some dreadful misfortune."

Faust, coming in with the poodle from communion with Nature, feels some intimation of her solemn lessons even in the stifling atmosphere of his narrow study:—

"The upland high, the meadow lowly,
I leave enwrapt in depths of night.
In us, with awe prophetic, holy,
The better soul awakes to light.
The impulse wild now stirs no longer,
But sleeps with every reckless deed;
The human love in us grows stronger,
We feel the love of God, and heed."

He has brought back with him this old Demon of Selfishness, this animal idea of living only for what we can get. The poodle now becomes restless, and, however Faust may yearn for the Source of life, and strive to find it in revelation, he is again out of the mood. The demon swells himself up till his horrible form fills the whole space of Faust's cell. Unless he is exorcised, life will be unendurable. We notice that, though Faust conjures him by all the elements of nature,

"No trace of these, the least,
Sticks in the beast."

But

"Hear me stronger adjure thee!"

He will set opposite this monstrous thought of living only to get for our selfish ends that life of Christ, that life which was all one great gift. Then the mist sinks, and Mephistopheles, this Demon of Selfishness, this "Spirit of Darkness, Denier, Destroyer, Father of Lies, Beelzebub," steps forth in his true colors, dressed as a traveling scholar, pedantry and licentiousness combined. He is Demon of Sloth as well. Faust, under this deadening influence, falls asleep, as the wooing passions lull and sing his spirit into deepest oblivion. He wakes to find himself "once more deceived." Among these enticing forms who sing

him the Fiend's lullaby, that Love of Woman, the Woman-Soul that ultimately leads him upward and on, is heard in the melody, and, later, lamenting in the chorus of spirits who wail over Faust's destruction of that beautiful world which he madly curses. Mephistopheles, to be sure, tells him that these lovely spirits are all his, "the little Ones of my train." He does, with the bait of womanly beauty, succeed in luring him out of his wretched life into the world of men and deeds.

The demon promises Faust, if he will join him, he will give him all he desires.

"What have you, then, poor Devil, worth the giving?"

When was one human spirit, in its lofty striving,

Grasped by the like of you, though you had tried your best?

You have, though, food that satisfies not; are possess

Of ruddy gold, that without rest, Quicksilver-like, out of the hand will run;

A game which man has never won;

A maiden, from my very bosom, she

Ogles my neighbor, bids him call upon her;

That joy of all the gods, fair Honor,

That, like a meteor, ceases suddenly."

The Devil bets he can give him happiness. Notice the condition of the wager. If Mephistopheles can once so delight Faust with these things that he will "prize the idler's noble leisure," as Mephistopheles calls it, and long for its continuance, the Demon of Destruction has him.

"When I say to the moment, Let us Here linger yet, thou art so fair!
Then you may cast me into fetters,
Then gladly I 'll destruction dare;
Then may the awful death-bell thunder,
Then you are from your service free!
The clock may stop, the hour-hand yonder
May fall, and Time be past for me."

Goethe, as Mephistopheles, in Faust's long robe, mocks at pedantry with the Student once more, and then they sail out of the window in quest of happiness. "My old cloak and a bit of gas will carry us gayly up in the world, if you do not take any great bundle of thoughts

and scruples with you." So off they sail in that pursuit of joy, the universal quest of humanity.

Goethe tells us how he sought for happiness in such a cellar as we have in the next scene. Herman Grimm, his biographer, remarks that he found only ill health. "See," says Mephistopheles, as they turn to go, "how the Devil jests!" These "jolly fellows," who have given themselves over to sensuality, imagine they are in a lovely arbor, about to cut off luscious grapes, and wake to find themselves only about to cut off their own noses.

Do we need any further explanation of this much-discussed scene as a whole? It has, however, two songs which may well attract our closer attention. One contains an allusion to a remark of Goethe's that he "was at this time like a poisoned rat, who rushed frantically about, vainly swilling out of all the puddles." This song has also a deeper significance, not before alluded to by the commentators, in its refrain, which brings us the first hint of the approaching tragedy, a suggestion of the horrible mirth of the gossiping girls about the fountain.

"Then loudly laughed the poisoner! See!
She pipes in the last hole now, said she,
As if she had love in her body.

CHORUS.

As if she had love in her body."

This song is given "to suit the case" of "some folks in love," and one sees in the rat's fate "his likeness done to life." For the suggestion of the other song, the flea who was made prime minister, we must remember that it is put into the mouth of this Denier, this Prince of Philistine Darkness. Recall the position of the Philistine element in Goethe's world at Weimar toward his own occupation of that position in the grand ducal court,—the language of the Philistine world in general toward the poet's position as prime minister to

the Soul of Man. The bitter irony of this song has not been pointed out; but if we follow Goethe's advice, and look to his own life for the solution of mysteries, and for "deep meaning under seeming trivialities," we can hardly be far astray.

The next scene, *The Witch's Kitchen*, is filled with seeming trivialities that have been declared to be only willful fooleries, or given all sorts of fanciful interpretations. The commentators have neglected to follow the method which Goethe recommends, — to see of what epoch of his life this scene was the fruit. Goethe laughs with Eckermann at all such misdirected efforts as had occupied the critics of his day with the elucidation of this mystery. If, then, this scene is the "fruit of an epoch of his life," as he tells Eckermann, let us see where the poet was when he wrote it, and what he was thinking about. Here is that "key" he has recommended to us, which will unlock this hitherto unsolved enigma, and make its darkest passages glow and sparkle with intense sarcasm.

First, where was it written? In Rome, at the time when Goethe came into contact with the Roman Church. The outward forms of the scene are drawn from outward incidents which there occurred to him; significant, be it observed, of some deeper meaning. If we turn to Goethe's *Italian Journey*, we find a story of the old woman who sat as a model when he painted the *Witch's* portrait. She took care of his chambers for him, and rushed into the room to beg him to come and see a miracle. "The cat is praying before the image." Goethe remarks that the cat did seem to be aping human postures of devotion before his head of Jupiter; but he "very soon saw through this cat devotion," this monkeyish imitation of man. "The cat was after fat which it found in the beard of the figure." Goethe takes pains to tell this

story, and states that he selected only the significant portions of his *Journals* for publication. He also gives an account of visiting a dark old kitchen. In *Faust* this kitchen is again described, and we have two catlike apes, *Meerkatze*, engaged in all sorts of monkey tricks. Goethe, talking to Eckermann, "assumed the tone and mien of *Me- phistopheles*," and said: "If I had been a bishop, I would have lied and played the hypocrite so well and long that my £30,000 a year should not have escaped me." "Above all, I would have done everything to make the night of ignorance still darker." In Rome he goes to see the papal function, and sets down his disgust at the mummerly and monkeyish aping of religious postures. He is, "like *Diogenes* [in the *Sistine Chapel*], in search of an honest man." It "fills him with amazement," and over it he makes his "silent observation." Then he goes out, and takes up his *Faust* again, to write this scene, *The Witch's Kitchen*. "Thank God," he writes to Zelter, "we have withdrawn ourselves from priestcraft as far as we have drawn near to Nature."

In *Truth and Poetry* he speaks of "an irreconcilable hatred of the priesthood, sprung from the contemplation of the rude, tasteless, and mind-destroying foolery of the monks." In his *Sayings* he calls it

"A crazy ornament brewery;
It is pure clownishness to me.
No man will take now, for example,
The elephant's, the grotesque's temple;
With sacred crotchets, mockeries odd,
One neither Nature feels, nor God."

In *The Witch's Kitchen* we find these catlike apes tending a great kettle, from the steam of which strange forms arise, and they are taking care that it does not boil over.

"What do I want of this cooked-up mess?" says *Faust*.

"Has Nature, has a noble spirit,
Not found a balsam anywhere?"

"What are you cooking up, there?" says Mephistopheles.

"Soup for beggars!" reply the monkeys.

To quote again from Eckermann's report of Goethe's conversation: "Quench not the Spirit, says the Apostle. There are many absurdities in the propositions of the Church; nevertheless, rule it will, and so it must have a narrow-minded multitude which bows its head and likes to be ruled. The high and richly endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as possible." That record of divine poverty, the meek who shall inherit the earth, — what strange forms have arisen from the cooking over of the gospel message! Mephistopheles asks: —

How do you like the dainty beasts?

FAUST.

As tasteless and insipid as were ever seen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, such a discourse as this
Is just the one I'd rather carry on!

These apes come fawning up to Mephistopheles, — these apes who are only anxious to "warm their paws." As long as they can warm their paws you will not see The Witch. They hint to the Demon of Selfishness, the old worldling, that what they want is gold.

"How happy the monkey would think himself,

Could he in the lottery put his pelf!"

says Mephistopheles. And then they tell him that "this great ball is the world, that it is hollow and brittle. Don't say, dear son, you are alive; you must soon die. It is of clay, and gives nothing but shards." "Philistine priests, lower than the brutes," is one of Goethe's Sayings in Rhyme.

"God's Earth, a hall, with splendor glows;
Ye make it dark, but a vale of woes!"

But here Faust, who has been looking in The Witch's mirror, now goes nearer

to see, and then standing farther off, cries out: —

"What see I? What a Form divine
Appears within this magic mirror!
Oh, lend me love to bear me near her,
The swiftest of those wings of thine!
Ah! if I do not on this spot remain,
And if I venture to go near,
I only as in mists can see her,
That fairest image of a woman!
Is 't possible that woman can attain
Such perfect beauty? Must I in this human,
Reposing figure e'en the Essence see
Of all the heavens? On earth can such
things be?"

In the very movement of the German verse, a strain of melody amid the monkey jargon, we feel the music of the Celestial Love motive. This is the figure which Goethe has borrowed from the Church, her *Mater Gloriosa*, the gracious image of the *Ewig-weibliche*, which, amid all her nonsense and shortcoming, she has forever held aloft in that magic mirror of the Virgin Soul. Go nearer, scrutinize her myth of the Immaculate Conception closely, and it disappears, as all myths do, in the harsh light of common sense; but stand off, and view it as a beautiful picture of The Mother, that shrine where the Lord of Life forever renews, in sacred mystery, "The Garment of Life, which the Deity wears."

In this image of a woman must we not see "the Essence of all the heavens"? Here is that Love which is the co-creator and incarnation of the Divine. When we leave this "wild waste of craziness," as Faust calls it, and, in the next scene, find ourselves "outside the cathedral door," this Love, which on the misty surface announces its advent, will pass by us in the sunlit street.

But Goethe is not yet through with his terrible arraignment of the old Mother Church. "Come, come," he seems to say with Hamlet: —

"Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you."

We cannot, however, now follow this scene line by line, though the force of its biting sarcasm would become yet more apparent. We pause but for one more count in this searching indictment, and then pass on. Mephistopheles is brought by the monkeys to The Witch's old settle, and given her hearth-brush. He says:—

"I sit here like a king upon my throne;
I have the sceptre, lack the crown alone."

The monkeys bring a crown to him, and beg him to be "so good as to belime it with sweat and blood;" yet before they fairly get it on his head their carelessness breaks it to pieces. Look through Goethe's eyes on the history of modern Europe, to see these broken crowns belimed, at the request of Rome, with sweat and blood. But meanwhile the kettle, which the monkeys have forgotten to tend, boils over and flames up the chimney.

"When," says Goethe to Eckermann, "the poor church member sees in the gospels the poverty and indigence of Christ, who, with his disciples, traveled humbly on foot, what will he think of the princely bishop who rattles along in his carriage drawn by six horses?" May we not well ask ourselves what was the effect of this "soup for beggars," this doctrine of the dignity of the laborer, of the Carpenter and the poor fishermen, on the Reformation, on the American, and still more on the French Revolution? How busy the clergy were warming their paws just before that tremendous flame rushed up the chimney, and how the old Scarlet Woman raved, till this Philistine iconoclast threatened to smash her pots for her!

Passing, in The Witch's "once one's one," Goethe's dislike of theology, we must leave The Witch, only noticing Goethe's idea of the effect of her appeal, addressed solely to the senses and the emotions. The most learned physicians tell us that the effect of exciting

any part of the interwoven emotional system is to excite all parts, even the apparently most distant. As The Witch offers her chalice to Faust, which shall give him, she promises, a new birth, across its surface flicker little flames of hell. "Down with it!" exclaims Mephistopheles; and then aside:—

"With this drink in your body you're a new man.

You'll see a Helen now in every woman."

And so they go on to the next scene,—outside the cathedral door. There Faust sees Margaret, that loveliest image of womanhood, pass by, and longs to possess her at once.

Here we enter upon that tragedy of Margaret which the English theatre managers give us as the play of Faust. It is as if a German should extract the story of Ophelia from Hamlet, and give that as Shakespeare's masterpiece. This story of Margaret is too familiar, through the operatic and theatrical representations of it under the absurdly abused name of Goethe's Faust, to need recalling as a whole. We may pause one moment over it to renew our acquaintance with that passage, omitted by the theatre managers, which contains Goethe's special explanation of his view of the Deity, which, as the Life of life, is so large a part of the aim of this Drama of Existence. As Margaret passes through the garden on Faust's arm, she asks:—

Do you believe in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who can say,
I believe in God? Parson or sage the question may
Ask, and your answer only seems an odd,
Curt mockery of the asker.

MARGARET.

Then you do not believe?

FAUST.

Sweet face, do not mistake, nor for me grieve.
Who dares to name Him,
Who so expresses
Himself, professes,
I believe in Him?

Who that can feel
 Presumes to steel
 Himself to say, I don't believe in Him?
 Enfolding All,
 Upholding All,
 Enfolds, upholds He not
 You, me, Himself?
 Does not the heaven o'erarch us yonder?
 Does not the earth lie firm beneath?
 And, up there, glancing friendly,
 Do not the stars, eternal, rise?
 Do not my eyes look into yours,
 And do not all things throng,
 In head and heart, to you,
 And weave themselves, in mystery eternal,
 Unseen and seen, around you?
 Fill your heart full of that, it is so great;
 And when you with the sense of it are wholly
 blest,
 Then name it what you will, —
 Name't Bliss, Heart, Love, God!
 I have no name for that!
 Feeling is everything;
 Name is but sound and smoke,
 Clouding the glow of heaven.

MARGARET.

That's all right fair and good, and even
 The priest almost said that, only he spoke
 With other words, that differed just a bit.

FAUST.

They say it everywhere; say it,
 All hearts beneath the heavenly day,
 Each in his language and his way.
 Then why not I in mine, my dear?

From this point the tragedy of Margaret speeds on to its dreadful close. For a moment Faust, in the presence of Nature, alone amid forest and cavern, had seen whither he was hurrying them both, the abyss that yawned at their feet; but the demon, with his lure of pleasure, had them too closely in his grasp to escape. The mocking girls at the fountain tell the sad story; and we see its effect in the awful agony of soul sobbing through the young creature's prayer to the Virgin Mother, and her vain attempt to pray in the cathedral, with the taunting fiend at her elbow.

Meanwhile, the Demon of Selfishness bears Faust away, to forget his remorse in that carnival of sensuality and self-seeking on the Brocken, the witches' revel. Goethe laughs with Zelter over

the German commentary which hunts down the historical foundation of the scene, as if the prose fact were important, though he admits using it as the foundation of his "poetical fable."

Let us see, then, what they are doing in these witches' orgies. Faust, in the lovely wood-path, would linger and enjoy the beauty of the spring night. Mephistopheles urges him to hasten to the summit. He asks an *ignis fatuus*, a light of error, as the Germans call it, to light the path upward. Through what swarms of animal creatures they thread their way! The mountain is alive with a seething mass of deformed animal humanity, all struggling to get to the top. It is the night of the witches. The lurid light, like the gleam of ruddy gold in the firelight, glimmers through the abyss, glows in clouds of mist through a vaporous veil, threads the valley with a hundred veins, here confined sparkles like golden sand.

"And see, in their whole height rise o'er us,
 Enkiudled, all the mountain walls."

Here, says Mephistopheles, is a midway elevation, where we can see, with astonishment,

"How Mammon in the mountain glows."

Need we go far afield to find the meaning of the poet's fable? On that midway elevation of what is called an "easy competence," as we come from the country into the mad whirl of struggling humanity in a great city, we realize vividly the rush for wealth, the constant struggle to get to the top. Look out, again with Goethe's eyes, on the orgies that preceded the French Revolution.

"Call me Sir Baron," remarks Mephistopheles to The Witch.

"I am a cavalier like other cavaliers."

As we see all this, shall we be quite at a loss for the poet's meaning? Mephistopheles, looking on the scene, exclaims to Faust, that Soul of Man: —

"Has not Sir Mammon grandly lighted
 His palace for this festival!"

"Our country people," says Goethe to

Eckermann, continuing a remark about the last day seeming to be near, which we find repeated in this scene as Faust and Mephistopheles approach the horrible revelry, — "our country people have certainly kept up their strength, and will, I hope, long be able to secure us from total decay and destruction. The rural population are to be regarded as a magazine, from which the forces of declining manhood are always recruited and refreshed. But just go into our great towns, and you will feel quite differently. Just take a turn through a second *Diable Boiteux* or a physician of large practice, and he will whisper to you tales which will horrify you at the misery, and astonish you at the vice, with which human nature is visited, and from which society suffers."

Here, then, in Mephistopheles we find our "second diable boiteux," by whose side we take a turn through the great city; and, after reading this paragraph, we may enjoy with Goethe his quiet laugh with Zelter over the labors of the commentators who have "taken such pains to convert poetry back into prose." They have rendered a service, however, in searching out the originals who sat for the different portraits; for here, as everywhere, Goethe always draws, even his most fanciful figures, from a living model. We may, perhaps, in connection with this recall Goethe's remark to Schiller, on "the peculiar character of the public in a great city. It lives in an incessant tumult of getting and spending; and what we call the higher mood can neither be produced there nor communicated;" and his observation to Eckermann, that he "anticipates special pleasure from Delacroix's scenes on the Brocken. You will see here the extensive experience of life for which a great city like Paris has given him such opportunities."

With the disgust which comes to Faust, dancing with his fair, nude partner, as her animal nature shows itself to him, the image of his purer love returns; and in the next scene, again face to face with Nature, he sees his action in its true light, curses Mephistopheles, and bids him bear him to where Gretchen is imprisoned. In that most pathetic scene of all literature which ends the First Part, we learn from the distracted utterances of poor Gretchen, raving amid the straw on the prison floor, the secret of her tragic end.

"The world," says Goethe, "is to me like a great factory, where, amid the whirring looms and wheels, we all work out the purposes of the Master Workman." To Gretchen, with the great gift of love, the great responsibility of another life has been given. She too, at work in this whirring loom of time, has been made the guardian of a part of that fabric, the Garment of Life, by which we recognize the Deity. "If we work with the Master," Goethe says, "our holiday will come, and our reward. If we strive to seize the web or destroy it, we shall destroy ourselves." Gretchen, neglecting the loom, has, for her own convenience, stretched out her hand to get rid of the responsibility imposed upon her, and the awful wheels of God come over and crush her. But notice, as the night ends, in the gray streak of dawn she recognizes the divine justice, and, refusing to escape the penalty, becomes, in her exalted reunion with the Divine Purpose, the influence that still shall lead her lover upward and on.

In the Second Part we see, reviewing the larger field, the life of the race; what this influence, this manifestation of the *Ewig-weibliche*, the Woman-Soul, has there done for us. But all this must be reserved for another occasion.

William P. Andrews.

MRS. KEMBLE'S LETTERS.¹

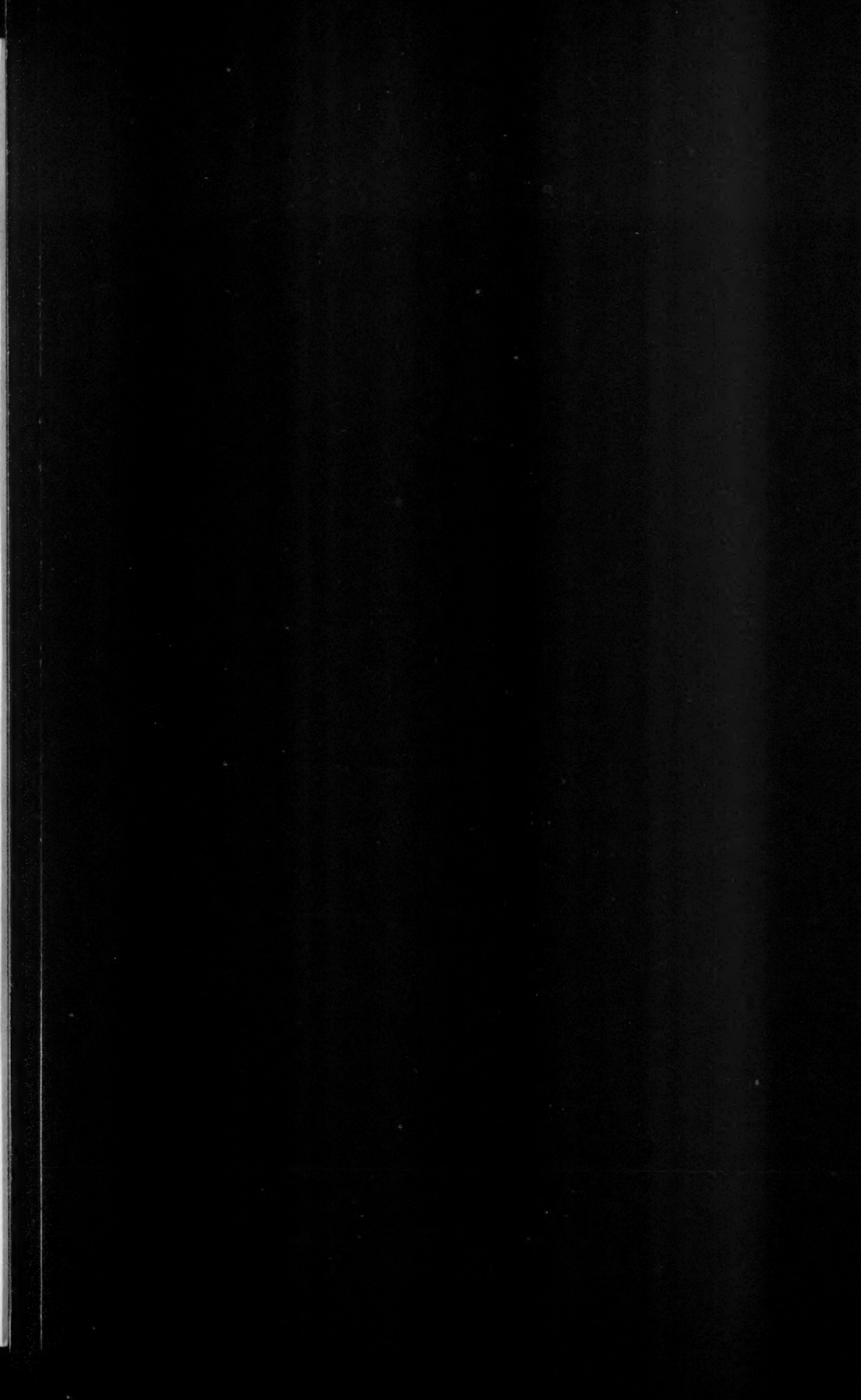
IN spite of the great mass of private correspondence offered to the public within the last quarter of a century, we can think of but three women, Mrs. Carlyle, Madame Craven, and Madame Mohl, whose letters in any respect offer a parallel to those of Mrs. Kemble. This resemblance lies not so much in the style, the keen observation, the bold diagnosis, and the pretty variegated arrows shot almost at random, which amuse the reader, but may somewhere leave a sting, in which these letters remind us of Mrs. Carlyle's; nor in the exquisite feeling for family life, for friendship, for all beauty of the intellectual and moral order, in which Mrs. Kemble is nearly akin to Madame Craven; nor yet in the capacity which belongs to the woman of the salon for a wide diversity of intimate friendships, and for keen appreciation of the exotic refinements of the most highly civilized life which characterize alike the writer and Madame Mohl; but rather in the fact that each one of these women possesses, like Mrs. Kemble, the art of embodying the facts of her environment, giving definite shape and color to her surroundings, and presenting the men and women encountered day by day as in a magic mirror, where few of the shifting lights which constitute personality and make up life are lost. There is a wide difference in the way these four women write, and in the effect their letters produce upon the reader; but in each of them we discern the artist behind the detailed and balanced impression produced, — an artist under the spur of an imperative necessity to find some clear medium of expression, that takes the form of confidential let-

ters, which are half a self-confession and half a work of art, presenting as they do, although unconsciously, by a cunning arrangement of details and stroke upon stroke of line and color, what the artist has seen, heard, and felt, thus making up in the total more than a narrative, — an idyl or a drama.

Of course another factor in such correspondence, and a powerful one, is friendly feeling, and a desire to share all with one in complete sympathy with the writer; but, as we know, that may exist quite independently of any capacity for producing good letters. George Sand's letters are, in general, simple, serious, and charming, showing a large and tranquil outlook upon life, but the real human element nowhere emerges into full relief. When she writes about particular people, she idealizes, or philosophizes, or psychologizes; that is, she crosses the borderland of actuality, and enters her own realm of romance. A thoroughly enjoyable letter-writer must have absolute truth for a starting-point, if only in order to give charm to his divagations on the road. Variations on a familiar air played out of tune delight nobody with a true ear. Besides this instinctive habit of seeing accurately and reporting fairly, a keen vision and keener feelings are required, a wide sympathy with the facts of life, and, above all, the requisite "push" which comes from an unjaded literary talent and a strong individuality. For, after all, no matter what letters describe, the actual interest centres in the writer herself, and it is the revelation of her own character that gives worth to details which, except as manifestations of herself, would have little force or meaning.

¹ *Further Records. 1848-1883. A Series of Letters by FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. Forming a Sequel to Records of a Girlhood and Records*

of Later Life. New York: Henry Holt & Co. London: Richard Bentley. 1891.



If these Further Records lack the charm of Mrs. Kemble's wonderful Records of a Girlhood, which first found favor with the public in the pages of *The Atlantic* under the title of *Old Woman's Gossip*, or if they fail to touch contemporary life and thought with the same breadth and vigor which characterized her *Later Records*, they possess their own unique advantages, and could not easily be excelled in their clear presentation of a striking individuality and its *milieu*, or in their shrewd and accurate criticism of life. The present book is made up, not like the others from a general correspondence, but of two independent series of letters, each printed continuously: the first, addressed to Miss Harriet St. Leger, beginning in January, 1874, and ending with Miss St. Leger's death, in 1877, taking up more than three quarters of the whole space, and making indeed a *journal intime*; and the second to Mr. Arthur Malkin, infrequent, desultory, but still complete enough to give a general sketch of the writer's experience from 1848 to 1883. There is a deplorable lack of good editing in the whole work, which might have been considerably shortened had the endless repetition of the same matter been omitted. Undated letters have been introduced in a way to make, at times, a bewildering jumble. Then, too, the want of chronological arrangement in the two distinct series of letters shows a singular indifference to the artistic make-up of the book on the part of author and publishers. Why those addressed to Mr. Malkin, most of which so far antedate those to Miss St. Leger, should not have been presented at the start, and finally have been merged in the fuller correspondence, is nowhere explained. However, the sudden transition offers the charm of the unexpected. In the twinkling of an eye the writer casts off the trappings of age, and reappears as the traditional Fanny Kemble midway in her brilliant

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career; crossing the ocean twice a year, and delighting both England and America with her readings; climbing mountains in Switzerland; wintering in Rome and summering in Lenox. In truth, the letters to "Arthur," both in their tone and scope, afford a piquant contrast to those addressed to "H.," whose views of life, always serious, had plainly not lightened with the advance of age and loss of sight. Mrs. Kemble is evidently at not a little pains to put herself into sympathy with the deprivations of her elderly friend by herself coquetting with old age, as sexagenarians are apt to do. She is now many years older than when she wrote the latest in date of these letters; yet when, in 1889, she was spending the summer in her beloved Switzerland, the group who were wont to gather in her tiny salon day after day — one of whom was a distinguished American novelist, and another John Walter Cross (who walked daily four miles across the glacier to join the little coterie) — found her, conversationally, at her inimitable best; never clearer in intellect or more ready with sallies of wit.

Miss St. Leger's friendship had counted for much in Mrs. Kemble's experience, and she was generous in acknowledgments. "I have lost," remarked the younger Pliny, when Corellius Rufus died, — "yes, I have lost a witness of my own life;" and this all readers of Mrs. Kemble's various memoirs and letters know her beloved "H." to have been to her. And certainly letters like Mrs. Kemble's must have counted for much in the life of a blind invalid, past eighty years of age, written as they were with a complete absence of reserve, with marvelous facility of expression and trenchant powers of description, and out of an intellect swept clear of cobwebs. To see clearly and describe fearlessly belonged to Mrs. Kemble's temper and habit, and in this full correspondence minuteness of detail amply atones in the way of interest for possible

lack of variety. It seems to have been printed almost as it was written, the occasional hiatuses suggesting no obscure and conjectural private history, but rather serving to point to the meaning between the lines, while the initials are the most transparent veil to the personalities alluded to on every page.

Naturally, Mrs. Kemble's return to Philadelphia, in 1874, stirred memories and associations of an experience which, in a life like hers, actually formed but a single chapter, and which during the busy years of her full after career as an actress and a reader must have seemed unreal, but now was brought up at every turn. Her relationship with those closest had, however, little of the intimate habit which usually accompanies ties of blood; thus her constant allusions to her family take a delicate and piquant turn, and her admiring appreciation is tinged with a hundred pretty changeable lights of sentiment and also of criticism. She arranges her life at York Farm as completely as an Englishwoman may who perpetually reminds herself of American limitations. We may follow every detail of the quiet routine at York Farm, and each member of the household, from the central figure down to the setter dog and the canary bird, becomes individualized to us. Many vivid touches set forth the region round about, — the burst of spring, the intense heats of summer, the wonderful transfiguration of autumn, the white and glittering splendors of winter, which seems to have expended its worst rigors in the years Mrs. Kemble lived at York Farm. The sloping fields undulate to the woods of Champlost, where lives her friend "M.," who is described over and over again, with a touch made exquisite by tender and admiring affection. Even the by-path leading to Champlost soon gains charm for the reader, — along a lane, across a park where fine oaks grow, with a gush of violets at the foot of the great trees, while the meadows on either side are

blue-white with the starry blossoms of the euphrasia. A quick sense for nature's refreshment and renovation to heart and soul is shown in every allusion to out-of-door life.

To transfer to this country not only the habits of English life, but also of English thought and the prejudices of a lifetime, was of course to make Mrs. Kemble an inexorable critic of everything American. We are accustomed to judicious strictures upon our manners, habits, and tendencies, — in fact, we frequently court them by asking foreigners, and particularly English people, for their candid opinion of us; yet we do not get over a certain expectation of being pronounced faultless, and our withers are wrung when exceptions are taken to our public institutions and our national idiosyncrasies. There is no display of rose-pink optimism in Mrs. Kemble's criticisms, but it should be remembered that when she sets out to interpret our domestic habits and our public politics, she is answering the questions of a correspondent curious to know the worst of a country she believes little good of; indeed, is surprised should be inhabited by well-to-do people able to denationalize themselves by living in Europe.

That Mrs. Kemble, in spite of her fault-finding with America in certain minor details, was in sympathy with us at the time of the crisis of our history may be seen by this extract from a letter to Mr. Malkin in September, 1861:

"The state of the country is very sad, and I fear will long continue to grieve and mortify its well-wishers; but of the ultimate success of the North I have not a shadow of a doubt. I hope to God that neither England nor any other power from the other side of the water will meddle in the matter, but above all *not* England; and thus, after some bad and good fighting, and an unlimited amount of brag and bluster on both sides, the South, in spite of a much better state of preparation, of better soldiers,

better officers, and above all a much more unanimous and venomous spirit of hostility, will be obliged to knock under to the infinitely greater resources, and less violent but much more enduring determination, of the North. With the clearing away of this storm slavery will be swept from among the acknowledged institutions of America."

This same power of what might be called divinatory diagnosis of the facts before her may be seen in certain remarks concerning Louis Napoleon in 1859. "He is," she writes, "I take it, much wiser in his generation than any child of light; and yet, after all, the light that is in him (very powerful gas although it seems) may turn out sheer darkness in a little while."

To return, however, to the impressions of our own country. Although Mrs. Kemble piques herself on being English in contradistinction to being American, and will not even accept the convenience of our decimal system, but goes on reckoning by cumbrous pounds, shillings, and pence, when such currency must have been a matter of sheer reminiscence, and although we are obliged to give up the hope that she will like any American institutions, yet she likes individual Americans. Our women, it is true, she considers cold and undemonstrative, but she says of our men: "You ask me if American men are like English men. No; American gentlemen are a cross between English and French men, and yet really altogether like neither. They are more refined and modest than Frenchmen, and less manly, shy, and rough than Englishmen. Their brains are finer and flimsier, their bodies less robust and vigorous, than ours. We are the finer animals, and they the subtler spirits. Their intellectual tendency is to excitement and insanity, and ours to stagnation and stupidity."

Her allusions to friendly intercourse with the editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*, to whom she presents the pair

of Shakespeare's gloves which had once been the property of Garrick, and had been given by him to Mrs. Siddons, are charming, as are those to her familiar intercourse with Longfellow and his family. In speaking of Boston as she first knew it, she observes, in one of the many bracketed notes inserted in the correspondence: "The persons I knew best and saw most frequently there were Dr. Channing; Prescott, Motley, the historians; Felton, the learned Greek professor; Agassiz, the great scientific naturalist; Hillard, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow. Such an extraordinary contemporaneous collection of eminent and remarkable men in a comparatively small city ought to have resulted in a society that might have been the admiration and envy of the greatest civilized capitals of Europe. . . . With such material for the most charming and brilliant society, it has often been a subject of curious surprise to me that Boston had nothing that could be called so, — nothing comparable to that finest product of mature civilization, the frequent, easy, and delightful intercourse of highly cultivated and intelligent men and women. . . . I had the honor, pleasure, and privilege of the acquaintance and friendship of these distinguished men, and was received by them with the most courteous kindness in their homes and families; but a general society of them, attractive and interesting, such as their combined intercourse ought to have produced, did not exist among them. Three reasons may have tended to this result: the men worked too hard in their business abroad; the women were too hard worked in their duties at home; and I think the New Englanders inherited from the Old ones the want of both taste and talent for society, and from their Puritan ancestors a decided disinclination and incapacity for amusement in general, for amusing others and being amused themselves."

Probably she would confirm Matthew

Arnold's opinion that there exists in America no great society. Certainly she shows little sympathy for Lord Houghton's genial optimism, who, she remarks (writing while he is staying a few days with her at York Farm), "has praised everything in the country, from the debased currency to the degraded government." He was one of her lifelong friends, and in a sketch inserted, giving some incidents of their acquaintance, she alludes to the time she first met him, at the age "when conceit is the proud privilege of youth, and Monckton Milnes had a justifiable share of that great gift of the imperturbable gods." The last time she saw Lord Houghton was when they were staying together at Mrs. Greville's, and paid Alfred Tennyson an afternoon visit. "The room where he received us commanded a fine view of the downs and the distant shining of the sea; while the situation of the house itself, half-way up a hillside covered with fine trees, gave a striking effect to a sudden storm that darkened the sky, and swept the downs, and lashed with violent rain the window panes, against which the oaks bent and bowed themselves, writhing and struggling with the wind, while Alfred Tennyson, to whom Mrs. Greville had made an urgent request that he should read something to us, declaimed in his sonorous monotone the imprecations of his British Boadicea on her Roman Enemies. When he had finished reading, he brought me a Shakespeare which was on his writing-table, and, putting it in my hands, desired me to read something. 'What was this for?' said I, taking a pen from between the leaves. 'Oh, to write his criticisms on Shakespeare,' said Lord Houghton. I took possession of it, . . . and then read where it had divided the leaves, those wonderful computations of the worthlessness of life and the terrors of death spoken in the prison scene of *Measure for Measure* by the Duke and Claudio."

We quote one more suggestion of the

associations and intimacies of Mrs. Kemble's fuller life: "During the winter when my sister and myself were in Rome at the same time, we had an excellent custom of going on alternate weeks to spend a morning on the Campagna, always accompanied by the same party of our intimate friends, and carrying with us a picnic luncheon. Browning, Ampère, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord Lyons, the sculptress Harriet Hosmer and a friend of hers, both known to us from their English girlhood, and two English sisters, our dear friends, one like a rippling brook in sunshine, the other like a still lake in moonlight, — with these, our invariable companions, we drove to some exquisite place in the flowery solitude of the magnificent desert which stretches on every side of Rome. We used to leave our carriages, and wander, and sit on the turf, and take our luncheon in the midst of all that was lovely in nature and picturesque in the ruined remains of Roman power and the immortal memories of Roman story. They were hours in such fellowship never to be forgotten. Alas, few now remain to remember them."

Interludes like these inspire the regret that Mrs. Kemble has permitted us chiefly to gather the facts of her biography from her letters, since her complete reminiscences might have been so valuable, besides being so delightful. Letters are apt to voice complaints. It is in general our disquietude, our disappointment, our *ennui*, which give the spur to self-confession; and literary work undertaken at a time of life when what is original, vital, fruitful, has largely been expended might gracefully take the form of recollections. She records an ingenious and graceful compliment from Frederika Bremer, upon whom she called one day, and found indisposed. Mrs. Kemble expressed a fear lest the exertion of receiving a visitor should be too much for her. "Oh, no!" Miss Bremer exclaimed; then added, laugh-

ing, "And yet I do not know that I ought to see so many people at once." This pretty speech may be taken with two meanings; for Mrs. Kemble, one of the most brilliant and versatile women of this century, has in her time played many parts, not only on the stage, but in real life. She has been an actress, a dramatic reader, a poet, a playwright, a voluminous writer in other literary forms, and she has throughout her career enjoyed high social distinction. Strange to say, in all her revelations of herself we nowhere see the whole woman dominated by an all-pervading idea, nor her powers fused into a single ambition. We suspect her of being most a poet, and, like other poets, *chercheur de l'infini*, whose secret goal of life dips far below the horizon, and is caught sight of only from the mountain top.

In every art in which she has expended an effort she has been more or less successful, and may be called a wonderfully clever woman all round, and not merely in this or that direction or quality. She always proclaimed her dislike for the stage, in spite of the *éclat* attending her career as an actress; and although the aerial charm of certain of her personations has never been surpassed, and must forever remain a tradition, it is generally considered that it was as a dramatic reader that she rose to the very zenith of her capabilities, embodying as she did with her matchless voice and with a marvelous versatility of sympathetic comprehension the whole scale of characters in every play she attempted. Whether her dislike of the stage sprang from a fastidious repugnance to the associations connected with it, or from her exacting demands upon her own powers, never fully satisfied, is a question which might be answered in different ways; but quite unnecessarily. She herself remarks, in a letter to Mr. Malkin, apropos of Samuel Laurence, the portrait painter: "If people have to live by bread, they should

have as few opinions as possible, even about their own business, because one's neighbors always know it better than one's self, in matters of art quite as much as any other matter."

Speaking of the Life of Macready, she says: "How curious it seems to me that he could care as he did for his profession, having none of the feeling of contempt and dislike for it *itself* that I had, and then dislike and despise it because he thought it placed him socially in an inferior position! . . . I do not think any of my people ever looked at their calling in that fashion."

Apparently, the modern stage was known to her only by hearsay and rumor; and when she alludes in one of her letters to the accounts of Henry Irving's performances, she adds: "I have not seen a play of Shakespeare's acted I do not know when. I think I should find such an exhibition extremely curious as well as entertaining."

One wishes that she might have attended some "Shakespearean revival," and given us her impressions of the elaborate spectacular modern stage, with its fine-spun prettinesses and double-distilled subtleties, — clever substitutions which talent and invention impose for the missing genius once a *sine qua non* in a first-class actor. For Mrs. Kemble's long life is the bridge which connects us with the ideas and traditions of the old school, which still remains the great school.

Mrs. Kemble's intimate friendship with Miss Cobbe deserves particular mention, for it is evident that she derived benefit and stimulus from this influence. But, although she sympathizes with modern ideas, she is never carried into the wide sweep of curve which makes the orbit of the zealous reformer. On one occasion she sends for Mrs. Garret-Anderson, the "lady doctor," and, alluding to this visit, she remarks: "The lady physicians that I have known have appeared to me clever and intelli-

gent persons, but with something hard and dry in their manner which would have struck me disagreeably in a man, but makes me wonder whether something especially and essentially womanly, tenderness, softness, refinement, must either be non-existent, or sacrificed in the acquirement of a manly profession and the studies it demands. On the other hand, it occurred to me that this very peculiarity of these ladies might be a judicious assumption of the manly unsympathetic 'habit of business' tone and deportment."

The letters contain nothing so fresh and exhilarating as the descriptions of her Alpine journeys, which seem to have been varied each year, until she gained a most comprehensive knowledge of the ins and outs of Switzerland. Her passion for mountain scenery dominates lesser impressions, and she writes from

Sorrento: "That which is sublime, severe, stern, dark, solemn, wild, and even savage is more to my taste than this profusion of shining, glittering, smiling, sparkling, beaming prospects and aspects."

The letters are interspersed with anecdotes of well-known people, often piquant and characteristic, and invariably interesting. But there is no running after brilliant effects, and no effort to say fine or witty things. Still, they abound in the book, and help to make up the admirably balanced impression left by the letters, in which feeling, humorous perception, accurate judgment, clear-headed observation, and sympathy with life all have free play. It may be said of Mrs. Kemble, "She brought an eye for all she saw," and brought besides the wit to understand and power to describe.

A SYSTEM OF POLITICAL SCIENCE AND CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.¹

MR. BURGESS has produced a work possessing conspicuous merits and conspicuous faults. It will both command admiration and provoke criticism; and it will be fortunate if the criticism does not overerow the praise which it must receive. For the very fact that its good and its bad points are equally accentuated tends to make its bad points seem more prominent than any just estimate should pronounce them. It will serve the purposes alike of specific appreciation and specific criticism if, at the outset, a general chart be made of Mr. Burgess's method and thought, and an outline of the excellences and defects which must be examined and estimated before his work can be appreciated as a whole.

¹ *Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law.* In two volumes. By JOHN W. BURGESS. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1891.

Its excellences are excellences both of method and of thought. There is the utmost clearness and adequacy of analysis throughout the book: nowhere in the two volumes does one lose his way in the subject, or doubt for a moment concerning the bearings of what he reads upon the subject-matter as a whole. There is also, of course, what successful analysis always secures, namely, perfect consistency everywhere; there is almost complete logical wholeness in the exposition. The reader enjoys the satisfaction, so rare in this day of easy writing, of being nowhere in doubt as to the author's meaning.

These are excellences of a high order, and are excellences, obviously, not of method only, but of thought as well. The thought is for the most part clear, consistent, and certain. There is ac-

curate knowledge throughout, also, and thoroughness in setting it forth.

The faults of the work, though equally evident, are not so easy of statement: the mind of the reader finds them distinct and irritating, but his vocabulary may find them subtle and difficult of explicit exposure. Stated in the plainest words that come to hand, they consist in a mechanical and incorrect style, a dogmatic spirit, and a lack of insight into institutions as detailed expressions of life, not readily consenting to be broadly and positively analyzed and classified.

We have now our scheme for a more minute and just examination of the contents of the work, whose importance no one can deny without fortifying his judgment by not reading it. The title of the work indicates at once the principal distinction upon which its treatment is based: one portion of it is devoted to those topics touching the nature and operations of the state which the author conceives to fall mainly within the domain of political science; another and quite distinct portion embodies such topics as fall exclusively within the domain of constitutional law. A sharp line of division is run between these two domains. Political science deals with those processes, whether legal or revolutionary, and with those conceptions, whether juristic or lying entirely outside the thought of the lawyer, by virtue of which states come into existence, take historic shape, create governments and institutions, and at pleasure change or discard what forms or laws they must in order to achieve development. Constitutional law, on the other hand, has a much narrower scope. It deals only with such part of political life as is operative within the forms of law, and obedient to its commands and sanctions. Juristic method scrutinizes laws, examines their contents, ponders their meaning, seeks to elicit from them their logical purpose; does not concern itself with what they ought to contain, but only

with what they do contain. The method of political science is much broader and freer. It does not hesitate to question laws as to their right to exist, to indulge bold speculations as to their foundations in the historical development and purposes of the people which has produced them, to account revolution just and necessary upon occasion, to say that laws are valid only so long as they contain some part of the national life and impede no essential measure of reform. Political science, in short, studies the forces of which laws are only the partial and temporary manifestations, while constitutional law is a study of conditions wholly statical.

Almost all that is most individual and important in Mr. Burgess's thought lies within the first portion of his work, which deals with the greater topics of political science. The two topics which stand forward most prominently in his treatment, as including all the rest, are Sovereignty and Liberty. The cardinal questions of systematic politics are, first, With whom does supreme political power rest, where is sovereignty lodged? and second, What liberty does the sovereign vouchsafe to the individual, and what are the guarantees of that liberty? But neither of these questions, nor any other questions whatever, either of political science or of constitutional law, can be discussed with any assurance of success without a most careful and consistent observance of the distinction between the state and the government. This is a distinction fundamental to every portion, great or small, of Mr. Burgess's thought. Always, under whatever constitution, distinguishable in thought, the state and the government are in most modern constitutions distinguishable also in fact. Back of the government, or else contained in it, is that other entity in which there persists a life higher than that of the government, and more enduring: that entity is the state, which gives to the government its form and its vitality.

State and government are never identical except in mere point of organization; they may have the same organs, but they are not on that account the same thing. It is the state which is sovereign; whatever person or body of persons constitutes the sole vital source of political power in a nation, that person or body of persons is the state, and is sovereign. In those periods of the history of politics in which the will of a king or of a prince has been decisive of law and conclusive as to individual liberty, the monarch has himself been the state. Whenever minorities have established themselves as a ruling class, obeyed by all organs of government, there minorities have wielded sovereignty, have been the state. Whenever majorities command, the nation has itself become sovereign, has been made the state.

So much for the fact of the state as a thing separable from the forms of government, and merely operative through those forms. The organization of the state is another matter. Its organization may be identical with the organization of the government, as it practically is in England, where the House of Commons is sovereign; or it may be distinct from the organization of the government, as it is among ourselves, where our constitutions are not changed by ordinary legislative process, but by other machinery specially arranged for the purpose. Only the state is superior to the laws; the government is subject to the laws. The state makes constitutions; governments give effect to them. Whatever power can change the constitution, that power is the state organized. Thus in England the government is organized in the Queen, the Lords, and the Commons; but the state is organized in the House of Commons alone, whose will, whenever it is clearly determinate, is supreme. In France the state is organized in the National Assembly sitting at Versailles; the government, in the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate, and

the President and Ministers. In Germany the government consists of the Emperor, the Reichstag, and the Bundesrath; but sovereignty resides in the Reichstag and a majority of the Bundesrath great enough to include at least forty-five out of the fifty-eight votes of that body. In the United States, while the government is organized in the houses of Congress and the President, the state has an alternative organization, represented by the two alternative methods of amending the Constitution permitted by Article V. of that instrument.

Nor does the significance of this distinction between state and government stop here. It is carried much further, to the upsetting of not a little familiar phraseology; for it invades that portion of Mr. Burgess's book which is devoted to comparative constitutional law, and commands his discussion of the forms of government. We can no longer speak of a federal state, but only of a federal government; neither does there exist any dual state, though dual governments there may be and have been. Every state is single and indivisible, let governments have what quality or complexity they may. The sovereign body which can make or unmake constitutions is in every case a single body; but the governments which give effect to constitutions may be made up of as many distinct and balanced parts as constitution makers may succeed in giving them. Sweden-Norway, for example, is not a dual state, for there is no such thing, but two states bound together in some important matters under a common government, which you may, if you choose, call a dual government.

If it be asked, Why must the sovereign will be always conceived of as single and indivisible, — why may it not be dual or treble, or multiple? the answer is ready and emphatic: Because sovereignty is by very definition supreme will, and there can be but one supreme will. This is

an old answer, sometimes supposed to have become long ago axiomatic; only the reasoning here built upon it contains anything that is new.

Such is the theoretical side of the book, such its structure of thought. The importance and serviceableness of such an analysis will not for a moment be doubted. It is only in the application of it to the actual facts of political life, the actual phenomena of state growth, that difficulty enters. Mr. Burgess himself does not seem to feel that there are any difficulties. He is as confident in his application of this analysis as in his construction of it. It is characteristic of him to have no doubts; to him the application of his analysis seems the perfect and final justification of it. His thoughtful readers, however, will experience much more difficulty and have many more doubts. For he makes specific application of his analysis to the governments of the United States, England, France, and Germany, — governments with which every student of politics is familiar, and whose history is known in detail. It is in his treatment of the history of these governments — a treatment in every instance as brief as it is confident — that our author is at his boldest in making trial of his theories. He subjects them to great risks in the process, and they by no means escape damage. Or perhaps it would be more just to say that, in seeking a very absolute exemplification of the truth of his theories at every stage of complex national histories, like those of Germany, France, and England, he displays an extraordinary dogmatic readiness to force many intricate and diverse things to accommodate themselves to a few simple formulas. He believes that he can specifically identify on the one hand the state, and on the other the government, in each period of the manifold development of these great nations, — that he can point out exactly, that is, the real possessors of sovereign influence or

authority during each principal age of their political growth; and the attempt must give every reader accustomed to deal with the multifiform and delicate phenomena of such growth a distressing impression of crudeness and dogmatic presumption.

Perhaps the most striking example of this quality is afforded by Mr. Burgess's confident analysis of our own national history in the terms of his theory. Without touch of hesitation, he formulates our history as follows: A national "state" came into existence among us in 1774 with the assembling of the first Continental Congress; so long as the Continental Congress continued to sit, it represented that state in organization; when that state, thus in Congress assembled, consented to the formation of the Confederation, under the Articles framed in 1777 and put into operation in 1781, it consented to its own dissolution, for those Articles attributed statehood to the several commonwealths, denying in every provision the existence of any single national sovereign will; but in the Constitution of 1789 the national state reasserted itself and regained organization, while the commonwealths lost their statehood, and became once again merely governments. These conclusions Mr. Burgess reaches, not as a lawyer, of course, for they are without sanction in our legal history, but as a political scientist: they are the "facts" of the case as contradistinguished from the law of the case, — a distinction upon which he is careful to insist. The distinction is indeed valid, — nay, obvious enough; but many there be that are betrayed into singular error in the use of it. For the facts have to be determined; and while it is generally easy enough to determine what the law is, political fact is subtle and elusive, not to be caught up whole in any formula. It is a thing which none but a man who is at once a master of sentences and a seer can bring entire before the mind's eye in its habit

as it lived, so many-sided is it and so quick to change.

It is always necessary to ascertain, therefore, just what a writer means by the antithesis between law and fact. Mr. Burgess believes, as we have seen, that a "state," with a single sovereign will, sprang into existence, however imperfect its organization, with the assembling of the Continental Congress of 1774. He evidently, therefore, excludes opinion altogether from the category of "fact;" for he quite certainly would not undertake to prove that in contemporary thought there was any real recognition of the occurrence of so momentous an event. He admits, indeed, with perhaps a touch of regret, that "the dull mind of the average legislator cannot at once be made conscious of such changes;" and he would probably admit also that even legislators who were not dull, like Madison and Hamilton, for example, were quite unconscious that a state had been born in 1774, and destroyed in 1781. The truth is, of course, that political fact is made up largely of opinion. Opinion is no less a fact than is heat, or cold, or gravitation. It is a determining force, and for that reason a controlling fact; in political development it is the fact of facts. If Mr. Burgess could but appreciate this, it would give life and significance to his theories such as in his own hands they do not possess. The national "state," with its sense of unity and of a common purpose, if democratic in structure, comes always slowly into existence, with the habit of coöperation and the growth of the national idea. The commonwealths of 1774 esteemed themselves states, and were states; adding nothing to their independence and dignity, assuredly, by the arrangement of 1781, but on the contrary consciously curtailing their privileges thereby. States they remained both in consciousness and purpose when they entered the union consummated in 1789. The national "state" has come into ex-

istence since then by virtue of a revolution of ideas, by reason of national union and growth and achievement, through a process also of struggle and of civil war. A state cannot be born unawares, cannot spring unconsciously into being. To think otherwise is to conceive mechanically, and not in terms of life. To teach otherwise is to deaden effort, to leave no function for patriotism. If the processes of politics are unconscious and unintelligent, why then this blind mechanism may take care of itself; there is nothing for us to do.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Burgess does not keep the method of the jurist and the method of the political scientist quite so distinct as he supposes. The juristic method is the method of logic: it squares with formulated principles; it interprets laws only, and concrete modes of action. The method of political science, on the contrary, is the interpretation of life; its instrument is insight, a nice understanding of subtle, unformulated conditions. For this latter method Mr. Burgess's mind seems unfit; the plain logic of concrete modes of action is much more natural to him than the logic of circumstance and opinion. Where he employs the forms and expressions of induction, therefore, he will often be found using in reality the processes of a very absolute deduction. He has strong powers of reasoning, but he has no gift of insight. This is why he is so good at logical analysis, and so poor at the interpretation of history. This is why what he says appears to have a certain stiff, mechanical character, lacking flexibility and vitality. It seems to have been constructed, not conceived. It suggests nothing; it utterly lacks depth and color. As a matter of fact, these defects do not invalidate in the least the serviceable analysis upon which the whole work is founded, neither do they rob its very excellent and lucid discussions of comparative constitutional law of their significance; but

they do put the author at a great disadvantage with his reader by creating the impression that the whole matter of the volumes has been arbitrarily conceived.

Mr. Burgess, constructing thus, does not write in the language of literature, but in the language of science. The sentences of the scientist are not sentences in the literary sense,—they are simply the ordered pieces of statements; they are not built upon any artistic plan, but upon the homeliest principles of grammatical joinery, which cares nothing for color, or tone, or contrast, but contents itself with mere serviceable construction out of any materials that will hold together mechanically. There is no "style" about such writing; words are used simply as counters, without regard to the material out of which they are made, or to the significance which they bear in their hearts. A book thus constituted may be read much and consulted often, but can itself never live: it is not made up of living tissue. It may suggest life, but it cannot impart it. Doubtless the artificers of such writings do not pretend to be making literature, but they have no choice; if they do not write literature, they do not write truth. For political science cannot be truthfully constructed except by the literary method; by the method, that is, which seeks to reproduce life in speech. Constitutional law may perhaps dispense with the literary method in its expositions, but political science cannot. Politics can be successfully studied only as life; as the vital embodiment of opinions, prejudices, sentiments, the product of human endeavor, and therefore full of human characteristics, of whim and ignorance and half know-

ledge; as a process of circumstance and of interacting impulses, a thing growing with thought and habit and social development—a thing various, complex, subtle, defying all analysis save that of insight. And the language of direct sight is the language of literature.

It would not be possible to criticise these volumes in detail without criticising them in very great detail. The strong ideas that stand out in them will prove eminently serviceable to subsequent writers in the great field which they seek to occupy, and will doubtless pass into the literature of the subject; but Mr. Burgess's specific judgments upon the political history of the four great nations with whose institutions he chiefly concerns himself, his judgments also upon races and upon race development in the opening chapters of the work, every attempt that he makes to unfold the interior meanings of national political development, must provoke sharp dissent and criticism. Perhaps this, in the absence of a suggestive method of treatment, will be the book's means of stimulation. Its very dogmatism, indeed, will prove not unpleasant to those who have experienced a touch of *ennui* in this age of cautious, timid writing. It is an agreeable shock to hear once more the old confident phrase, "I have demonstrated." You may not agree, but you may possibly admire the boldness of temperament which makes such phrases possible.

Mr. Burgess will not have done a bad thing if he hearten us once more to get clear ideas and put muscle into their defense. That is one way to rouse truth, though it may not be the gentlest or the best way.

GILDERSLEEVE'S ESSAYS AND STUDIES.

THE young classical scholarship of America has been characterized, in the past at any rate, by a quality not ordinarily ascribed to youth, nor to our people, — timidity. We have been too ready to think ourselves so remote from the famous centres of advanced study, and from the original sources of knowledge concerning the Hellenic and Roman races, that we could contribute nothing of value toward the fuller comprehension of ancient life. Even our most conscientious students have too often been content to absorb, and to accept almost slavishly, the teachings of the latest European treatise in each department of research.

On the other hand, we have not even made an aggressive effort to reveal to the wider circle of intelligent men and women the intrinsic beauty and significance of our favorite studies. There has been a general disposition, rather, to take refuge, almost in silence, behind the traditional prestige of the classical languages; to put our trust in the awe inspired by that which is unknown or little understood, — an insecure reliance, indeed, in the midst of a community so practical, irreverent, and inquisitive as our own.

The instruction of the last generation rarely attempted to make any appeal to the imagination even of the "advanced student." The college did hardly more than continue the narrow textbook routine, the uninspiring study and recitation, of the school. Of course such lessons were forgotten within a few years, with an alacrity which has become almost proverbial, unless the pupil, after graduation, plodded as a teacher over the same narrowly limited path to which his own youthful feet had been trained.

The few and scattered publications of those days were usually of the kind

contemptuously designated by our Teutonic kinsfolk as bread-and-butter work. They were chiefly either drill-books for beginners, or annotated editions of the school classics, leaning heavily, whether with or without adequate acknowledgment, upon the labors of German and French predecessors. Even more significant is the fact that it has been possible for some to win their way to high position in prominent seats of learning without feeling the duty, or at least the necessity, of producing anything whatever.

It is believed that this will be accepted as a fair outline of the conditions prevailing in the past. It is not, indeed, a past remote from our own time, nor have these conditions by any means wholly disappeared. Yet a new day has, without question, already dawned. A sturdier, more independent race of scholars is appearing in this as in other fields.

A second assertion will probably also pass unquestioned. The progress of classical philology among us has been and is almost wholly under the lead of men who have been trained in Germany, and who are still largely dependent upon German influences. The writer is by no means prepared to stigmatize this as wholly a mistake or a misfortune. It is, however, true that we unduly neglect valuable work done in France and England; in fact, a citation of a French or even an English authority is nearly a rarity in our own philological publications. Yet books frequently appear in both countries which are indispensable to the thorough student. In this respect the Germans are often more catholic than we. Still, Berlin and Leipzig, Göttingen and Bonn, really are the chief centres of organized original research, and to them we must doubtless look for

guidance, so long as we are content, or compelled, to follow any lead.

Like all forms of dependence, however, this condition has its especial dangers, to one of which we wish to refer. It is a familiar truth that pupils push to an even greater extreme the tendencies of their masters. Allusion has just been made to the fact that Germany is the home of highly specialized studies and of original investigation. No student there can receive his degree until he has made a creditable effort to contribute his mite toward the sum total of knowledge. Much of this work, indeed, especially under the present reign of statistical grammar, is hardly more inspiring or varied than that of our census enumerators. Yet the unwearied performance of a piece of philological drudgery is by no means a bad training for the youthful scholar. In many cases, moreover, a master is really pushing his own investigations over a wide field, through the tasks divided among his pupils.

But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that such labors are always regarded by the really learned Germans as merely preparatory to some great constructive work. The special studies, for instance, of Mommsen and his pupils find their goal in his *Roman History* and the great *Manual of Roman Antiquities*. Kirchhoff scans eagerly each fresh inscription from Asia, hoping that it will prove the keystone for the history of the Greek alphabets. Even the most analytical of Homeric scholars dreams of demonstrating at last the real origin and growth of the immortal epics. And finally, beyond and above all special tasks looms the fair vision of antiquity itself. Through the literature, the art, and the handicraft of the elder races, the true scholar would fain reach an adequate conception of the remote

past itself, and of its true relations with our modern life; though here, certainly, each generation realizes all too well that such an ideal is far beyond its reach, and murmurs in its own words the brave thought of Clough: —

“Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toil shall see.”

At any rate, the young doctor's dissertation on, for example, the comparative frequency of two expressions for “perhaps,” in the various dialogues of Lucian, earns thereby in Germany only the right to enter the arena of the higher scholarship. Among ourselves, on the other hand, one or two such performances are too often accepted as sufficient proof of “accurate scholarship,” upon which the author may well be permitted to retire complacently to the uneventful routine of the college class-room. It would have pointed the antithesis better to have said that such studies are deliberately accepted by us as a sufficient end and aim in themselves; but the writer has an abiding faith in the practical good sense, the lofty ideals, and the persevering energy of our race. We shall not rest content with less than the best and the highest. If we have paused at the foot of the hill, it is but to gather our strength and clear our vision for the ascent.

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Such a train of thought is naturally suggested by the appearance of a volume of essays¹ from the hand of an acknowledged leader among American Hellenists, who is without question the most thorough, patient, and judicious of investigators, but who has also pointed out more impressively than any other the dangers and the shortcomings of our classical scholarship. The instructive autobiographical sketch recently contributed by Professor Gildersleeve to the series upon *Formative Influences*² gives us the materials, as well as the right, to

¹ *Essays and Studies, Educational and Literary*. By BASIL LANNEAU GILDERSLEEVE. Baltimore: N. Murray. 1890.

² *The Forum*, February, 1891, pages 607-617.

associate to some extent the individuality and environment of the author with the discussion of his book.

In the opening sentence of the first essay in the volume before us, a harmless arrow of jest, aimed at the "oracular centre of Boston," may serve to remind us that Mr. Gildersleeve is a Carolinian, whose tenderness for Charleston, his birthplace, forty years in more northern climes have not chilled. "A Southerner and thoroughly identified with the South, I have shared the fortunes of the land in which my lot was cast, and in my time have shared its prejudices and its defiant attitude. A clearer vision and a more tolerant spirit have come with wider experience and mellowed years." He assures us that, in ante-bellum days, "as against the North, we were Southerners; as against England, we were national enough." And now "I am, or ought to be, American enough to satisfy even" — the author of *A Man Without a Country*. Perhaps it may be permitted us to reply that such assurances are, we trust, hardly necessary now from any quarter.

There is a truly poetic passage in one of these essays, where Mr. Gildersleeve, while alluding to that isolation of American scholars upon which we have already touched, adds: "Who is a stranger to this feeling, and who has a more bitter experience of it than those of us who . . . were cut off . . . from new books, new journals, nay, every sign of life from without, now by the pillar of fire which is called war, now by the pillar of cloud which is called poverty?" Many a reader in the Northeast may well be moved by these words to ponder what his own feeling and action might have been, or might yet be, if that circle of fire were drawn about New England. From our saddest memories springs the bitter joy of the knowledge that every type of American manhood has shown its readiness to perish for its own ideal of fatherland. We all rejoice, surely,

that the terrible problem which was but our inheritance, and not of our making, is settled, and so settled that all the English-speaking peoples of Hesperia are, or will yet be, welded into an indissoluble union; perchance the fair foreshadowing of that "federation of the world" whereof the laureate at twenty dreamed, and in old age despairs. That the men and women of various sections are still, and may always be, somewhat diverse in type and powers is but cause for rejoicing. Just at the darkest midnight and before the brightest dawn of Athenian history, the scholar hears ring out high and clear the words of Aristides, returning from exile: "It is our destiny to be rivals, now and in the after time, each of us striving to render the greater service to the fatherland." But if at times the toilers in lonely ways shall feel that recognition is "scant and slow," they may be assured that the cause is not to be found in sectional or local jealousy. That enlightened national patriotism, which has more of solicitude in it than of pride, must yet be greatly strengthened, and more fully informed with the true scholarly spirit, which regards one's own generation as heirs of all the past and joint heirs with all posterity. In the growth of such a national spirit all earnest work is helpful, and the worker will not be forgotten.

President Gilman is quoted as saying, upon the question How to begin a University, "Enlist a great mathematician and a distinguished Grecian; your problem will be solved." This was realized when Sylvester and Gildersleeve were called to Johns Hopkins. During twenty years' service in the University of Virginia, the latter had already won an undoubted position among the foremost of our Hellenists. The fourteen years since spent in Baltimore have, however, been especially fruitful. In particular, the *American Journal of Philology* is already eleven years old. This well-

known periodical has long ago established itself as a storehouse of laborious research and sound learning, to which an American may point in no apologetic fashion as the equal of any publication in the world within its peculiar field. It is, indeed, "a quarterly which is not meant for popular reading," and professed philologists find some of its pages as discouragingly hard as Cicero confesses the speeches in Thucydides were to him. The editor himself does not possess, or rather does not often employ, such a style as that of the still-lamented Hadley. It was said of the latter that he made the most ignorant reader imagine that he could enter into the discussion of almost any question. Gildersleeve oftener causes even the earnest student to feel himself but a crude and incompetent dilettante. Yet his articles have been unique, even in this learned environment, for the patient investigation upon which they are constructed, but still more for the untiring energy, the picturesque style, the vivid and unlooked-for illustrations, employed upon subjects usually regarded as arid and unattractive. The eminence of Gildersleeve, as of every masterful mind, consists chiefly in the ability to see, and to make us see, the essential relations of the subject under discussion to greater, and through them to the greatest realities. This is beautifully illustrated in the volume before us, where Gildersleeve describes a lecture he once heard by another great master, on "the vanishing of weak vowels in Latin." The subject did not seem an exhilarating one even to the earnest young philologist; but "as he went on, and marshaled the facts, and set in order the long lines that connected the disappearance of the vowel with the downfall of a nationality, and great linguistic, great moral, great historical laws marched in stately procession before the vision of the student, the airy vowels that had flitted into the Nowhere seemed to be

the lost soul of Roman life, and the Latin language, Roman literature, and Roman history were clothed with a new meaning." The great master thus described is evidently a German, perhaps Ritschl. That Gildersleeve is largely under the same Teutonic influences as our other leaders would hardly be questioned, yet we may quote his own words: "To Germany and the Germans I am indebted for everything, professionally, in the way of apparatus and method, and for much, very much, in the way of inspiration." But such sentences as the one just quoted — and they occur on many pages — draw their inspiration direct from the true source of the poetic and the beautiful; from an adequate perception of the relation between the most delicate detail and the most universal law.

Of course the style of our author does not always maintain so lofty a level. Indeed, though always masculine, energetic, and characteristic, it has some unquestionable faults, of which the writer himself more than once reveals a half-amused consciousness. Sometimes the stores of learning strew the page with unessential names and allusions, so that the scholar once quotes to himself the admonition of Corinna to her pupil, when the youthful Pindar had embodied in a single ode all the chief myths of Thebes: "Sow from the hand, and not from the sack!" A fondness for quaint and vivid illustration occasionally tempts to a jesting side-thrust somewhat below the dignity of the theme, and oftener to the mention of local and temporary celebrities or events, which, after a few years, — to quote Gildersleeve the critic upon himself, — "belong to ancient history as much as Socrates." These latter words are from one of the rather scanty footnotes, which are almost the only means by which these papers, most of them written nearly a quarter century ago, have been "brought up to date." It detracts from the effect even of a

remarkably fine essay, like the one on Lucian, when we are told that its author now sees that it is inadequate and incorrect. But we are already at the end of our little tale of *adversaria*, which we have set, with some trepidation, here in the centre, as the cautious general or advocate disposes his weakest troops. They all serve to illustrate the undoubted fact, which in these pages, at any rate, it is our evident duty to lament, that such brilliant literary work is only the avocation of a devoted philologist.

The title indicates the dual character of the volume, but this dualism, though real, is not excessively marked. The more purely literary studies are seven in number. One, upon Platen's poems, is in part a tribute to the German associations and influences which made the author's last three student years (1850-1853) both happy and profitable. Here Mr. Gildersleeve shows also, in a number of versions from the German poet, his excellent command of metrical form. We more than suspect that the professor's desk contains many English translations from the classical masters as well, — translations which would be a most welcome addition to our scanty store of such work executed in a manner at once scholarly and poetical. Another essay is devoted to the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who seems to us like a mediæval paladin astray in an alien century and an uncongenial land. "Many of our exiles knew him well," says a footnote. The other five papers of the group are all upon classical subjects. The one most easily read at a sitting is a defense of Xantippe, which leaves the unlucky dame indeed still in "that Hades of disreputables" where she has made her abode so long, but at least succeeds in lighting up with singular vividness the interior of a humble Greek home. The learning of the author is carried very lightly in this study, and the humor of the situations is thoroughly enjoyed by writer and reader.

Our own favorite, however, is the paper on Lucian, which we mentioned before, and to which we shall return. Apollonius of Tyana, a study of a once famous "false prophet," is most of all a tribute of the classical scholar to the firm faith in the divinity of Christ, — a faith in which "I grew up, a Calvinist like my father."

But we must turn without further lingering to the "educational" essays. These four papers may be said to be connected like concentric circles, since they treat of the position and work of the Classical Scholar in the World, the College, the University, and the Study. The most striking characteristic upon every page is the wideness of view, combined with a firm grasp of and a hearty enthusiasm for the object under examination at the moment. Many sentences are quite worthy of transcription into the notebook of every scholar or earnest worker in any field, no matter how remote.

George Eliot tells us that every man or woman who listened to Savonarola seemed to hear in the preacher's words a thrilling appeal to his own strongest feelings and motives; and so, in these wise utterances of our leader, we naturally receive most eagerly, and would gladly emphasize, those warnings and admonitions which are in closest accord with our own convictions as to the pressing needs of the hour. "Special studies, by all means, — special even to the minutest variations of form and structure, to the exactest detail of statistic. But, for all that, let us not lose sight of the magnificent idea of philology, which is instinct with the life of humanity." The popularity of certain French writers "is a good sign of the intelligent interest of the cultivated public in these subjects, and without such an intelligent interest the department must die. . . . That it is possible to forget the end in the means, that there are those who never go beyond the collec-

tion of facts, is most true ; but there are others, and those not a few, who, while they put aside the mere dilettanteism of æsthetic phrase-making, are not insensible of the total effect, and, while they use the measuring-rod, are not blind to the chambers of imagery, — to cherubim and palm-trees and lions."

This last sentence, with its fierce side-thrust at the dilettante, its reminiscence of early familiarity with the Hebrew scriptures, and the careful reference in the footnote to "Ezek. ch. xli." for us of shallower or profaner training, is perhaps the best keynote of a book which every lover of learning and of letters may read with profit ; and it is also exactly the one on which we can best base the critic's demand for more.

Mr. Gildersleeve regards this volume as a farewell to literature ; or rather as a memorial of his alter ego, the man of letters long since departed, for whom the surviving philologist has not even the power to recast those portions of the work which are confessedly inadequate or out of date. To this decision we must, perforce, give a consent, however reluctant. But not only is the philologist at least full of life and energy, but upon his shoulders rest the heavy responsibilities, as well as the thankless honors, of leadership. Here and elsewhere he has pointed out with firm hand the paths by which we must ascend. We have the best of authority for counting upon at least a decade of years fruitful in results for the enthusiastic chief of our Hellenists. He would himself undoubtedly agree that it is quite time for American scholarship to produce some sustained, independent, and characteristic work of a constructive character.

It is not needful that this work shall be popular, in any degrading sense ; yet it is happily true that any such masterly statement of results appeals to a circle far wider than the few able to fol-

low the researches on which it is built. As the author tells us : "Many of the aspects of American life enable us to understand the ancients better than some of our European contemporaries can do." Again, he refers to "the special aptitude of Americans for the appreciation of the political and social relations of antiquity, due partly to our peculiar endowment, partly to our peculiar position."

Teaching by example is always more effective than teaching by precept, and we confidently believe that Professor Gildersleeve will yet give us what is in a certain sense due from him, and what he has the power and natural fitness to undertake. Dörpfeld demonstrated the position and form of the original circular orchestra in the Athenian theatre, by discovering and pointing out two fragments of the foundation sufficiently large to show the curvature of the whole structure. In a like manner, many readers of such an essay as that upon Lucian must have felt that it sufficed to indicate the general scope and character, at any rate, of a treatise on Greek literature or Greek life by the same hand, and upon somewhat the same scale. Doubtless the author would desire that we should refer rather to a maturer and perhaps more difficult achievement, the essay on Pindar, prefixed, in 1885, to the masterly edition of the Olympian and Pythian odes. But the earlier paper, especially, seems like a chapter detached from an actual history of Greek thought. The last words, in particular, remind us vividly that the individual can be studied aright only as a part of the larger drama : "The old systems of faith and philosophy are dropping to pieces. New combinations are forming. . . . A great struggle is preparing. Lucian has swept the arena."

In discussing the latest book in English upon Greek literature, which the *Journal of Philology* would ignore or brush aside as the work of a man who

had never grappled with his subject at first hand, a recent review closed with the suggestion that there is already one American scholar whose right to undertake this high and arduous task would not be questioned anywhere. It is but an echo of these words when we express

the earnest hope that we may hereafter welcome a book, as yet unannounced and very probably unplanned, which would be a worthy corner-stone for the national scholarship of the twentieth century, — Gildersleeve's *Literature and Life of Hellas*.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Art. An Artist's Story of the Great War, told and illustrated, with nearly three hundred relief-etchings after Sketches in the Field and twenty half-tone Equestrian Portraits from Original Oil Paintings, by Edwin Forbes. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Forbes is one of the greatest of war correspondents, and as he handled a brush as deftly as he did a stylographic pen the combination of text and design is uncommonly good. In the four parts already issued of a serial which is to contain twenty, it is easy to see the scope of the work. This is an artist's portfolio, with letterpress by the artist himself. He has disengaged notable and characteristic passages and treated them, so that the reader, before he finishes, will have a wide range of observation of soldier life, and need not fear that he is in for a long formal narrative. It is all touch and go. — The chief features of *L'Art* (Macmillan) for 15 January and 1 February are etchings after Rubens and Claes Berchem, red chalk studies from nature by Émile Lévy, an interesting woodcut portrait of Alphonse Karr, and several cuts illustrative of Pays de France by Pierre Gauthiez. The portrait of Karr occurs in the serial study *Les Salonniers depuis Cent Ans*. — *Oberammergau, 1890*, by William Allen Butler. (Harpers.) A vellum-covered, dignified folio volume, containing Mr. Butler's narrative of and comment on the play in fluent, serious verse, several interesting wood engravings from scenes, and an accompaniment of notes.

Literature and Criticism. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, including Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, and Johnson's *Diary of a Journey into North Wales*. Edited

by George Birkbeck Hill. In six volumes. (Harpers.) Dr. Hill has identified his name with Johnson's in this noble edition of a great work. Johnson was himself such a golden milestone of his age and country that it is easy to regard him the centre of the literary history of his time, and to annotate Boswell's work so freely as to make it, text and annotation, a thesaurus. This has always been seen, and Croker loaded the book down, but Croker was both careless and prejudiced. Dr. Hill approaches the subject from that scientific side which is so inestimable a point of view when one is exploiting a subject, and not himself. His notes are rich in matter, yet restrained in expression, and his apparatus of index and appendix gives a value to the work which any one will appreciate who has been baffled by the vexatious index of the most familiar edition heretofore. The plates and portraits increase the positive worth of the work, and the style of the whole series of volumes is of a high order of bookmaking. — *A Guide-Book to the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning*, by George Willis Cooke. (Houghton.) In the city built by Browning there are many places which it is hard for strangers to find, and even his friends are sometimes puzzled to describe. In this handy volume, arranged alphabetically, Mr. Cooke has performed the very useful service of furnishing clues. He does not irritate the sensitive mind of the student and lover of Browning by acting as a bumptious *valet de place*, and telling him what he is to think or how he is to feel, but simply puts him in the way of enjoying himself more thoroughly by removing some of those external ob-

stacles which a few words from some one more familiar with the way can dispose of. In short, the Guide-Book is a library of information regarding the subjects of Browning's verse, besides containing a good deal of bibliographical material of great usefulness. By means of it one may easily play that he has an annotated edition of Browning, with headnotes, various readings, footnotes, appendix, and index. — The Spiritual Sense of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, by W. T. Harris. (Appleton.) In this interesting essay Dr. Harris aims to expand, by a scrutiny of successive scenes, the important critical dictum that the work is to be regarded "under the form of eternity." In other words, he looks for first principles, and discovers them through the veil of poetic incidents. Whether or not one accepts all his specific interpretations, the underlying scheme is one that can be applied to all great works of art, and has therefore a universality which is the first condition of authority in interpretation. — The Putnams issue in their pretty Knickerbocker Nuggets, in two volumes, Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson, with the Earl of Carnarvon's Memoir of his Lordship. It is a pity that the publishers do not stop at the beauty which goes with typography, instead of attempting embellishment by portraiture through some specially inadequate process. — Talks with Athenian Youths; Translations from the Charmides, Lysis, Laches, Euthydemus, and Theætetus of Plato. (Scribners.) An interesting preface puts the reader in possession of the necessary knowledge for an intelligent reading of the dialogues, and then, unhampered by notes, which are reserved for the end of the book, the dialogues themselves are translated in a singularly graceful, attractive style. The absence of archaism is refreshing, and yet there is a dignity in the English which never allows the colloquial form to trip the translator into a slouching ease. — Essays in Little, by Andrew Lang. (Scribners.) Mr. Lang always appears to write at haphazard, to be the victim of the latest book or caught by the immediate occasion, and on whatever theme he discourses he is always delightfully contemporary. If he harks back to Homer, it is the Homer whom an Englishman of to-day may enjoy, not an ancient Greek or an antiquity-encrusted English-

man. The law of association, if the modern psychologists will leave us the term when speaking of a Scotsman, seems to have Mr. Lang well under subjugation, for his nimble pen can hardly keep up with the quick suggestions which wide reading and a lively curiosity are constantly starting in his mind. Hence his *Essays in Little* are as desultory as essays should be, and, with all their power of entertainment, constantly set one to thinking that they are undeveloped articles. Several of the essays illustrate very cleverly the singular capacity which Mr. Lang has for assumption of parts played by other authors. Not only can he put himself alongside of the author whom he is reviewing, which is the first condition for sympathetic criticism; he can put himself in his skin. — The *Epic of the Inner Life*. Being the Book of Job translated anew, and accompanied with Notes and an Introductory Study. By John F. Genung. (Houghton.) Mr. Genung is already favorably known by his systematic study of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and the same careful minute touch which characterized that little book is here evident. If his translation lack the swing and boldness of the masterly King James version, it was necessary to his purpose that he should make it with all its nicer shades of meaning and transition; for his work is analytical and constructive, and he aims to disclose all the joints as well as the structure of the immortal poem. His treatment is literary and scholarly, and strikingly devoid of any theological partisanship. More than this, it is the sane attitude of a man, who recognizes the greatness of the work, and is bent only on interpreting it by large standards.

History and Biography. Journal of William Maclay, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 1789–1791, edited by Edgar S. Maclay. (Appleton.) A most interesting contribution to our political history, since it gives a series of instantaneous photographs of the interior of the United States Senate in its earliest sessions. Mr. Maclay was of Scotch descent and of ineradicable Scotch obstinacy. He was a hard-headed, irascible democrat, who found everybody beside himself irascible. John Adams was his pet detestation, and the two men were flint and steel. The minute comment on men and affairs is singularly microscopic,

but the reader will not fail to find a good many shrewd observations, and to catch a vivid and very prejudiced glimpse of the legislative mind in that notable period, when parties had not yet crystallized. Mr. Maclay unquestionably was pretty near the fountain head of the Democratic party. His personality is quite the most noticeable thing in the book. It would be hard to find a portrait better painted on the back of the canvas. — Hannibal, a History of the Art of War among the Carthaginians and Romans down to the Battle of Pydna, 168 B. C., with a detailed Account of the Second Punic War, by Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Houghton.) A second in the author's important series of Great Captains. Colonel Dodge renders a service to his reader by heading each chapter with a brief digest of the matter contained in it; but we think most who enter upon the book will be lured by the author's direct style and strong interest in his work to read without regard to the headnotes. These volumes, of which Alexander was the first, have a special value from the fact that the writer is interested not merely in the technique of the art of war, but in the principles involved in the conflict and in the character of the persons engaged. — The Vikings in Western Christendom, A. D. 789 to A. D. 888, by C. F. Keary. (Putnam.) Mr. Keary's design strikes one at once as worth the attempt, namely, to tell the story of the Viking raids, when the Norsemen were not yet a nation, but a race which was learning its lesson in nationality through the satisfaction of its roving nature, and to do this by means of a skillful interpretation of Viking half myth by contemporaneous European annals. The part which these northerners played in the history of Europe is told with spirit and a good sense of pictorial values. — The latest volume in the series of Imbert de Saint-Amand's Famous Women of the French Court, translated by T. S. Perry, is Marie Louise and the Invasion of 1814. (Scribners.) The same interesting qualities belong to this as to the other volumes of the series: a deft use of personal memoirs, so that all the events which take place in the momentous history seem to be incidents in the fortunes of certain persons rather than movements of national import; a polite gallantry toward these famous women;

and a fine air of philosophic calm on the part of the writer. — A Commentary on the Campaign and Battle of Manassas of July, 1861, together with a Summary of the Art of War, by General G. T. Beauregard. (Putnam.) An extended criticism of General J. E. Johnston's Century article, in which our author, like Cæsar, treats himself as a third person. The Summary is a document drawn up by the general for the use of his forces at Charleston. — Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens, by Evelyn Abbott. (Putnam.) A volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series. Mr. Abbott writes out of a full knowledge, and he is systematic in the arrangement of his material. He is at his best, not in narrative, but in observation. Hence his closing chapters on Athens in the time of Pericles are more readable and more likely to hold the attention than those which pursue the most dramatic period of Greek history in a calm, dignified, but rather unmoved spirit.

Poetry. A Psalm of Deaths, and Other Poems, by S. Weir Mitchell. (Houghton.) The longest poem in this thin volume, Master François Villon, displays that nervous dramatic power which is, to our thinking, the most notable of Dr. Mitchell's poetic gifts. To tell a story in a few words, and hint at much more than one tells, and to do this in strong lines, is a fine achievement. The meditative verses which form the first group and gather about the fact of death are marked by deep feeling and restrained expression. Now and then throughout the volume a lighter chord is struck, but the general tone is grave and thoughtful. — Lyrics, by Joseph Hudson Young. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Lyrics are meant to be sung, but it is a little hard to tell what musical instrument should accompany these verses. A tom-tom would answer sometimes, but the humorous pieces appear to require the bones. — Winona, a Dakota Legend, and Other Poems, by E. L. Huggins. (Putnam.) — Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students, arranged by Thomas P. Fenner and Frederic G. Rathbun. (Putnam.) Here may be found not only the sweet and wild melodies which captivate all who hear them, but many interesting scraps of information about the origin of certain of the songs. — Bohemia, and Other Poems, by Isabella T. Aitken. (Lippincott.) Reflections, sug-

gested by travel largely, and wrought with a resolution which all the difficulties of poetry shall not weaken. There is a good illustration of the writer's determination to be poetic in her verses to a certain Dr. R. One of the verses reads :—

"R—, thy skill has earned for thee a name
Unrivalled in the obstetrics of the land;
European shores would crown thy fame
With laurels from Olympia's classic strand."

— *Moody Moments, Poems*, by Edward Doyle. (Ketcham & Doyle, New York.) The author is blind, and this fact lends something more than a pathetic interest to his verse, for it furnishes the *motif* of many of his lines, and, without affectation, enables the reader to enter somewhat into the spiritual experience of one thus isolated; as, for example, in the moving sonnet *Bewitching Sleep*, and in the verses *Cherubs! I Follow Slowly*. Apart from the verses of this order, the poetry is rather strenuous, than strong with wise reserve. — *Poems, Sketches of Moses Traddles*. (Keating & Co., Cincinnati.) Sixty pages of verse which hesitates between sentiment and the rough cast of humor. The author does not wholly escape the trenchant criticism of Dick Deadeye, that hopelessly honest commenter.

Social and Political Science. Socialism, New and Old, by William Graham. (Appleton.) A volume in the International Scientific Series. The scientific treatment of the subject lends it special interest. That is to say, socialism having many forms of manifestation, and offering phenomena capable of classification, Mr. Graham has approached the subject, not from the side either of advocate or of enemy, but as an historian, an analyst, and a critic. He makes but little use of American contributions, because, we infer, he sees in socialistic views a more positive leaven in European politics than in American, where the nearness of the people to the government, and the freedom with which combinations are formed and dissolved, offer a healthy protection against too violent changes in general polity. — *Woman's Work in America*, edited by Annie Nathan Meyer, with an Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. (Holt.) A collection of essays on various phases of woman's work, by a number of authors, most of whom are notably identified with the topic

they discuss. Thus Miss Cone treats of *Woman in Literature*; Rev. Ada C. Bowles of *Woman in the Ministry*; Mrs. Livermore of *Woman in the State*; Miss Willard of the *Woman's Christian Temperance Union*; Miss Barton of the *Work of the Red Cross Society*. The topics of education, philanthropy, journalism, medicine, are also handled, and the editor shows a careful study of the entire subject, and adds effective footnotes. The best papers are by the specialists. The more general papers, like those devoted to education, are a little too general, though by the absence of confusing details one is enabled to take a more rapid and comprehensive survey. One is struck by the high value which all these women place upon organization. Perhaps there is an instinct in this. — *Socialism of Christ, or Attitude of Early Christians toward Modern Problems*, by Austin Bierbower. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) An interesting examination of the New Testament ideals, in the light of present perplexing questions, and with illustrations from history, especially the history of the French Revolution. The fundamental error, we suspect, in Mr. Bierbower's reasoning is in the assumption that the Christ came to revolutionize the world by a new system, instead of bringing to light a life which was in the world, but was a force not understood; that could not, indeed, be understood till it was concrete in a person. Hence his superficial view of what he regards as the inconsistency and change in the spirit of the teaching of the gospels. By the way, he enforces this view on page 189 by ascribing to the Christ words used by the Baptist. — *A Plea for Liberty, an Argument against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation*, consisting of an Introduction by Herbert Spencer and Essays by Various Writers, edited by Thomas Mackay. (Appleton.) Some of the subjects discussed are: *Liberty for Labor*, by George Howell, who says tersely that the inelasticity of positive law is adverse to the development of human intelligence and skill; *Free Education*, by Rev. B. H. Alford, who treats the topic in the light of English conditions, not abstractly; *Free Libraries*, by M. D. O'Brien, which sounds rather reactionary to an American. Mr. Auberon Herbert closes the series with an interesting paper on *The True Line of*

Deliverance, the substance of which is that the present tendency of the organization of labor is in the nature of war. But his words will evoke scarcely more attention than the utterances of peace orators.—The New Reformation, a Lay Sermon, by Prognostic. The title-page of this little book bears at the foot "Published by the Author; address: New York P. O." As it is copyrighted by J. Van Buren, perhaps that gentleman is the person to address, if one wishes seventy-six pages of rambling comment on Huxley, Tolstōi, Bellamy, the Farmers' Alliance, and the simple gospel. The author has most excellent intentions, but he seems to lack concentration of thought.—The Death Penalty, a Consideration of the Objections to Capital Punishment, with a Chapter on War, by Andrew J. Palen. (Putnams.) The sixty-sixth volume in Questions of the Day Series. A plea for the abolition of capital punishment; not a careful and dispassionate consideration of the subject.

Education and Textbooks. Tales from Shakespeare's Comedies, by Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) Mr. Rolfe has set these stories in the school form, which he well understands. The notes afford help by repeatedly introducing passages from the plays, and the explanatory footnotes are brief and to the point. Possibly they err a little by making the almost plain very plain; as when, in speaking of Ariel, Mary Lamb says he was left "to wander uncontrolled in the air," and Mr. Rolfe explains that this word here means "free, without restraint." Might not a teacher, or a scholar even, who had got so far in his reading as to enjoy Shakespeare, resent this implication on his intelligence?—Five-Minute Declamations. Second Part. Selected and Arranged by Walter K. Fobes. (Lee & Shepard.) The subjects are largely drawn from patriotic addresses, but a few relating to the subject of labor have crept in. The editor does good service when he selects so much excellent material and adjusts it to the demands of school-boys. The five-minute notion is a capital one.—The Picturesque Geographical Readers, by Charles F. King. Second Book: This Continent of Ours; Supplementary and Regular Reading in the Lower Classes in Grammar Schools, Public Libraries, and the Home.

(Lee & Shepard.) If we conceive of this book as the literal report of actual conversation between children and their elders, we may accept with pleasure the evidence of hours well spent in learning familiarity of physiographical features of the country. As a book to be read, it has the customary defect of its class in an entire absence of vitality in the human machinery made use of. We do not see what loss would be sustained if it were all swept away, and the attention of children confined to the very interesting substance of the book itself.—Harper's School Speaker, by James Baldwin. Second Book. Graded Selections. (Harpers.) The selections are arranged successively for first, second, third, fourth, and higher grade pupils. They are mainly in verse, and the choice is fairly wise; but we think regard has not always been had to the distinction between speaking and reading, nor in the prose is there sufficient attention paid to the class of speech which is more strictly contemporary. The old mouth-filling eloquence is here, but not so much that forensic speech which has its force in directness, logical sequence, and conviction of truth. We could wish there had been more patriotism in the book, for patriotism and speech-making are near friends; but perhaps the plan of the volume, since it is one of a series, excludes this element.—A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations, Ancient and Modern, with Illustrations from American and English Authors, and Explanatory Notes. Compiled by John Devoe Belton. (Putnams.) The second word in the title is intended to differentiate this book from others of the same general character. Technical and professional phrases have been disregarded. The compiler has sought for his material in the works of modern English-speaking writers, and has given the setting as well as the jewel. The result is an interesting as well as a useful book. Of the quotations cited, the Latin leads, followed by French, German, and Italian. In each instance the quotation is translated, referred to its origin, explained if need be, and then illustrated by quotations.

Fiction. Jerome Leaster, of Roderick Leaster & Co., by Lillian Sommers. With Illustrations by Jules Guerin. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) There is a singular mingling of downright observation of

life and wild imaginings of incident and plot in this odd book. The author now and then comes upon the firm ground, and treads well and evenly, but this does not prevent her from much artificial construction in the interest of her story. Sometimes it would seem as if she had not settled her thoughts, and could only trust her eyes, but must needs for all that make the story of what she has seen wait upon all manner of unknown, conjectural events, conversations, and personages. The cuts are queer things, giving the appearance at times of blocks which have not been routed, and generally quite indistinguishable. — The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago has issued an English version, in two dignified volumes, of Gustav Freytag's well-known novel, *The Lost Manuscript*. It is the psychological theories of the novelist which appear to have caused this reissue, certainly not the humor of the book; for though Freytag, in *Debit and Credit*, showed that he had larger notions of humor than generally belong to German novelists, he had in that book a more deliberate story to tell. Here the predominance of psychological notions interferes with the readableness of the narrative for all except those who go to novels for philosophy rather than for entertainment. — *A Quaker Home*, by George Fox Tucker. (George B. Reed, Boston.) A narrative couched in the first person, which discloses the gradual change of a boy brought up in the strictest circles of Quakerism into a man of the world. The reader must not suppose, however, that this phrase intimates any wickedness in the hero, who is a simple, unaffected, honest youth, owing his conversion mainly to the love he has for a pretty worldling, only once removed herself from Quakerism. The story, which has but slight involution, is interesting for its main purpose of describing minutely and sympathetically the interior life of the Friends of our own day; for the hero, when he leaves the story, is still a very young husband. The book is a quiet one, as the subject demands.

Religion and Theology. The New Religion a Gospel of Love, by Eld. Gray.

(The Thorne Publishing Company, Chicago.) We might quarrel a little with Mr. Gray's title, but the contention would be over names, perhaps, rather than over things, though names have a mighty power in reasoning. So long as people go on comparing the Christian religion with other religions, they will be likely to miss the significance, not of Christianity alone, but of Paganism as well. Mr. Gray recognizes throughout his earnest work that Christianity is a life, and his application of this doctrine is of more value than his theories. We think he would see the force of our criticism if he would read that illuminating book, *God in His World*.

Science. The Autobiography of the Earth, a Popular Account of Geological History, by Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. (Appleton.) The plan of this book, by an accredited English geologist, is, first, to give in simple language "a brief sketch of the former history of our planet, beginning with its first appearance as a member of the solar system, and passing through all the different geological periods, with their changing scenes and various phases of life, down to the latest period, when man appeared on the scene;" and added to that, to put the evidence of this history before the reader by explaining the methods taken by geologists for arriving at the facts. It is a little unfortunate for American readers that the illustrations are practically confined to Great Britain.

Books for the Young. Campmates, a Story of the Plains, by Kirk Munroe. (Harpers.) When, in the first pages of this book, the acute reader is told of a railroad accident, the only survivors of which are the engine-driver and a baby boy from the passenger car, he knows that that small child will find a most satisfactory father by the end of the book, but he can only dimly guess the accumulation of adventure and heroic deeds which will reward him for following the fortunes of the young Japhet. Indians, surveying parties, railroad building, life on the plains, — here is a bookful which will keep youngsters on the *qui vive*.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Catiline's HUDDLED together like sheep
Namesake. in a windstorm are the houses
 of a certain little hamlet high in the Ap-
 pennines, but the corridor-like streets are
 so clean one could eat one's macaroni on
 the pavement. The ancient town hall is
 crusted over with the armorial bearings of
 scores of mountain captains; a stone lion
 sits on a tall column before the fountain;
 and corniced windows and porticoes point
 to a venerable history. This mountain eyrie
 claims the old Roman conspirator as its
 godfather; and though the name has been
 strangely twisted, we will shut our eyes to
 improbability, hold fast to Charles Meri-
 vale's assertion that among these heights
 Catiline was hunted to his death, and be-
 lieve a tradition which confers a certain
 hoary, wicked dignity on a very innocent,
 peaceful spot.

A little apart, as if withdrawing for
 devotional quiet, is the church, belted by
 towering Norway pines; and adjoining it
 is the convent, now emptied of its former
 inhabitants, and occupied by the public
 school and by the young doctor, who grows
 medicinal herbs, and cultivates currants
 and cherries in the garden for his bache-
 lor preserving. His horse grazes quietly on
 the grassy plot beneath the church *loggia*.
 But once a year the place is resonant with
 gayety, when a merry-go-round is set up on
 the green, the enterprising manager blows
 lustily on a big trumpet, and all rich pos-
 sessors of one sou come to ride on the
 prancing steeds and in the small chariots,
 while moneyless small folk gaze with envi-
 ous eyes at the supreme bliss of their proud
 neighbors.

In one well-swept, sunny court is a dame
 school of tots, too wee for even an Italian
 communal school. In the midst presides a
 lovely dark-eyed old peasant woman, with
 a courtous, dignified bearing which a sen-
 ator's wife might envy. Around her, on
 low stools and all varieties of diminutive
 chairs, sit the small students, black haired
 and brown, boys and girls alike pursuing
 the arts of knitting and A B C, and that
 most difficult art, the art of keeping still.
 When the evening shadows lengthen, the

school-mistress takes a baby charge in her
 arms, and, with many little folk clinging to
 her blue cotton skirt, she warily leads her
 pigmy procession down the precipitous al-
 leys to their several homes. Of course on
 colder days the blue sky is exchanged for
 the smoky vaulting of a friendly kitchen,
 and then the noise grows quite deafening,
 and the gentle mistress shows a weary
 brow when her task is over. I carried on
 flirtations in barley sugar and chocolate
 drops with several chubby seekers after
 knowledge, but one day, unintentionally,
 became a general benefactress. I was pre-
 paring brandy cherries, and, having heard
 that it is a good plan to sun them, I stepped
 out on my stone balcony, perched high in
 air above the entrance of the infant acade-
 my, to try the receipt on a mammoth jar
 of fruit. There was some defect in the
 glass, and as I set it on the stone slab the
 jar shattered into fragments; cherries and
 brandy rained down below. A shout arose
 on the strongly scented air.

"Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in the farmyard when barley is scat-
 tering,
 Out came the children running."

The dame school had discovered the novel
 hail from heaven, and feasted so gayly
 that certainly my sweet pickles could not
 have been more genuinely appreciated any-
 where.

Life is hard and food scarce up here in
 the hills, but it is a feast time for young
 and old when a certain couple from the
 Pistoian plains passes through the village.
 An old man and a pannier-laden donkey
 arrive on Fridays, and are soon surround-
 ed by people with outstretched hands and
 earthenware dishes, to whom the gray-
 haired vender dispenses luscious syrupy
 figs, at the rate of twenty for one cent.
 Children sit in the doorways, quite sticky
 and happy with the unusual plenty, and,
 peeping through barred windows, one sees
 a *genre* picture after the heart of Teniers:
 a smoke-stained kitchen, where the ruddy
 flames of a brushwood fire leap up the
 wide-mouthed chimney; a table spread with
 the creamy, never-failing linen cloth of the

Italian peasant, set out with flat dishes of pink ham and colossal piles of green and purple figs, illumined by the soft, confined light of the tall brass Tuscan lamp; and, near the fireplace, an olive-skinned woman, whose gold-hooped earrings flash under her black braids, pouring out yellow-meal porridge for the supper, which to-night is a rare one.

In the summer time the place leads its gay existence. Families from the cities come here to spend July and August, and the narrow ways daily see gay parties starting out on picnics and mountain climbs. The pet trade of shoemaking is busily plied by the men; the women wash and sew for the strangers; and the children spend their days gathering raspberries and strawberries on tangled, overgrown hill-sides, and picking silver thistles and a feathery grass called "mountain mist" for sale to romantic old ladies.

The hall of the municipality, on whose walls a gaudy Victor Emmanuel gazes across at a no less ruffianly Garibaldi, and both are leered at by chromo young women in pink satin, with their forefingers vulgarly thrust in their eyes, is turned into a ball-room, and sometimes into a concert hall. An itinerant prestidigitator presses a round-eyed, wonderstruck little native into service as slavey, and eats up handkerchiefs, swallows fire, and grows roses, in the old miraculous fashion. Once a week, a band, resplendent in blue and yellow, plays in the square, and a card swung on the *café* door announces in red chalk that frozen raspberry water is sold within at three cents a portion. On Sunday, the *piazzetta* under the pines is full of summer boarders, who gather there to chat and watch the peasants in their festal glory of bright cottons and gay kerchiefs.

But the storms and winds of the autumn change the aspect of this nook. Carriage after carriage departs down the winding road; the English baker from Florence takes his leave; the men go off to work in the Maremma and the silver mines of Sardinia; the women shut themselves up with their little ones in the dark, cramped houses, to struggle through the bitter winter on a fare of heavy chestnut cakes, cornmeal mush, and coarse cheese; the shepherds lead their flocks down to warmer, more sheltered valleys, and at night one is

waked by strangely musical bells, whose peals, and then faintly echoing tinkles, reverberate long after in visions of sheep and bleating lambs hurrying down the passes of misty mountains, majestic in still, cold moonlight.

The Complete Character-Reader. — Where have I seen a stout pamphlet volume entitled The Complete Character-Reader?

Though I recall it but hazily, I have a strong impression that, from the mere perusal of its contents, the wayfaring man, though a fool, need no longer err regarding his traveling companions, however accomplished in roguery. Certainly, an almost incredible amount of information of a diagnostic order would seem to have been compressed into this admirable book, and yet it appeared in all the desiccated distinctness of a table of logarithms. To obtain the character corresponding to a given individual, or the individual corresponding to a given character, involved no least difficulty. Instead of depending upon deductions formed from the laborious, gradual, day-by-day acquisition of knowledge regarding one's neighbor as a significant human digit, you had but to select a few of his most "salient features," and then to refer them to The Complete Character-Reader, where the aggregate of his traits had received the proper and distinguishing label. In the world of practical affairs you were enabled to determine the profession of any stranger; and not only this, for there were supplied also the indubitable indices of the more delicately shaded and often unavowed professions, as that of The Flirt, The Casuist, The Parasite, The Arch-Destroyer of Button-Holes. To give a further idea of this succinct and well-indexed work, two illustrations are subjoined: —

Character of Blunt, Honest Man, The:

1. Carriage erect, aggressive, movements abrupt, step firm.
2. In shaking hands gives a strong grip.
3. Steady eye, which never wavers in a prolonged encounter with your own.
4. Laughs much, loudly, often boisterously.
5. Voice harsh and unconciliating.
6. Chooses the nearest word, calls a spade a spade, and never shuns expression of his convictions.

Character of Habitual, Hardened Hypocrite, The :

1. Servile inclination of the head, step soft, movements sinuous and graceful.

2. Does not shake hands, but touches your palm lightly, or gives you his finger tips.

3. Eye restless and evasive; unable to gaze steadily into your own for any given time.

4. Never laughs out loud, but smiles often, a frequent, fitting, and subtle smile.

5. Voice exquisitely modulated, and ingratiating in quality.

6. In speech *suaviter in modo*, preferring always the softer to the more emphatic word, and to conciliate rather than to antagonize the listener.

So much I seem to remember from the pages of The Complete Character-Reader. These two diagrams, in point of social use, are invaluable, chiefly for their interchangeableness, all the indices given under the head of Blunt, Honest Man serving just as well under the caption of Habitual, Hardened Hypocrite.

On second thought, I am obliged to confess that I cannot be sure that I have ever seen the excellent thesaurus above described. I do not even know that it is in process of making, or that it has yet occurred to the mind of the gifted author to be. I incline to think it is numbered among the books of the future, — the possession of the future, the great desideratum of the present. When, however, it does appear, much floating testimony will finally be sifted, and the good grain thereof will be gathered into the garner. At present the number and kinds of character-gauges are infinite, and infinitely confusing by reason of their mutually conflicting corollaries. The palmist, the physiognomist, the phrenologist, sit not alone in the synod of human nature's shrewd discerners. We are read offhand by other adepts, who find their argument in our chirography, *penchants* in dress, tastes for food, manner of walking, etc. There are those, even, who, not content with the time-honored test, *ex pede Herculem*, assume to discover Hercules in the wrinkles of his cast-off boot. I have indeed read somewhere of an illuminated cobbler who could detect a thief by a peculiar attrition of the latter's shoe leather in a cer-

tain part of the shoe, and who also was able to discern genius by a characteristic "wearing down at the heel" !

Character-gauges often turn upon some trivial point of local social usage, and then, though not in themselves to be found fault with, they may be arraigned for their sweeping severity of judgment. The lady of my acquaintance who (herself having been reared in the warmest days of the antislavery agitation) declared that "no gentleman or lady would say 'nigger'" cannot be exact in the verity of her observation, else were excluded from the court of the gentle many a good citizen below Mason and Dixon's line, by whom the word is employed without thought of contumely in its application.

In conclusion, is there not something very youthful in this our insistence upon some final and infallible test for character? For youth divides between evil and well doers by the mere automatic actions of each, — voice, gesture, gait. Everything the good man does is definitive of the good man; everything the bad man does is definitive of the bad man. With the maturing mind and with growth of experience comes the perception that many personal actions and characteristics are identical in the good and the bad man. Or, certain criteria usually applied to the good man may find him lacking, while not so the bad man. He whose account is clear may laugh no more cheerily than does his moral antipode, or the good man may speak in dull, confused, and obscure tones which in him are no indication of furtiveness of soul, while the base and crafty may utter himself in ringing and confident tones which give no clue to his real nature. "We are not always even what we are most" is the baffling element that confounds, or should confound, the over-zealous "reader of character."

Two Doyens
of French
Art.

— Visitors last summer to the pretty forest town of Saint-Germain may have noticed a tremulous yet erect and keen-eyed old gentleman taking the morning air on the terrace, or standing rapt in contemplation before a bricabrac window in the Rue des Coches. More interesting than any souvenir on view behind the dusty panes this relic of a past generation, who was born before the century, who painted the fair ladies of Louis

Philippe's court (he would tell you that politics change, *mais les jolies épaules des femmes ne changent pas*), who culled, *en passant*, the glittering favors of the Third Empire, and last, but not least, while thrones tottered, received through many prosperous years a generous meed of patronage from the great house of Rothschild.

Eugène Lami passed, away last winter, full of years and honor. To-day Fame trumpets her loudest over the *manes* of Meissonier. It is to be hoped that the cheering spectacle of honor paid where honor is due may help to encourage other less fortunate laborers in the arduous fields, while serving as a relief to that tragic picture of genius martyred which has lately harrowed our sympathies in the case of Jean-François Millet.

At Saint-Germain, which stands on a bend of the river above Poissy, separated by a strip of forest land, the eccentric, almost dwarfish figure of old Meissonier was also well known. Not a raw recruit in the cavalry regiment quartered there but could tell you his name, coupling it with the familiarly affectionate appellation of "father." Among the officers his popularity was associated with that of the great Napoleon, whose memory he had done so much to serve. I remember, two or three summers ago, hearing a young sous-lieutenant of chasseurs, then stationed in the town, describing an encounter he had had with *le père* Meissonier. The merry incident gained not a little by the inimitable *verve* and gayety of its narrator, a born *raconteur*, evidently, as well as *joli garçon* in his speckless sky-blue uniform.

Early in the morning, it appeared, he had been abroad exercising his squad, and was returning with it at a footpace along one of those straight, interminable avenues which traverse the forest, when midway a tall yellow dogcart swooped down upon him. Aloft sat a little old *bonhomme*, whose patriarchal beard floated to the wind like the famed white plume of Navarre.

"Hola! M. l'Officier!" the little man shouted, when within earshot. Hardly waiting to draw rein, he scrambled precipitately over the wheels of the *charrette*, and presented his card. It was now our lieutenant's turn to spring to earth.

"Of what service can I be to M. Meissonier?"

"The loan of your men, *mon officier*," cried the fiery artist, "an affair of ten minutes! You consent? *Très bien!* Follow me."

Away rattled the yellow *charrette* at racing speed (Meissonier would brook no laggard in his stables), our blue-coated chasseurs clattering fast on its tracks. Presently they passed the borders of the forest, and entered a wheat-field which skirted the road, unprotected by fence or hedge, as is the custom in most parts of France. The grain was ripe for harvest, and already a peasant proprietor, assisted by two or three farm lads, had begun operations at an upper corner. Calling halt to the company, Meissonier sped across the field to a parley with the farmers. An animated pantomime took place, in which coin of the country seemed to flow uncounted from capacious shooting-jacket pockets to some secret receptacle under the voluminous blue blouse. Then back again, aglow with generous enthusiasm.

"Now, my dear sir," the old painter cried, "all I have to ask of you is to station your men yonder, under shadow of those trees. At a signal from me — *tiens!* I'll flutter this handkerchief — make a bee-line through the grain. Gallop straight for me."

The officer did as desired, and was met by Meissonier in a high state of excitement. "Faster! faster!" he shouted, gesticulating wildly, notebook in one hand, crayon in the other. "Try it again!"

Half a dozen times at least the soldiers charged, and devastated indeed lay that golden grain-field before word was given to desist. They were then courteously thanked, and dismissed with a forty-franc *pourboire*, that "*ces braves enfants* might wet their throats after such dry work." When last in sight, the old painter (verging at the time, be it remembered, on his eightieth year) occupied a grotesque attitude in the middle of the beaten field, taking an upside down view of his surroundings.

— Before me lies a paper yellow with age. It has a border of two black lines, evidently ruled by hand. Within this border is an important document, written in a precise, clerklly hand, the capital letters being adorned with many flourishes. It reads thus:—

An Unknown Scholar.

CHATHAM (N. Y.), May 4, 1822.

Noadiah Hill can spell as well as any lad of his age in the County of Columbia.

Attested, JOSEPHUS JOHNSON,
Preceptor.

Sixty-nine years have passed since Master Johnson gave this "reward of merit" to a little lad of seven, whose dark eyes shone as he carried it exultingly home to his mother; for Noadiah Moore Hill was born February 7, 1815.

Master Johnson's school was miles from the little boy's home; but it was a famous one in those days, and even then this child with the quaint, old-fashioned name felt stirring within him the scholastic instinct. He would be a scholar; and as there was no better teacher than this same Josephus Johnson in all the region round about, to him he trudged daily, never minding the long country roads, the summer's heat or the winter's cold, if only what was best was to be found at the end of the journey.

It is pleasant to think how short the way was that afternoon in May, and how swiftly the small feet flew over it. Was the sky ever so blue before? Was the grass ever so green? How the robins sang in the treetops! Let us hope the apple blossoms came early that year, delighting him with their pink and white beauty and their delicious fragrance even while he would not loiter.

But I question if he heeded them, with this precious scrap of paper in his small pocket. Doubtless the little sun-browned hands took it out more than once, and unfolded it with reverent care, to make sure that it did indeed say that he, Noadiah Hill, could spell as well as any lad of his age in Columbia County, which was his world! It is pleasant, too, to believe he was sure of his mother's sympathy in that supreme hour, and that he reveled in advance in the praises and caresses he was certain to receive.

For it was from his mother that the boy inherited his scholarly tastes and habits. She was what her neighbors called "a great reader;" and children from far and near swarmed about her, as bees about honey, charmed by the stories she was ever ready to tell them. A hunger for books, that must be gratified even at the sacrifice of what most of the sons and daughters of

Adam regard as the more essential needs, seems to have been a characteristic of her family. So we may know beyond a peradventure that to her love and pride we owe the preservation of Master Johnson's certificate, which after threescore and nine years attests the good spelling of her little son.

To go to college, and some time to become, perhaps, — oh, wondrous thought! — a professor of languages or mathematics, was the dream of the boy from his earliest childhood. How or why this desire was thwarted the chronicler saith not. We only know that his father and mother died, and that the elder brother, who was the head of the family, had no sympathy with his aspirations. Probably there was lack of money; and it is quite possible that the unworldliness of the younger boy seemed but idle folly in the eyes of the elder, who was bearing the burden and the heat of the day. For we are told that the young Noadiah would creep away to a haymow, and there read and study all day long. Be that as it may, when the boy grew older a country "store" became a part of the family possessions, and he was placed in charge of it.

It is to be feared he was not a born salesman. The fewer customers he had, the better he liked it; for did not customers sadly interfere with reading? Like Agassiz, he could not afford to make money. A great table stood in the middle of the store, laden with books and papers. If a yard of calico or a gallon of molasses was called for, Noadiah would attend to the cry, and then fly back to his beloved study as if life itself were at stake. At this time he took a few lessons in French, and also fell in with a German, who grew to be his fast friend. The two subscribed for a German newspaper, and Noadiah's study of languages began.

When he was about thirty, he, in partnership with one of his brothers, bought a farm in Sodus, Wayne County, N. Y., which was then considered as in the wild West. There he lived twenty-four years. In 1869, having sold the farm, he returned to North Chatham, the place of his birth, and built a house, which proved to be a white elephant, if not a *bête noire*. The builder was limited to a certain moderate cost, but, after the manner of builders, he

contrived to make the sum total amount to more than double the estimate. The white elephant swallowed his master's small fortune, crippling him financially for the rest of his days. After this Noadiah did little actual business beyond teaching a few terms in the village school. But he was conversant with legal forms, and was often called upon to draw wills and add codicils, and to help his country neighbors in divers matters of a kindred nature.

When he was fifty-eight years old he married. His wife survives him. They had no children. He died July 29, 1889.

A short and simple story, hardly worth the telling if this were all. But it is not all. This shy, reticent man, who was often misunderstood and sometimes undervalued, who had no friendships with scholars, so called, and whose whole life lacked the stimulus of literary associations, had made himself master of fifty languages and dialects. Entirely self-taught, he was familiar with the best literature of all times and all races. Blessed with a wonderful memory, he wrote, "I never have had to look twice at the meaning of a word."

After his death, in one of the volumes of his small but valuable library was found this memorandum:—

"I have read the Old and New Testament in Hebrew and Arabic, the Pentateuch in Chaldee, the Psalms in Syriac, and a large part of the Old Testament in Persian. I have read the New Testament in ancient and modern Greek, in Dutch, in Spanish, in Tartar, in Hindustani and Armenian, the Gospels and Acts in Turkish, and portions of the New Testament in Anglo-Saxon. I have read Schaleh's Arabic Selections, Borhan Ed Dini Enchiridion Studiosi, Abi Falebi's Proverbs, Aribicé, Kirschii Chrestomathiam Arabicum, Maurel Allatafet in Arabic, De Braine's Cours de Langue Arabe, Lokman's Fables in Arabic. I have read in Greek all of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Aristophanes, Anacreon, Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, Thucydides, Herodotus, most of Plato, portions of Lucian and Plutarch, Aristotle's Rhetoric and Ethics, Euripides' Tragedies, Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia, Arrian's Romaica."

He was no mere linguist. He was well versed in political history, and was familiar with the rise and fall of nations. A

difficult problem in mathematics delighted him, and he was a botanist of no mean order. "He was well informed in all directions," says one who knew him well. "If you wanted information on any subject, he would tell you where to find it, or point you to chapter and verse."

I did not know this old man, this rare, unworldly nature that gathered to itself as if by instinct whatsoever was best worth having and knowing. I heard of him only by the merest chance a few weeks ago. But his photograph lies before me as I write, showing a refined, scholarly face, with dark, deep-set eyes looking out steadily, searchingly, from underneath heavy, overhanging brows. It is a strong yet kindly countenance, one to be trusted. The mouth is firm, the thin lips are compressed. One who saw him in "his habit as he lived" says he dressed neatly, even precisely, in black, and, whatever might be the fashion of the day, always wore a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, that contrasted strikingly with his hair and beard, which were snow-white.

Mr. Hill seems to have been singularly reticent all his life; shut in, as it were, not only by circumstances, but by the strong tendency of his own nature. Tender and affectionate in his own immediate circle, he yet shrank from intercourse with strangers or with mere acquaintances. He talked but little. If he went, as he sometimes did, to the nearest city, it was not to see its men and women, but to frequent its libraries and bookstores, while he kept himself in the shadow, and no one dreamed the quiet, unpretentious man was a scholar. Hospitable and courteous to those who sought him in his own home, he never went out in search of others, or appeared to be conscious that he was himself worth seeking. Yet with all this lack of self-consciousness, or perhaps because of it, he wore a certain quiet dignity as a garment, and all unruly spirits stood in awe of him.

"Plain living and high thinking" must have been the law of his life. Of his religious beliefs, if he had any,—and what man has not?—he was as reticent as of all else. But what a delightful old monk he would have made if he had lived five centuries ago! He loved study for its own sake, not for what he could make out of it. Surely such a life as his carries its own lesson to this self-seeking, money-worshiping

age, and puts to shame the puny souls who would, but dare not, undertake.

At a Late Vendue. — We lately attended an auction at which were offered for sale an Excise Receipt signed by Robert Burns, a bill addressed to Monsieur Molière by his Washerwoman, and a toothpick which had once belonged to the poet Otway. After witnessing a spirited bidding for the last-named curiosity we departed, and on reaching home our reflections on what we had seen took shape in the following verses, which may be called

THE PROGRESS OF LETTERS.

My Lord :

*I humbly Beg to Claim
Your Succor in the Muses' Name.
A Debt, that to the Happy Great
Were but a Trifle, — Two Pound Eight, —
Hath cost me that which Nature gives
(Saith Tacitus) to All that Lives.
In short, My Lord, I lie in Jail.
Friends, Publishers, and Patrons fail,
And Hope had fled my Anxious Breast,
Did not a Pleasing Thought suggest
The Name of One, great, good, and sage,
The only Phoenix of the Age,
Whom All Admire, whom All Commend,
To Virtue and the Muse a Friend.
Alas ! My Lord, too well I know
Not smoothly do their Numbers Flow
Who write by Grief and Want oppress.
(" HAUD FACILE " — you know the Rest.)
But soon I Trust, by You Restor'd,
To show the World how much, My Lord,
I am your Lordship's Duteous
Most Grateful, most Obsequious.*

POSTSCRIPTUM : *Grief hath turn'd my Head —
O Sir ! my Children cry for Bread !
I swear I know not What I say !
But send me Present Aid, I Pray,
In these my Hard, my Sorest Straits !*

NEWGATE, JUNE 1ST.

The Bearer Waits.

We know not if the missive brought
The help so movingly besought ;
Fame, that has quite ignored the Peer,
(But spares the Bard,) is silent here.
Only the letter, creased and old,
Is still extant. I saw it sold
In a great auction's crush and din :
A rich collector bought it in,
And paid (O irony of Fame !)
One Hundred Dollars for the same.

Dogberry in Paris. — The story of a modern Dogberry, told at a recent meeting of the Contributors' Club, recalled to me an experience of last summer which, although far from amusing at the time, has afforded me a certain amount of satisfaction whenever I have thought of it since.

My Dogberry was a *chef de gare* at the

goods station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, in Paris ; and the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance were these. I chanced to be in Amsterdam with my friend S., and we were about to take a little run through Germany, to bring up in Paris after a few weeks. Not wishing to be encumbered with unnecessary luggage, we packed the greater part of our modest belongings in two trunks, and turned them over to a forwarding agent to be shipped to Paris *station restante*. Both trunks were covered by a single receipt, issued in my name. The forwarding agent assured me that all I had to do, upon reaching Paris, was to present this receipt at the goods station, pick out the trunks, and take them away.

The morning after our arrival in Paris we set out, light of heart, to claim our luggage. When we happened to mention our mission to an acquaintance at the hotel, he smiled sardonically, and remarked that we had an all day's job before us. We took this as a pleasant sort of joke at the time, but before the day was over learned that it was a profound and veracious observation. We were told that the goods station of the Nord was at La Chapelle, in the outskirts of the city, and so we hailed a passing 'bus which was going in that direction. The station reached, we alighted, and began to make inquiries. It is a peculiarity of Continental officials that they never direct you at once to the person whom you are seeking, but pass you on from clerk to clerk, up through the whole hierarchy of subordinates, until you come to the one whose business it is to tell you what you are trying to find out. Having been thus passed on in the regular way, we at last found the *magasin*, or storehouse, and soon discovered our trunks. At this juncture we smiled, as we thought what a simple matter it was, after all, and how facetious our acquaintance of the morning had been. We were next directed to the *chef de gare*, and with him our trials commenced. I explained to him our wishes, and produced my receipt. This was examined and compared with a pile of papers before him, one of which was soon seen to be the bill of lading for the trunks. But the official shook his head dubiously, and said that my receipt was not sufficient. The receipt of the railway company was required for the

delivery of the goods. I explained that we had no such receipt, and that the forwarding agent in Amsterdam had declared none to be necessary. But arguments were of no avail; the receipt of the railway company must be produced.

Finally, we were told that, although our informant had no authority to allow so irregular a withdrawal of goods from the station, we might possibly obtain the necessary authorization from one of the higher officials at the central bureau of the company. So we asked to be directed thither, and were given an address down in the heart of the city.

Armed with this, we started back, chafing a little at the annoyance. We reached the bureau, entered, were met by a clerk, and made known our wishes to him. He referred us politely to the next in authority, and we again explained the situation. After listening to us attentively, this official passed us on to a third, and we poured the tale into his ear. He was an old gentleman, with a benign cast of countenance, and indications of a certain amount of intelligence. Having grasped the situation, he left us, he said, to consult the high and mighty official at the head of the department. In about five minutes he returned with the information that the head of the department was at breakfast, but would probably come back within an hour. Thereupon we sallied forth, and whiled away the hour at a neighboring *café*. The time up, we presented ourselves to our clerical friend, and were told that the great functionary had finished his breakfast. This was encouraging, and we asked if we might be accorded an interview with him. The smile with which this suggestion was received showed us our mistake; no ordinary mortal might approach that august presence. But our clerical friend was privileged to have audience, and he left us for that purpose. Then we sat and waited for about twenty minutes.

When our friend returned, it was to tell us that we could not have the required authority at once, but that a subordinate of the department had been detailed to accompany us to the La Chapelle station, and that he was armed with the proper instructions. Presently this official appeared, and we all three set off.

Again we sought our chef de gare, who at once closeted himself with the special

representative of the higher authority. The interview lasted nearly half an hour, and then they reappeared to inform us gravely that the trunks could not be delivered without the receipt of the railway company. I repeated that I had no such receipt, and that it was impossible for me to obtain one, as I was going to sail for America in two days. It was suggested, with, I am sure, wholly unconscious humor, that I should telegraph to Amsterdam for it. Imagine explaining the matter in a telegram! Then I pointed out that my name was on one of the trunks, my friend's on the other; that we had the keys to both in our pockets; and that we could describe their contents. But all this was not of the slightest avail. Finally, I offered to produce my steamship ticket, my letter of credit, and my passport, in evidence of my identity with the person to whom one of the trunks belonged. This, I thought, would surely be a knock-down argument. But I thought so because I had not fully realized that I was dealing with a genuine Dogberry. I realized it, however, when the chef de gare, becoming excited at our persistence, declared that upon no evidence of my identity would he deliver the trunks without the required receipt, and that he would deliver them to anybody who should produce the receipt, whether they belonged to him or not. At this point I think we both lost our patience. At all events, we took turns in expressing, in our most eloquent French, our opinion of such proceedings. Our auditors were listening with growing amazement to the discourse, when one of them seemed to be struck by an idea. He whispered it to the other, who nodded approval. Then a consultation under the breath followed, of which we caught a snatch now and then. "They might try it." "It would n't do any harm, would it?" "Not that I can see." Such were the phrases that fell upon our expectant ears. As the result of this deliberation, we were told that it had just occurred to the speaker that the Amsterdam agents, whose blunder had made us all this trouble, were represented in Paris by a Monsieur So-and-So, having an office in the Rue des Marais. If we could find the gentleman in question, and persuade him to assume the entire responsibility in the matter, the trunks would be delivered to us.

Despair giving place to renewed hope, we sallied forth on our new quest. A cab was hailed, and we soon found the person whose address had been furnished us. Once more did we make our way through that tiresome explanation (an explanation that had naturally grown more complicated with each new stage of the proceedings); but this time we discovered, to our delight, that we were dealing with a man of intelligence. He had no difficulty in understanding what we wanted, but we found it exceedingly difficult to make him understand why the trunks had not been handed over to us upon a presentation of the receipt in our possession. Such a receipt should, he said, have been ample for the purpose. Then he went to his desk and wrote out an elaborate document in the shape of a formal demand upon the railway company for the delivery of the trunks, at the same time discharging them of all responsibility. This was signed with a big flourish, ornamented with a revenue stamp, and delivered to us.

Then we started for La Chapelle again. We found our old friend, the *chef de gare*, in a remote corner of the magasin, and handed him our document with a triumphant smile. He read it carefully, pondered a few moments, and finally said that the trunks were at our disposition. He took us to his office, and found the bill of lading. Armed with this, I next sought the desk of a customs officer, who requested me to write out a description of the packages to be withdrawn, and a statement of their contents. This being done, I was

directed to the cashier's window, where I paid the charges for transportation. Then I was directed to another window, where I paid ten centimes for a stamp, which was duly affixed to the receipt given me by the cashier. With bill of lading and receipt I again sought the magasin, and succeeded in getting the trunks brought out into an open space for examination. There I was told that I must wait for the appearance of the *vérificateur de douane*, in whose presence the trunks were to be opened. Presently that official appeared. I unlocked the trunks; he compared their contents with my written declaration, which he held in his hand, expressed himself as satisfied, and departed. The trunks were placed on a truck, and carried out near the entrance of the building. Here there were stationed two officials, each at a separate desk, and each examined my papers, and requested me to sign some document or other. I signed everything that was handed me, and after a while we got outside the building. Then there was a large yard to be crossed, and an entrance-gate, with guardhouse, to be passed. Through this yard an official accompanied us, and explained matters to the guard, I signed one more document, and we were free at last. All Paris was before us, and our luggage was our own. The trunks were piled into the cab, we piled in after them, and half an hour more found us at dinner at our hotel. We had started out at ten in the morning, and it was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon when we returned.

